

HOME RULE TO-DAY.

AN amusing assurance is given us by one of the Ministerial journals. It is to the effect that "Irish politics have become quite interesting again." We accept the confession with some degree of satisfaction. It stands in refreshing contrast to the fatuous dulness which has characterised those critics who for months past have been assuring us that Home Rule was dead, that the Irish question was "played out," and that the electors were sick of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy. Five years have passed since Lord Salisbury came into office to "settle the Irish question." We need not weary our readers by reminding them of the leading events in domestic politics of these five years, or of the amount of time which has been absorbed by Irish affairs. It is enough to record the fact that, by the admission of the Ministerialists themselves, Ireland is just as interesting to-day, when we are within sight of the general election, as she was five years ago. Lord Londonderry, we see, has been committing himself to the declaration that although Mr. Gladstone *must* bring in a Home Rule Bill when he next takes office, he will not get a vote in favour of Home Rule from the electors. But Lord Londonderry is a master of a robust power of assertion that few other persons possess. Certainly he must be a bold man who will maintain that the Home Rule cause is not at present in a very flourishing state. The testimony of all recent bye-elections has shown that the country heartily supports Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy. But over and above this is the fact that the Ministerialists, who have so long presented a united front in their resistance to all concession to Irish opinion, are now at last showing signs of division in presence of Mr. Balfour's proposal to give Ireland its long-promised measure of local self-government. We do not want to exaggerate the signs of revolt in the Unionist camp. Indeed, past experience has proved the strange docility of the men who are perpetually girding at the Liberals for their want of independence. But though the people who are now protesting against the notion of giving Ireland the measure of local self-government which England now enjoys will probably end by meekly supporting anything and everything which Mr. Balfour may propose, we are justified in claiming their present attitude of resistance to the Ministerial proposals as a distinctly encouraging fact for Home Rulers.

The Parliamentary recess of 1891 begins, therefore, at a moment when the state of the Home Rule movement is distinctly favourable, so far as the condition of public opinion is concerned. The Liberals are united, and have the consciousness that they are backed up by public opinion throughout the country; whilst the Ministerialists are disheartened and at variance among themselves. It is not strange, perhaps, that in these circumstances recent events in the Irish party should have moved the *Times* and its kindred spirits in journalism very deeply. No one can fail to realise the extent of the disappointment which they have suffered from the fact that the Parnell outburst failed to wreck the Irish Parliamentary party at once. But though they were compelled to recognise this fact, they have clung to the hope that in the end Mr. Parnell's resolute selfishness, his unswerving determination to sacrifice everything to his own interests, might in the end bring about the consummation they have so devoutly wished for. Now, however, they find that this is not to be. They have backed up Mr. Parnell with an audacious inconsistency which may fairly be described as unparalleled. The *Times* has lavished upon him those honours of *verbatim* reporting and special leading articles which, as a rule, it reserves for Cabinet Ministers of the first

rank. The meetings held by his opponents have passed without mention. They themselves have been jeered at as a small and ignoble faction. The enemies of Ireland and the ex-leader of the Irish people have been fighting shoulder to shoulder for months past against their common foe—the representatives of the national opinion of Ireland; but, in spite of it all, they now know that Mr. Parnell is hopelessly beaten. The declaration of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, followed by the defection of Mr. Gray, has given him the *coup de grâce*; and not even the zealots of Printing House Square can galvanise his resistance to the will of Ireland into life again. All this makes for good so far as Home Rule is concerned, for, sad to say, the greatest enemy of Home Rule during the past nine months has been Mr. Parnell, and his final defeat must accordingly be hailed as a triumph for that cause.

But naturally the men whose political fortunes are bound up with resistance to the demands of the Irish people have not lost heart altogether because Mr. Parnell has failed them. They have now fallen back upon what we would fain hope is the last ditch, and are seeking to shelter themselves behind the bulwarks of religious intolerance. Because the Irish priesthood took note of the moral shortcomings of Mr. Parnell and ranged itself against him, we are now told that the success of Home Rule will mean the handing over of Ireland to the dictation of the priests. This statement is made in defiance of the notorious fact that for years past the Irish peasantry have been constantly asserting, in a larger and yet larger degree, their independence of clerical control. That the priests have now, and must always have, great influence in the national affairs of Ireland no one can dispute; nor do we see how any English Liberal can object to this fact. If the Irish people cling to their old faith, and if the priests of that faith are true to the duty imposed upon them, it is inevitable that the influence of religion must be a great factor in the life of the nation. Nor can we as Protestants wish that it should be otherwise. If the people who are now trying to raise the No Popery cry, every other cry against Home Rule having failed them in turn, were frankly to say that they objected to any religious influence in the life of a nation, we could at least understand their position. But when we see that the very men who are now railing against the priesthood in Ireland are strong supporters of the Established Church in England, we confess that we can only regard their present line of action as an attempt to enlist religious intolerance in the interests of a defeated and moribund political party. Hypocrisy of this kind is doomed to fail, and we need hardly stay to discuss seriously the question which is thus trailed across the path for the purpose of diverting English and Scotch Liberals from the pursuit of the great public end they have set before themselves. This, however, may at least be said: that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland in recent years has been distinctly exemplary, even from the Conservative point of view. The bishops and priests have, indeed, refused to separate themselves from the great bulk of the nation. Long before the English Liberal party had embraced a policy of conciliation the Catholic Church in Ireland had ranged itself, none the less truly because informally, on the side of those national aspirations which can only be satisfied by the concession of Home Rule; but throughout the painful and prolonged struggle of recent years the influence of bishops and priests has been, almost without exception, thrown into the scale on the side of moderation, legality, and morality. Where ardent Irishmen, despairing of the attainment of their ends by other means, have

resorted to unlawful weapons and methods of warfare, they have found their most formidable opponents among the priests. Where in moments of excitement rash doctrines have been proclaimed, subversive of all social and national institutions, it is by the lips of the bishops of Ireland that they have been refuted. Even in the case which has led to this sudden outcry against the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, it cannot at least be doubted that the part they have taken in the contest between Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party has been the part which, as ministers of religion and champions of personal purity, they were bound to take. We hold no brief for the Irish priesthood, which, like every human organisation, has its faults and defects. But we are glad to think, from all the signs of the times, that the present attempt to injure the national party and policy in Ireland by raising against it the slumbering passion of religious intolerance in the breasts of the Protestants of Great Britain is doomed to fail just as signally as the attempt to profit by the treason of Mr. Parnell has failed.

MISSING IN PUBLIC.

VERY curious is the irritation which seems to prevail in some quarters in this country over the ostentatious fraternisation of the French and Russians at Cronstadt and Cherbourg. It is not far removed, indeed, from the irritation which is produced in matter-of-fact people when they see more emotional beings kissing in public. Yet there is no real ground for this feeling of suppressed anger. Rather ought Englishmen at all events to feel a real sympathy with a people who, after twenty years of isolation, find themselves at last readmitted—in one case, at all events—to the European family of nations. “For the first time,” says the *Débats*, “we have found ourselves in the presence of something other than a protocol.” This is the explanation of the extraordinary susceptibility which has been shown throughout France on the subject of the Russian fraternisation with the sailors of the Republic. Nations, like individuals, have feelings. They are made of flesh and blood, and are just as sensitive to kindness and generosity as any single person can be. In order to understand why Frenchmen have been so profoundly moved by recent events, we have only to recall the position which France has occupied in Europe since 1870. There has been plenty of sympathy for her of a tacit kind. English Liberals have sympathised with her; Spanish Republicans have done the same; the Danes have been French almost to a man; and the workmen of Belgium have been ready to look upon the workers on French soil as their brothers. But as a nation France has all through these twenty years been in the position of the man under a cloud. Secretly we may sympathise with our poor relation who has gone wrong, but we do not care to be seen walking with him in the streets, and the last thing we would dream of would be the identification of his cause with our own. This, we say, has been the lot of France ever since the close of the last great war. The sun may have shone upon her, but the east wind has blown all the time, and she has been left to shiver in the cold consciousness that beyond politeness and deference she had nothing to hope for from her neighbours. Suddenly there has come a change in her position. The wind has veered round to another quarter; and from one powerful nation at least she has heard—not the formal tones of diplomatic courtesy, but the warm accents of genuine and even enthusiastic friendship.

It is a “union of hearts” which has been consummated on the waters of the Neva, and there is not the smallest excuse for the foolish and ill-natured sneers which have been levelled at it in some quarters. The French people have only shown us once more that they are human, like the rest of the world; that kindness begets kindness in their hearts, as in the hearts of others; and that a greeting of genuine friendliness is valued all the more when it comes after a long season of national isolation. Whether important political results are likely to follow from this display of mutual sympathy on the part of France and Russia is a point not lightly to be determined. It must be borne in mind, however, that France at least has for some time past been wooing Russia with unmistakable ardour. Much has been made during the present week of the enthusiasm which has been shown in certain French towns where the Russian colours have been displayed. But everybody who knows Paris is aware that twelve months ago the Russian flag, when it was waved aloft by a singer in a *café chantant*, roused a storm of enthusiasm amongst the impressionable Parisians. It is, therefore, no new sentiment—on the part of the French, at least—which is now being displayed so openly. The Czar, it is true, has been slow to respond to the advances of the Republic; and probably his somewhat frigid demeanour towards France would have been maintained if it had not been for the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and the visit of the German Emperor to this country. Now he has to some extent relaxed the cold politeness of his bearing towards a nation which has cast aside the monarchical principle, and instantly his people, availing themselves of the novel freedom accorded them, have emphasised his change of manner by responding to the advances of France with an enthusiasm which has rarely been witnessed in Russia, save when she has herself drawn the sword on behalf of some great national cause. It seems clear in these circumstances that, whether or not protocols and treaties have been signed recently in St. Petersburg and Paris, the good understanding which has been created between the two peoples is a matter of some political importance. Indeed, remembering how emotional the French have proved themselves to be in times of trial and crisis, we are not at all sure that their delight in the sudden proclamation of brotherhood between themselves and Russia may not have serious consequences.

In the meantime Englishmen may learn a wholesome lesson from what is now passing at various French and Russian seaports. We are too apt to treat our own isolation in Europe as a matter almost of pride. That we are the best-hated of nations gives us no concern. So long as the grey Northern Sea encircles us, so long as we keep our huge armaments afloat, and have money at the bank wherewith to buy fresh stores of shot and shell, we look with a lordly disdain upon ebullitions of generous feeling like that which has just been witnessed at St. Petersburg. We even smile, in the superior and irritating way which is natural to the Briton, when some French journalist, in a moment of enthusiasm, declares that “Perfidious Albion” is only showing her old treachery and selfishness when she invites the Republican fleet to visit her shores. Are we quite sure that there is no good reason for our unpopularity, and are we certain we are right when we despise sentiment in international politics? The men who are most familiar with the world's history will be those who will feel least certain on these points. They will remember many an instance, alike in modern and in ancient times, when waves of popular emotion, akin to that which is now sweeping through the

veins of Russians and Frenchmen, have been more potent than the devices of kings or statesmen in changing the destinies of nations. No doubt our own isolation, like our deep-rooted sense of moral superiority, has its compensations. But are we not, after all, a cynical race? and might we not on the whole fare better in our relations with the world at large if we could, once in a while, yield ourselves to the simple and homely emotions which for the moment have made Frenchmen and Russians eager to kiss in public?

A JUDICIAL SCANDAL.

THE unpaid magistrates are not famous for their wisdom and humanity, but they are kept in countenance by a salaried judge whose reputation is at least equal to that of Mr. Shallow, J.P. When Mr. Morley pointed out in his speech at Stoneleigh that a truly democratic government in the counties would improve the quality of the rural magistracy, and remove the scandal of excessive sentences, he was greeted with a cry of "Justice Grantham." The best friends of that learned judge will admit that it is curious to find him associated in the popular mind with the justice of the peace who condemns little boys to monstrous terms of imprisonment and a life-long stigma of crime for the theft of a few pennyworths of vegetables. Every week brings its crop of cases which certify the total unfitness of many of the country gentry for the judicial position to which they are appointed by a discriminating Lord Chancellor. There is doubtless some mysterious affinity between Lord Halsbury and the squire to whom, when his gun is idle, a hare is as sacred as a cow to a Hindoo, and who regards the unlawful possession of a turnip as an unquestionable passport to the reformatory and the gaol. It would be useless to suggest to the Lord Chancellor that the conduct of Mr. Shallow, J.P., demands his immediate removal from the commission of the peace, and that the vagaries of a hopelessly uneducated mind ought to be confined to the unfortunate household over which it domineers in its private capacity. Yet nothing is more certain than that the whole system of the unpaid magistracy is bad, because it makes local influences and party patronage the tests of a capacity to discharge functions which require qualities rarely generated by the habits of a landowner. A magistrate ought to be a man of experience and cultivation, with that insight into social conditions which begets a wholesome tolerance and suppresses an unwholesome prejudice. It should be said of him, as Mr. Gladstone said of Monckton Milnes, that he is not a clerically-minded man; for a clerical mind on the bench is apt to run to those absurdities which become mental characteristics too often in people who preach the next world before they have acquired any knowledge of this. It is a safe rule to lay down—that no parson ought to be a magistrate. Broad views of social duty are uncommon enough at the hall; they are almost unknown at the vicarage. What is bred by the alliance of the Church and the Land may be seen in the life of many a man who has carried the brand of crime from his boyhood because the squire believes that the preservation of rabbits is a cure for Radicalism, or because the parson holds that the reformatory is one of the bulwarks of the Thirty-nine Articles. With a complete machinery of parochial government it is probable that the agricultural population would emancipate themselves from the magisterial intolerance of ignorant pastors and masters, who, in the absence of an effective public opinion, have no stimulus to learn anything.

But it must be confessed that the example of Mr. Justice Grantham is not an incentive to optimism. Here is a man of the world, whose professional career ought to have taught him the impropriety of hasty judgment, and the expediency of a careful sifting of motives. His judicial office was the reward of a partisan, and he has shown his gratitude by frequent hints that his political opponents ought to be always in the dock. But as his ordinary business ought to distract his mind from the enormities of the Liberal party, and as he cannot regard every prisoner tried before him as a conspirator against the blessed principles of a Tory Government, it might be presumed that he would usually be guided by a reasonable view of the evidence. A recent case at Leeds disposes of this illusion, and shows that Mr. Justice Grantham cannot be counted upon for a more lambent wisdom than illuminates the rural bench. A man named Turner brutally murdered a child, and concealed the body in his mother's house. When she discovered it, she helped him to conceal the traces of his crime, but in a few days confessed everything to the police. By some peculiarity of procedure which will be duly noted by foreign experts, Mrs. Turner was tried first. The "accessory after the fact" was called to account before the fact had been judicially established. This indictment of the cart before the horse produced a curious effect upon Mr. Justice Grantham's mind. The accessory loomed upon him with altogether disproportionate guilt. It was not shown that Mrs. Turner had any taste for hiding the bodies of murdered children. She simply did what most mothers would have done in her place. She acted on the first impulse to do all in her power to screen her son. But the responsibility was too heavy; the horror of the deed asserted its moral supremacy, and the unfortunate woman gave the criminal up to justice. Now if there ever was a case which demanded the most careful consideration of the requirements of law and the dictates of mercy, it was this submission of a mother's natural affection to the authority which exacted vengeance for a crime. Even if she had done her utmost to protect her son to the last, she would have been an object of the deepest commiseration. Murderer as he was, she might have argued that it was not for her to give him up. Common humanity would claim a distinction between such a position and that of an ordinary "accessory." But Mrs. Turner confessed, and so aided the law to punish a crime for which she was in no sense responsible. If she shielded her son for a time, she made full amends for that offence. To treat an "accessory" in such circumstances as a criminal of the worst type was an achievement from which even a rural magistrate of the most purblind class might have recoiled. But Mr. Justice Grantham did not hesitate to embrace this odium by imposing the heaviest sentence short of the gallows. This woman was condemned to penal servitude for life, as if she had done something which was only one degree less infamous than the capital crime.

It was quite clear that this piece of judicial barbarity could not be upheld, and in a day or two Mr. Justice Grantham discovered the propriety of amending his judgment. No doubt he was helped to this tardy enlightenment by the universal outcry against the sentence. Mr. Justice Grantham shares, with some of his colleagues, an unreasoning antipathy to the Press; but he has afforded a signal proof of the utility of journalism in giving prompt expression to the public opinion which alone can check the excesses of incompetent administrators. Stunned by the general reprobation, Mr. Justice Grantham hastened to repair his error by cancelling the sentence of penal servitude and substituting

twelve months' imprisonment. It is open to argument whether even this modified penalty is justifiable, seeing that Mrs. Turner's confession placed her practically in the position of one who assists, instead of defeating, the ends of justice. If a person who is made cognisant of a crime subsequently discloses it to the police, that act ought to mitigate most materially the offence of having in the first instance tried to protect the guilty. But what is to be thought of a judge to whom this consideration never occurs till it is forced upon him by public feeling, and who is then compelled to reduce a sentence for life to imprisonment for a year? Is there any precedent in the history of the bench for such an admission of rank incapacity? It cannot be pleaded that Mr. Justice Grantham was not in possession of all the facts when he proposed to blast the life of a woman who had morally committed no crime whatever. Had he exercised the most common discrimination he would not have involved his office in such a flagrant scandal. The matter does not stop here, for it is quite impossible to place any confidence in a judge who may give further illustration of the singular constitution of his mind. Mr. Justice Grantham may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is the most convincing argument for the creation of a Criminal Court of Appeal, which would supply the only effective correction of the blunders which pass for administration of the law. But it is unpleasant to reflect that there is at least one judge of whom it would be impossible to say, in the words which Douglas Jerrold wrote of a magistrate in his day, "On the bench his firmness, moderation, and gentleness won him public respect, as they endeared him to all within their influence."

OUR YOUNG MEN.

A GOOD many people will be anxious to know who are the young Liberal politicians to whom Mr. Morley has just paid a compliment not the less graceful because one discerns in it a touch of the pride of spiritual parentage. There are many young men of promise on the Liberal benches who in due course must "come to the front." It would be an easy matter to mention their names, and to give a list which would prove that our party has now as much of "rising talent" at its command as it has ever had in the past. But at present we may confine ourselves to a single group of young men of whom Mr. Morley was undoubtedly thinking when he spoke last Monday. Briefly, they are a band of five young members of Parliament—Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Mr. Arthur Acland—who have conceived the highly original idea that politics can be made the subject of serious social study, and should be based on definite economic conviction. It is all to the good, perhaps, that they do not include a man to whom at present the universal finger of expectation points, as it pointed to Mr. Gladstone in the thirties, as the young gentleman who would one day be Prime Minister. But they may count a possible Lord Chancellor, a President of the Local Government Board, and a Minister of Industry, though it may very well prove to be for their souls' good that none of these things should come within their reach. Two of them had brilliant college careers; and the "Asquith year" is still a landmark in Varsity calendars. They are at present without a named or positive leader, though Mr. Haldane sometimes acts for his companions; but they have already left a visible impression on the work of the last Session, and they ought to do better still in the

next. They roll no logs, and they control no newspapers. They are not pointed at (at three-halfpence a line) as saviours of society. But Mr. Buxton and Mr. Acland have both beaten the Government, and Mr. Buxton's name is in particular associated with two substantial signs of industrial progress—the carrying of the fair contracts resolution, and the raising of the age of the half-timers. Both he and Mr. Acland have undergone a real social training—one in the problems of East End life and the inner working of the New Unionism, the other in the village and the co-operative store. Mr. Acland has long been known as the "Member for Co-operation." Mr. Buxton, as the Member for Poplar, and the organiser of an excellent scheme of relief for the East End troubles of 1889, is perhaps the only non-labour representative who is in any vital relation with the Unionism which dates from the dockers' strike. Mr. Asquith, who, if he could rid himself of a certain brilliant hardness, might develop into a really great Parliamentary speaker, is the orator of the party; Mr. Haldane, a metaphysician of real eminence, is its economic and philosophic conscience; and Sir Edward Grey gives it a certain touch of picturesque earnestness, as well as a hold on the earlier traditions of Liberalism. In three instances at least it illustrates the doctrine of heredity, and carries on a family heritage of industry and genius for public work which belongs to the Buxtons, the Aclands, and the Greys. It owes a certain spiritual fatherhood to Mr. Morley, though latterly, at all events, it has been more steadily collectivist in aim than Mr. Morley might quite approve, or than as yet meets the views of the bulk of the party.

It was quite time that a combination of this sort should be recognised by party leaders who do not forget that they have been young men themselves, and who remember the watchful eye that Lord Beaconsfield—an observer of men rather than of movements—kept on every gentleman under forty who walked up to the table of the House of Commons and punctually produced his maiden effort a week or so later. Happily Liberalism, with its healthily vague formulæ, its perpetual tradition of spiritual independence, its one consistent watchword of progress, is a fit parent of young parties who own some higher aim than the spur to vigorous personal initiative which a Parliamentary career affords. Perhaps, with all respect be it said, the educational instinct in the party has been a little bit stayed of late. The peculiar splendour and attraction of Mr. Gladstone's character and career have largely been based on his subtle power of combining in chemical solution the conservative and the progressive tendencies in English political life. To-day, however, the moving impulse is, not certainly to revolution, but to a more vigorous application of principles with which Mr. Gladstone's life-work is not specially identified. The democracy is to-day disposed to claim the control of industry through Parliament, just as in the past it fought to give the Commons the control of the army or the power to vote supplies. It is at this point that the New Radicalism seems disposed to help it. Men like Mr. Acland and Mr. Buxton are, probably, not conscious converts to the new doctrine (few politicians are, by the nature of things, disposed to accept wide syntheses); but they have hit, with singular happiness, the points at which the popular demands can be made to fit in with previous legislation—with the Factory Acts, with the great new machine of local government, with the economy of the English village. It is easy to say that these things were obvious, that no one objected to them; but the fact is that until the last year or so no single member on

either side of the House thought it worth his while to inquire precisely what the working men, through their Unions, wanted, and how they might be helped to get it. The lesson is clear that in future the man who wants to make his mark in the House must go to the people, and renew his strength at the source where Mr. Morley, statesman of the study as he is, has found refreshment. The working men's clubs, the trade union conferences, the County Council, the School Board, the Board of Guardians, will have to form the training-ground for the Radical statesmen of the twentieth century.

Of the immediate future of the new party we do not care to say much. Some of them will certainly be found in the next Liberal Government, which will have a social programme more advanced than any of its predecessors. They are nearly all excellent committee-men, good detail workers of the bureaucratic stamp which the democracy requires in its governors, and which is vital in these days when the administration of the Empire tends to fall so completely into the hands of its permanent officials. And they are much superior to any similar combination on the other side. Mr. Asquith is better than Mr. Curzon; Mr. Acland, or Mr. Buxton, is more "on the spot" than Mr. Hanbury, impressive young Parliamentarian as he is, and as a party they are beginning to see their way through the maze of modern industrialism. They are well-off, and should have no social temptations. They want fire, humour, a touch of irresponsible genius; they are young without any of the faults of youth; and there is not a Camille Desmoulins among them. Withal, they present a solid combination of talents and a core of genuine enthusiasm, the one gift which consecrates every other, and would save much smaller men than they from commonplace. We wish them very well, and we could wish nothing worse for them than that they should lose such common faith as they may have, such hope for the world which a little honesty makes so very much the brighter.

CHILD LIFE INSURANCE.

THE Parliamentary Paper just published on Child Life Insurance will not do much for the passage of the Bill in which the late Archbishop of York was interested. Indeed, it is doubtful whether we shall hear much more of any drastic amendment of the law on this subject. The Select Committee of the House of Lords has not troubled to make any other report than the recommendation that it be not further bothered with the question, and now that the Archbishop is no more, Mr. Waugh may not find it easy to induce any member of either House to touch this difficult problem.

That there are, from time to time, some few mothers who deliberately slay their babes for a burial fee is only too probable. Wilful neglect of children by parents brutalised by drink, is much more common than is comfortable to think of. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer has been convinced of the necessity of organised collective effort for the protection of the young against their natural guardians. But what no one has yet clearly shown is that, in any appreciable number of cases, this ill-treatment or neglect is increased by the prospect of drawing the club money.

The evidence collected during the past session on this point is significantly negative in character. The Registrar-General for Ireland, for instance, is evidently mistrustful of child life insurance altogether. The infantile death-rate in Dublin is very high, and Dr. Grimshaw has devoted a good deal of time to

personally investigating some suspicious cases. Moreover, the Dublin police looked up the circumstances of every case of death of an insured child during a month. The result was to reveal some amount of carelessness in compliance with the law relating to the registration of death, but absolutely no evidence of any improper treatment of the children. More elaborate statistical inquiries into rates of infant mortality yielded no proof that this is in any way connected with infant insurance.

In the face of expert testimony of this kind, we may well pause before embarking on any drastic action to interfere with a form of insurance which has taken such a deep hold on the artisan class. The habit of providing for the future is not so widespread that we can afford to discourage any one of its manifestations unless absolute necessity can be shown. It is difficult, for persons not themselves living on weekly wages, to realise the relief which the poor feel in having the expense of burial provided for. Industrial insurance is spreading fast among the artisans of the United Kingdom, and pennies which they will not contribute to a superannuation fund for themselves they give willingly enough to save their relations the cost of a decent funeral, or to avoid the last indignity of the pauper hearse. To meet this demand, a whole class of companies and mutual societies has been developed, in which at least a fourth of the whole thirty-nine millions of our population are now insured for small amounts.

Out of the nine or ten millions of existing policies, some, no doubt, are the cause of murder of almost the worst type. To prohibit all insurance of children in order to prevent these sporadic murders would be almost as absurd as the prohibition of shaving because the razor is occasionally a lethal weapon. To limit the amount of the policy to the actual cost of interment is a more feasible proposal, but this again is open to the objection of discouraging a legitimate form of provision for the future. The cost of interment is not the only expense caused by a death in the family, and it would be harsh to prevent this form of saving to meet the doctor's bill. Indeed, the Archbishop withdrew the "undertaker" clause in his bill, and it is not likely that we shall hear anything more of that particular proposal.

There remains the better regulation of a practice not in itself bad, but liable to occasional abuse. The law already prescribes a maximum amount for which the life of a child may be insured. Not more than £5 may be paid on the death of a child under 5 years old, and not more than £10 on one under 10. These amounts are, however, far in excess of the mere cost of interment, and much lower scales are, as a matter of fact, already adopted by the majority of Friendly Societies. Twenty-five shillings is a very usual "funeral benefit" for a child, and the more respectable societies would willingly accept a large reduction of the present legal limit. The Bill promoted by Archbishop Magee fixed the limit at £4 for a child under five, £6 for one under ten, and £8 for a girl under sixteen or a boy under fourteen. These amounts appear ample. We should be inclined to suggest a still further reduction, or perhaps the enactment of a universal £4 limit.

A more important proposal is the prohibition of the insurance of children immediately after birth, and the prevention of the fraud of insuring children in a dying state. It may be expedient, as Mr. Ludlow proposes, to forbid the insurance of babies under six months old, and to require a policy to be at least three months in existence before it can become a claim.

But it is high time that these limitations were accompanied by a reduction in the cost of interment itself. The real remedy for the evils of child life

insurance, Mr. Ludlow told the Committee two years ago, is the recognition of the cost of interment as a collective charge, and the universal provision for burials by the public authority. This, however, is too drastic a suggestion for immediate adoption. We may one day expand our local Burial Boards so that they become public undertakers as well as cemetery owners, but Free Burial is even further off than Free Schools seemed five years ago. There is, however, no reason why the present excessive cost of interment should be maintained. The fees for burial even in public cemeteries are often absurdly high and numerous, and it would be well if Burial Boards gave up the attempt to make their cemeteries more self-supporting than any other department of public sanitation. There seems, indeed, no reason why any fee at all should be charged for that grave which is the common necessity of all. We might, at least, abolish our present tax on death.

THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

WHY should not we have, from time to time, celebrations similar to that which has just taken place at Schwyz, to commemorate the six hundredth anniversary of the founding of Swiss confederacy? Happy the people, it is said, who have no history. Happy, rather, they who, having a history, are proud of it; and happiest of all those who, like the Swiss, can look back upon it almost without regret, desiring nothing much better than that the future should continue the past. We envy their moderate taxation, citizen army, absence of bureaucracy, permanent peace, and small debt, less than that diffused pride in their worthies and history which make the *Festspiel* at Schwyz possible. In England, with a history second in interest to none, such a festival has not yet been. A great national event is remembered by a few educated people, and a learned society may celebrate its anniversary. But where have we seen anything corresponding to that witnessed in the valley of Schwyz—the people by the thousands trooping out to see enacted before them the story of the prowess of their ancestors: Tell at Altorf, Winkelried at Sempach, the Swiss on their knees before the decisive battle of Morat, Wengi at Solothurn, Pestalozzi in his school at Stans. The French, even the least educated, have a sort of historic sentiment and love of idealising the past, which their leaders and instructors have known how to make use of. The chief characters of the Revolution are familiar to them. A whole popular revolutionary mythology, with saints as questionable as any ever canonised by the Church, has sprung up, and nothing is more pleasing to Parisians than a *fête* in honour of one who died on the barricades in 1848, or in a scuffle with the police in December, 1851. Even in prosaic America is found the same eagerness to do homage to national heroes. Only here is there complete inaptitude in this respect, total absence of all attempts to give expression in popular ways to the nation's reverence for its worthies. Statues, to be sure, are erected; books written, societies founded; but we know nothing of an invitation to the people to join in doing homage to the national heroes. In what sense is an education liberal which has not prepared them for this? At school children learn to rattle over the names of kings and the dates of battles, and there is a vast amount of dilettante activity in the spread of historical knowledge. But, for the most part, it is dead and unprofitable. Cromwell or Blake calls up no picture to most of his countrymen. The Seven Bishops are as shadowy as the Seven Champions of Christendom. Westminster

is not a whit more sacred than Sydenham, and the average Briton, fresh from a public or a board school, looks with impartial eyes on Vauxhall and Verulam. In some respects there is a positive deterioration. Gone are the legends in which were enshrined national heroes, glorified, and magnified, and elevated into objects of reverence good for him who felt it. Nothing worthy has taken their place; and so it comes to pass that many must squander upon jockeys, pugilists, and athletes generally, that admiration which, rightly guided, would find nobler objects. How this is to be changed—how average Englishmen will be made to feel that intelligent pride in the past of their country which the Swiss exhibit—is a question not to be answered without a careful examination of the defects of modern education. Not until such popular celebrations are possible will popular education have reached a high plane. We only know that a scene, such as that witnessed last Saturday and Sunday near the place where, six centuries ago, dawned Swiss liberty, does more to preserve and quicken true patriotism than a thousand statues and limitless brick and mortar. All accounts of the festivities at Schwyz speak of the part which the peasants took in them. When will English peasants do likewise? Not perhaps until they have had a similar training in the conduct of their local affairs, and until, like the Swiss, their children must remain at school until fifteen—in some cantons the age is sixteen.

Mr. Freeman has more than once complained that so little attention is given to the affairs of the most successful of Republics. Since he wrote this rebuke Switzerland has been studied more carefully; its political institutions are almost as well known as its natural features. And yet, in many of the comments on the late celebration, may be noted a confusion or inadvertence as to some of the most striking characters of Swiss history. From some of the comments it might be gathered that, ever since Walter Fürst, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold von Melchthal took the famous oath on the field of Rütli on the shores of the Lake of Uri, the course of Swiss history in all cantons had been continuous and alike, and that everywhere freedom was secured when the Hapsburg rule was thrown off. How different was the fact even in modern times, and how much domestic tyranny prevailed long after the Confederation was founded. Here is how Rousseau, in his *Lettres de la Montagne*, describes the state of things in Geneva in his time; and the description would have applied to several other cantons: "Confined to a small number of men, all with the same principle, and all animated by the same interest, your choice is, with all its great show, of little consequence. What would be of some use would be the ability to reject all those out of whom you must make your choice . . . Enfin, si vous êtes souverains seigneurs dans l'assemblée, en sortant de là vous n'êtes plus rien. Quatre heures par an souverains subordonnés, vous êtes sujets le reste de la vie, et livrés sans réserve à la discrétion d'autrui." For the most part the cantons were small oligarchies. Certain families ruled by right divine. Aristocratic privileges persisted there with a force unknown in France or England. In the majority of the cantons, remarked De Tocqueville, three-fourths of the people were excluded from all share, direct or indirect, in the government of their affairs, and every canton had its subject population. The French Revolution made a change; but things returned to their old groove, and remained there, until 1848. From that time the progress to true freedom, emancipation from oligarchs at home, as well as security from foreign interference, has gone on continuously. We mention this, not only to dispel the impression that six hundred years the great work of

Swiss liberation was virtually completed, but to give point to a remark which is due to the Swiss people. Nowhere have democratic ideas more prevailed. There only "pure democracy" has been carried to the utmost limit. What signs are there of disintegration and loss of patriotism, and all the other evils of exaggerated egotism so often said to be its outcome? On the contrary, where do the civic virtues opposed to these vices flourish more than in the cantons, where the Referendum and the Initiative exist?

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE enthusiastic reception of the French fleet at Cronstadt, to which we refer elsewhere, has produced a fresh set of alarmist rumours with regard to the peace of Europe. The *Times* asserts—and the German press seem inclined to agree with its statement—that a formal treaty between France and Russia either has been signed or is awaiting signature. The *Journal des Débats* has not unnaturally replied that community of interest may be a surer bond than treaties. And that there is such community of interest both the French Government and the French people seem to be convinced. The welcome given at Cherbourg to the officers and crew of the Russian warship *Admiral Korniloff*, the dinner, the *punch populaire* at the Casino, the ball with its commemorative medals distributed in the cotillion, the testimonial presented to the Russian Admiral by the commercial travellers of the district, the decorations and "ovations throughout the evening," which have transformed the picturesque but dull little French port into a city of jubilation, show that, however evanescent the feeling for Russia may prove to be in France, just now it pervades all classes, and has attained a high degree of strength. Even at remote Perpignan last Sunday, the Russian national hymn, played at a military concert, was "frantically applauded"; and the enthusiasm culminated when it was followed by the "Marseillaise." Of course, the cry "*Vive la Russie*" may have no more permanent value than "*Vive l'Empereur*," or "*À Berlin*." But just now it means a good deal, and the proposed visit of the French fleet to England has not been received very favourably by the French press, though a change of tone is now apparent. We do not attach much importance to this, it being a law of mind known to psychologists as the Principle of Relativity that strong emotion directed to a certain object involves a contrary emotion directed to others of the same kind. Admiration of one person, for instance, usually suggests to the admirer contemptuous remarks about other possible objects of affection, and this may be the case now. A more disquieting rumour, however, is that reported by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*—that French and Russian diplomatists are intriguing at Constantinople to induce the Sultan to revive the figment of his suzerainty over Egypt, and to fix a definite date for the cessation of the English régime. The story is not unlikely, though it has been denied; but, happily, a good many conditions are required to produce serious international complications besides diplomatic intrigue.

With all these international relations—real or imaginary—the ordinary matter of internal politics is not very plentiful this week. The sixth centenary of the foundation of the Swiss nation was celebrated at Schwytz, near the Lake of Lucerne, and throughout Switzerland on Saturday and Sunday. Schwytz was crowded to an extent quite unprecedented in its history, the Federal Council and the foreign ambassadors being among the invited guests. About 30,000 foreigners are said to have been present. Rain marred the proceedings of Saturday, but on Sunday there was brilliant sunshine. The festival drama with its tableaux of Swiss history was represented in an open-air theatre, and witnessed by some 15,000

persons. In the evening beacon fires—one in the form of a huge Federal cross—adorned the hill-tops round the Lake of Lucerne. The local celebrations were no less enthusiastic. Allegorical pageants, salvoes of artillery, decorations, fireworks, and beacon fires seem to have been very general. Two exceptions are reported. In Basel, we are gravely told, the railway accident at Mönchenstein, plus the regret felt that the National Museum is not to be located in the city (!), cast a gloom over the local authorities, and the celebration was left to private enterprise. In the canton of Ticino the Conservatives, disgusted at the recent acquittal of the Revolutionists by the Federal Tribunal at Zurich, declined to take any part in the fête—which does not seem to have made much difference.

The recent systematic obstruction offered by the Extreme Left in the Hungarian Parliament to the Bill for the reform of county government was expected early this week to lead to a dissolution. Count Szapáry, the Premier, has met the Liberal and Radical leaders in conference, and offered to postpone the discussion to the autumn session should the first clause of the Bill be voted. But the Opposition leaders have refused this last attempt at conciliation, and the Government has given way and withdrawn the Bill, to save the commercial treaties shortly to be submitted to the House. The German theatre at Buda-Pesth, though duly licensed by the municipality, is not to be built, in deference to Hungarian sentiment.

King Alexander of Servia is to visit Paris incognito after his return from Russia about the middle of the month—but not, it is to be hoped, to see his father.

At last the new Dutch Cabinet is in process of formation. M. van Tienhoven, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, is Premier, and M. Tak van Portvliet Minister of Public Works and Commerce. This arrangement seems to point to a stopgap Cabinet. The long delay seems attributable to intrigues in the anti-Liberal *entourage* of the Queen-Regent.

The Queen of the Belgians was seized with a nervous attack—or, it is said, with apoplexy—on Monday, after a visit to her sister-in-law, the unhappy ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, one of the most conspicuous victims of a "vigorous foreign policy." For some time her life was despaired of, and the last rites of the Church were administered, but she was soon pronounced out of danger.

Last Sunday at six p.m. an attack was made by a few Republicans on the barracks at Barcelona. The latter resisted, shots were exchanged, troops called out, and the public square, which was full of holiday-makers, was cleared at the point of the bayonet, some of the crowd, of course, being wounded. The object of the attack was to seize the arms in the barracks and appeal to the populace. It was a trumpety affair, and is disavowed by the leading Republicans, though it is attributed—apparently with some reason—to obscure members of the party. Otherwise we should be inclined to credit it to some of the Anarchists, who are notoriously numerous at Barcelona.

From Crete fresh troubles and murders, chiefly of Christians—who are also mutilated—are reported from the neighbourhood of Heraklion. The Cretan refugees in Athens are becoming restless, and an outbreak is not improbable.

The insurrection in Yemen is not yet over, but details are not to be had.

The reports about Miss Greenfield are conflicting. While the Kurds (according to Wednesday's *Daily News*) assert that she is amply supplied with delicate food and luxurious perfumes and indoctrinated in the Mahometan creed she has adopted, the Armenians declare that she is badly fed, clothed in rags, and terrorised by female attendants who wear daggers anointed with a deadly poison. Both accounts savour somewhat of Oriental romance; but as no trustworthy witness has yet had access to her, save a relative who reports that she appears slightly deranged, we can hardly

accept either. And Mr. Malcolm MacColl's letter in the *Daily News* of Saturday notes that captive and recalcitrant girls are ordinarily threatened by their Mussulman captors with a worse fate than death—inflicted, moreover, after due sentence in form of law. No steps have yet been taken by the local authorities to enable the truth to be fairly ascertained.

Holders of Argentine securities may find some comfort from Mr. Herbert's report to the Foreign Office, issued last week. The imports for the first three months of the year as compared with the corresponding period last year have fallen off 50 per cent., while the exports have remained stationary. But the decrease is mainly in railway material and agricultural implements—which only means that production is not increasing—and in luxuries such as wine, which has fallen off 66 per cent. Now as the exports last year balanced the imports, it follows that 50 per cent. of the exports must be paid for in gold, which should bring down the premium. And as the agricultural interest is selling produce for gold and paying wages in paper, it at any rate is making a good thing out of the depression. It is a less pleasant reflection that the 1885 and 1886 loans depend entirely on the Customs duties.

The *Presidente Errazuriz* left Lisbon on Saturday after some Spanish seamen had been smuggled on board. She has probably gone to the Azores, where, it seems, she will be beyond the reach of the telegraph, and may very likely be met by a trading vessel with coal and supplies. But how is she ever to get round Cape Horn, with the rigours of a Fuegian spring approaching? The sister-ship—the *Presidente Pinto*—is at Genoa, apparently in much the same position as her consort was at Lisbon.

CENTRALISATION OF LONDON GOVERNMENT.

IN March, 1889, in an article published in the *Nineteenth Century*, sketching the work which lay before the then new-born London County Council, I expressed the opinion that when the scheme of London Government was completed by the creation of District Councils, it could hardly be that "the local authorities would continue to exercise powers as extensive as have belonged to them hitherto." Since then I have found that the trend of public opinion is all the other way, that the prevalent inclination is not towards centralisation, but in favour of increasing, as far as possible, the importance of the district authorities. I can of course have little hope of turning the course of public opinion backward; but still, with the consent of the editor of *THE SPEAKER*, who was once good enough to describe me—how erroneously no one is better aware than I am—as an "expert" on the question, I should like very briefly to indicate the considerations which seem to me to point in the opposite direction.

When County Councils were first proposed, and when at length in 1888 they were established, the idea present in the minds of most reformers was that, ultimately at least, the Council of the County was to be the head of the whole of the local government within its area. If not immediately, then at least as soon as possible, education, Poor Law, police, and so forth, were to be brought under its control. And just as the County Council was to unite all jurisdictions within its area, so the District Council was to do in its own smaller sphere. London, it was then thought, could be treated in the same manner as other counties. We know better now. We know that if the work of the School Board and the control of the Poor Law were thrown upon the County Council to-day, that body would simply collapse, inextricably buried beneath the overwhelming mass of business. No one now thinks of absorbing the London School Board. We hear much, and none too soon, of the

need of Poor Law reform; but what we are now asked to do is to create a Central Poor Law Board for London. Now, if the administration of Poor Law and of municipal work proper is to remain in separate hands at the centre, it must, as it seems to me, remain in separate hands in the districts also. Want of symmetry and logical arrangement in an old-established organisation may be, as Matthew Arnold says, no drawback in the opinion of an ordinary practical Englishman; but no one surely would propose to establish *de novo* an arrangement by which the District Council should be subordinated in one set of functions to the County Council, in a second set to the Central Poor Law Board, and possibly in a third to the School Board also. We may then, I think, assume that District Councils in London will not be able to deal with other than what may be called vestry functions. More extended powers within this department may of course be given to them, but they can hardly be permitted to extend their authority into new departments altogether. The District Council, in plain English, can only be a vestry under another name.

Is there, then, any reason why the vestry system should be preserved at all hazards? On the ground of antiquity at least, it has no title to respect. It dates only from 1855, and from the æsthetic point of view it ranks with the other productions of the early Victorian era. I am very far from wishing to join in the indiscriminate abuse which Londoners delight to heap on all their local government institutions, and I believe that on the whole the vestries have done their work honestly and well. Still, it cannot be said that they have come up to the expectations of their creators. They have never attracted the best men to their service, their proceedings have never aroused any general public interest, and from first to last they have been pre-eminently lacking in dignity. Is there any serious reason to believe, if a vestry is re-christened as a District Council, if to its present functions there are added larger powers of buildings regulation, of smoke prevention, and of sewer inspection—always, be it remembered, under the control of the County Council—that the best men of the district will rush to offer their services, and that the public will hang with eager interest on the report of its debates? To my mind, the existing system falls between two stools; the areas are not large enough, and, what is more important, cannot be independent enough—seeing that London is not a county, but a single town—to afford scope for first-rate administrative talent. On the other hand, they are too large for persons who may yet take a keen interest in their own immediate neighbourhood. A resident in the Brompton Road, for instance, may be willing and anxious to look after the lighting and the paving and the "dusting" of the adjoining streets; but, in order to gratify his ambition, he must become a member of the Vestry of Kensington, and so charge himself with the concerns of Notting Hill and Westbourne Park, in which he has really far less interest than he has in the management of Lombard Street or Piccadilly. It is admitted on all hands that lighting and paving and so forth would be more efficiently and more economically managed from a central office. We are told, however, that we must sacrifice this in order to preserve local interest in local affairs. I reply that we have sacrificed the one, and have not gained, nor are likely to gain, the other; but that I can imagine a system of central administration, checked and criticised by ward committees for each area of, say, 20,000 population, which might secure both.

One word more. I cannot admit that the burden of proof rests upon me in this matter. To my mind, the establishment of the Vestries and District Boards in 1855 was not a measure of finality, but merely a necessary step in the progress from the chaos of London, as administered by its 300 commissions and 15,000 commissioners, to an ordered cosmos under a single corporation. The burden of proof rests with those who insist on

stopping at the half-way house. This much is certain—if the City Corporation in former centuries had done its duty, and extended its jurisdiction from time to time, as London extended beyond the City walls, the half-way house would never have come into existence. Further, no such half-way house exists in any other city in the world. Moreover, those who have done most in the past for the reform of London government always looked forward to the time when the half-way house could be pulled down. "The subdivision of London into independent districts," wrote John Stuart Mill, "each with its separate arrangements for local business, prevents the possibility of consecutive or well-regulated co-operation for common objects, precludes any uniform principle for the discharge of local duties, . . . and answers no purpose but to keep up the fantastical trappings of that union of modern jobbing and antiquated foppery, the Corporation of the City of London." The late Mr. Firth, in his great work on "Municipal London," dealt *seriatim* with the different vestry functions, only to come to the conclusion that the whole of them could be "better managed by a single central body than by local bodies, or by local bodies with a controlling central council," and that "the formation of local councils is eminently undesirable." Even Lord Elcho, though since he went to the House of Lords and became the chairman of the Liberty and Property Defence League he has doubtless forgotten the fact, introduced a Bill in 1875 which, says Mr. Firth, "brought down a chorus of approval from the whole metropolis because it proposed to sweep away local governments altogether, and direct everything from one centre." I know of nothing which has happened since then to render these opinions obsolete. In one direction, at least—that, namely, of equalisation of rating—public opinion has recently declared itself more strongly than ever. But equalisation of rating and local independence of expenditure are mutually exclusive terms. There may be something to be said, no doubt, in favour of each of them separately, but surely no sane human being will argue that they can possibly both exist together.

W. M. ACWORTH, L.C.C.

NATURAL RELIGION IN INDIA.

THE new Rede Lecture* has all the fine qualities we have learned to expect in the literary workmanship of Sir Alfred Lyall. It shows the usual blending of keen observation and striking reflection with extensive knowledge, and is every now and then lifted up by a curious anecdote or felicitous illustration. Yet its literary are better than its philosophical qualities—the hopes it raises it does not fulfil. The subject is too large for the limits of the lecture, and generalities as to India are so made to prove generalities of religion that neither India nor religion becomes any more intelligible for the process. He deals with India as if it were a unity, which it is not; geographically it may be more isolated and, as it were, self-contained than Europe, but ethnographically it is more mixed and varied. The inheritance of different and often opposed races is immensely more persistent and diverse in India than in Europe. Even more there than here we must rather read the present through the past than the past through the present. Sir Alfred Lyall's method is not historical, but ethnographic; yet ethnography, when concerned with an ancient people and used, as here, for a philosophical purpose, must be approached through history. Unless it is so, the beliefs, customs, and ceremonies described lose their significance or are misinterpreted through being seen out of their true perspective. It seems to us that the argument of this lecture is vitiated because its writer has

attempted to make ethnography do in the discussion of a philosophical question what history alone can accomplish.

Sir Alfred Lyall, rightly enough, says that the term Hinduism denotes not simply "religion," but also "parentage and country"; and he thinks that this distinguishes it from "the great historical religions." But Hinduism is, in the strict sense, as historical as any one of "the three grand historic faiths or creeds—Christianity, Islam, and Buddhism." Each of these may take its name from a person or an idea, but each is rooted in a people or peoples, and none can be trusted apart from the peoples by whom they have been realised and from whom they have borrowed. All three have contributed elements to Hinduism. Buddhism belongs to the history of India, is unintelligible without Brahmanism alike as ritual, polity, and philosophy, and though it may have nominally disappeared from India, yet it lives as regards its most essential elements in the Hinduism of to-day. Islam has been modified by India and has modified it in turn; and without, like Lorimer, seeking Christian ideas and influences in the *Bhaga-vad-Gita*, we may yet discover in actual process the assimilation by Hinduism of Christian customs and beliefs. There is nothing so historical as a religion whose very life is one with the life of a people—especially when that people is very ancient—has passed through many stages of civilisation, exhibits still within it many phases and degrees of the same, has a most extensive and varied literature, and is composed of a variety of races that have lived now at war, now in peace, now as independent, and now as incorporated. And such a religion is Hinduism, and such a people the Hindus. To speak of it in distinction from historical as "natural religion" is to speak as if the people had no history. If the action of history on religion can be instructively studied anywhere, it is in India, especially as it then must be studied in and through the wonderful social system we are accustomed to describe as "Caste." And though in such a study we can never dispense with ethnography, yet it must be as corrected, qualified, and supplemented at every point by history. Nor can we understand why he should say that "throughout China, . . . the established Church, the Faith that is incontestably predominant, though not exclusively accepted, is Buddhism." While Buddhism has legal status and recognition, yet the one national and imperial religion of China is the Confucian; and of it, even more eminently than of Hinduism, can it be said that it means "religion, parentage, and country." The mixed religions of China are just as natural and just as historical as the mixed religions of India. China has changed Buddhism more than Buddhism has changed China; the historical religion is as much a child of nature as so-called natural religion is a thing of history.

Sir Alfred Lyall distinguishes "the sense given to" "the term Natural Religion" by Bishop Butler from what he says Hobbes would call religion in a state of nature. Now Butler's sense was one he did not give; it was the current and conventional sense of his time. His phrase about Christianity being "a republication of natural religion" was not his, but Tindal's, and represents in its essence an idea that was at least a century older. The term and the consequent speculations have an interesting history, and represent a curious chapter in the history of thought, which, starting in an attempt to explain the ethnical religions through the Biblical, ended in an endeavour to explain the Biblical through the ethnical. The religion, though termed natural, was not a thing of nature, but of cultivation and art—a series of metaphysical ideas and ethical precepts deduced partly from reason and partly from experience, and then worked into harmony with what was thought to be the course and constitution of nature. But the inconsistencies in the use of the term belong as much to Hobbes' sense as to Butler's. The former's state of nature was never

* "Natural Religion in India." By Sir Alfred Lyall. Cambridge University Press. 1891.

an observed natural state; it was one imagined, never discovered or known. Man, wherever found, is man with a history behind him, and the longer the history becomes the more does the human qualify the natural, *i.e.*, the more do the forces we term now descent, now heredity, condition and affect the living subject. Moreover, "an antique society, thoroughly accessible to modern research," is not, in the strict Hobbesian sense, a "society in a state of nature," but one which has got far beyond it, out of anarchy and the state of war, where man is against every man, which was Hobbes's idea, into a state of ordered or fixed institutions. And pre-eminently is this the case in India, where the reign of caste is so absolute that any attempt to break from it is judged as the worst sin. Clearly "an antique society," governed by the law of caste, is not a society which exhibits the religion of Hobbes's "state of nature."

But Sir Alfred Lyall's illustrations of his position seem to us even more unsatisfactory than his position itself. He thinks that "abundant and exceedingly impressive" evidence can be collected for "the theory that dreams and ghosts are the sources of the earliest superstitions." The psychology from which he starts is of a very rudimentary kind. "Fear," he says, "is a primordial affection of the human mind." Granted, but the characteristic thing here is not the fear, but the object feared; not the fear of an idea, but the idea that creates the fear. Its genesis is the main thing to be explained, and towards this the phenomena of dreams go but a very little way, if, indeed, any way at all. He forgets one thing: if his theory be correct, the most strongly accentuated elements in primitive religions will be those that relate to the future life. But the very opposite is the case: the most natural of all historical religions is the most destitute of any doctrine as to the hereafter. And it is specially significant that in the *Rig-Veda* the ideas as to the after world are in a much less developed state than are those as to the celestial deities. The history of the great gods, Vishnu and Siva, though they are here chosen to illustrate the theory, would have shown that they cannot be so used. Into the earliest representations of them many features characteristic of the later do not at all enter; in the course of their historical existence they have absorbed new elements from tribal worships, religious changes, historical events, and ethnic migrations. Indeed, to trace the history of these two deities, from the Vedic period onwards, would be the most cogent disproof of Sir Alfred Lyall's theory. Yet, though we differ in some fundamental respects from both his premisses and conclusions, we have found his lecture at once informing and suggestive. Some of his analogies are striking. The motto he saw on a fashionable Parisian warehouse—*Le deuil c'est un culte*—mourning is worship—expressed "precisely the conclusion that had been suggested, a month earlier, by the sight of the funeral rites of the Bheels, a wild folk in the jungles." This may be taking the imaginative Parisian tradesman a shade too literally, but at least it shows that the eye which so keenly studied "Natural Religion in India" is curiously observing its less occult forms and phenomena among ourselves.

A VISIT TO "LES CHARMETTES."

IT was the season of the year most loved by Rousseau himself, when snow still lingers on the hills, though flowers are blooming in the hedge,* that I started from Chambéri for "Les Charmettes." Half an hour's clamber up a fairly good mountain path brought me to the orchard, with the little house standing above it, and behind the house the vineyard—all, precisely, as Jean-Jacques painted it † so many years ago. Those who know where to look

for it may find on one of the trees of the orchard a board bearing the inscription, "*Ici fut l'habitation de Jean-Jacques Rousseau*"—but this information is neither necessary nor correct. Readers of the "Confessions" will recognise Les Charmettes at once—and it was Madame de Warens who rented the little farmhouse for some eleven years; whilst Jean-Jacques passed with her here, at most, three happy summers. But this house amongst the hills was not the "habitation" of either of these two troubled lives: it was the home of the love-story that gave to one of them, at least, an interval of perfect joy, and the inspiration of romantic love he was to communicate to a world that had forgotten love's existence.

These memories came crowding upon me as I entered the simple, and almost poor, abode; and they helped me to think more kindly than I had done before of the heroine of Jean-Jacques' romance. "All her favours were lavished on the unfortunate: fine and brilliant personages had their pains for nothing if they courted her. When her heart made an unworthy choice, it was not because her inclinations were base, but because she was too generous, compassionate, and humane to know how to control her sensibility by discretion."* I caught myself repeating these excuses as I stood in the stone-flagged *salle à manger*, the room where the too hospitable lady, on her poor pension of some eighty pounds a year, entertained all needy guests who knocked at her door. And the feelings of sympathy and indulgence grew as I passed from the *salle à manger* into the dismantled little *salon*, where Madame de Warens' portrait smiled on me from the wall; and where, beneath the portrait, stood the old spinet, upon which Jean-Jacques had tried over his first musical compositions. The old spinet has fallen dumb long ago—not the ghost of a sound came from the yielding keys as I ran my fingers over them. In at the curtainless windows streamed the sunshine; and outside towered the snow-crowned mountains, bounding the landscape beyond the terrace garden, where the trees were putting out new leaves as green and young as those when it was spring one hundred and fifty-three years ago. Here, in the scene I looked out upon, I had, then, the Nature that once spoke to Rousseau! For, even at Les Charmettes, his happiest hours were not spent within walls, and during these years when his thoughts took form and colour the influence of Madame de Warens was outrivalled by the influences of the mountains. Something of these influences I could feel and understand now that I myself stood amongst his hills, and saw a new earth, as it were, bathed in the magical atmosphere that at these heights lifts the heart and lends brilliancy to all around. How magnificent a spectacle spread out for eyes hidden from the world and contented to live with Nature in these solitudes! Behind Chambéri the mountains were veiled in a purple haze, now and again torn by the sun; and then showing dark pine-forests, fields of snow, and the deep furrows of old water-courses. The near hills were a shining green, with patches of snow where the hedges or trees cast shadows; the elms and beeches were leafless still, but red with swollen buds; the poplars were like thin yellow plumes, and the willows feathery with young green, whilst amongst them stood some tufts of small fruit trees, powdered over with white blossoms, as though the mountains had tossed down on them some snow. The air was full of the song of birds and the music of waters—and such waters! From the window I could see the cascade described by Rousseau—a stream of sapphires and emeralds rushing down a rock of pearl.

It was amidst such scenes as these that Jean-Jacques' genius was nourished. It is not enough to say that he had grown up with Nature—he had grown up with Nature amongst the mountains. "Never," he says, "could a flat country satisfy him

* "Confessions," Part II., liv. ix. † "Conf.", Part I., liv. vi.

* "Conf.", Part I., liv. v.

with its beauty. He needed mountains and torrents and black pine forests, and steep, crooked paths that climb and descend, and precipices that inspire terror." * He needed these things; and when they failed him, no luxury or easy living could console him for the spectacle of natural beauty left behind him with his mountains. And, since it is the property of the human spirit to transform outward impressions into spiritual facts, the effort towards more dignity, simplicity, and freedom of life became the result of Jean-Jacques' unquenchable longings for his lost mountains.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago! How short a time it seemed as I turned my back on the mountains and looked round the empty *salon* that had once been made bright by the presence of the fascinating, still beautiful woman, with her "caressing air and angelic smile"—the amiable hostess of Les Charmettes, whose only fault was her too close imitation of the conduct of the householder in the parable, who called in his guests from the highways and hedges. Such behaviour on the part of a daughter of "feu noble Jean Baptiste de la Tour" and the wife of the Chevalier de Loys, Baron de Warens, was of course unbecoming and indiscreet. Yet we are bound to recognise that amongst the vagabond guests was a certain runaway apprentice from Geneva who might have been left to die under the hedge if Madame de Warens had been less kind, or have been, at most, fed with charitable scraps in the kitchen had she been more nice—and then the whole course of Rousseau's life, and of the age whose history is bound up with his, would have been different.

As I sat before the old spinet, passing my fingers over the silent keys, it seemed to me that Madame de Warens was pleading her own cause, and protesting against the short-sighted method of measuring the events of a century and a half ago by the standard good only for the guidance of the personal life. "Why," she seemed to ask, "regret to-day that I was not less compassionate or more constant and discreet? It would no doubt have been better for me in my generation had I possessed less sensibility, and it might have been better for Jean-Jacques, in his generation, if I had shown more constancy in love; but what then? If I had been wise, and Jean-Jacques happy, would the eighteenth century have had its social prophet and reformer? You reproach me, because with my mischievous philosophy and my misused talents I helped to form his belief that women cultivate their brains at the expense of their hearts, and that, therefore, an ignorant, unintelligent woman is more trustworthy than an intellectual one. Again, what then? Jean-Jacques' unsoundness upon the question of the higher education of women is now really not of the slightest consequence, although it offends you so mortally. What was really of importance, and what helped him to render to the highly cultivated and intellectual women of his day precisely the service they needed, was his strong faith that no social graces can compensate for the neglect of natural duties—no gifts of the spirit count against poverty of heart; no patronage of art, no encouragements of intellectual pursuits, console human society for the loss of wifely constancy and maternal love. But it was I who, by my betrayal of him, threw Jean-Jacques into the power of Thérèse Levasseur? If you had made this complaint against me a hundred and forty-nine years ago, you would have been in the right. But now—of what consequence is it? The woman Levasseur is, Heaven be praised! safely dead: so am I, with my infidelities; so is Jean-Jacques, with his woes. When you, the living, cross the borders of our world, and come amongst us who have lived, common sense, as well as good manners, should teach you that you must take us as we are without fault-finding, because we cannot change ourselves to please you. And there

are other reasons besides the changelessness of our state that demand silence before our errors, and compassion for the sufferings these errors brought us, from *you* who inhabit an age that destiny compelled us to build for you. You may say perhaps that whilst destiny may have utilised Jean-Jacques, it found no help in me to serve in building the new age? But are you sure of this? You admit the eighteenth century would not have been what it was had Jean-Jacques been another man; but, now, would Jean-Jacques have been what he was had I been a different woman?"

I found these arguments unanswerable. They helped to kindle in me fresh indignation when I turned over the pages of the visitors' book, kept upon the table in the window of the old *salon*—Madame de Warens' table, it should be observed. No doubt "a live dog is better than a dead lion;" and the very stupidest of modern tourists has it his own way if he chooses to offer wise reproof to a philosopher, or to crack jokes at the expense of a brilliant woman of the eighteenth century, when the philosopher and the woman of the world happen to have been dead some hundred and twelve years or so. Still, even under these circumstances, there are certain courtesies due to their hosts from uninvited guests; and it seems hard to justify the conduct, or to explain the motives, of travellers from all parts of the globe who appear to have hunted out this solitary little cottage amongst the mountains with no other purpose than to insult the memories that dwell there. Georges Sand recorded her sense of the impertinence of these thick-skinned intruders by tearing out of the visitors' book the pages she had written, describing her own impressions of Les Charmettes. It seems a pity, however, that the pages were not left. Who would have cared for the long sermons or the little jokes of the modern Philistine, when he might have read the tribute of gratitude paid to her master by the great writer, who has described herself as "Jean-Jacques' descendant" and the "last of the Romanticists"?

YELLOW BOARDS.

A CHEAP edition of my thirtieth or thirty-first novel (I have lost count) is now in the press, and yesterday I journeyed to my publishers (with whom I am this week on speaking terms) to ask them to give it a plain cover. For the first time I marched past the cane-bottomed chair at the door and took a cushioned seat (Author's Society insists on our asserting ourselves in this way). The firm received me courteously (result of passing of Copyright Bill), but would have none of my suggestion. "Had I written for so long," they asked, "and not learned that yellow boards without a picture on them never sell? Was I not aware that the bookstalls blackball such publications?" I explained that I experienced a burning sense of shame (this was putting it strong) every time I saw my name on a glaring yellow board. "Then publish anonymously, for it will make little difference in the sales," they replied rather offensively. "Surely it is my name that sells my works," I retorted. "Pooh," they answered, "it is the picture." Then they told me dark stories (not for publication) of authors who had insisted on doing as I wanted to do, and they showed me balance-sheets that proved their case. *Exit* Mr. Anon humbled, and leaving instructions that the hero in pink and lavender should appear on the cover saying to the heroine in magenta, "May I lend you my umbrella?" (in blue).

Of course I merely approved of that cover, which would probably have been adopted whether I liked it or not. The cover is far too important a matter for the author to be consulted seriously about it. Every publishing firm has its yellow-board artists, on whom the success of a two-shilling novel mainly depends. They have to read our works, but otherwise

* "Conf.", Part I., liv. lv.

their life is a pleasant and honourable one. I should like to make their acquaintance and flatter them, but they have not time for that, and so I am studying their ways and methods instead. To-day I have had all my yellow-covered novels spread out before me with that intent, and now for the first time I learn with certainty why some of them sold well and others badly. It all depends on the picture.

The taste of the public which buys two-shilling novels (the public in a hurry to catch a train) is not for murder pictures. They are the speciality of the shilling to eighteenpence, or third-class, public. What the two-shilling public insists upon is the hero (if convenient), but the heroine whether or not. Only two of my yellow covers are without a heroine, and neither book did well. Either the artist was new to his calling or he had a spite against me. Very curious to me is it now to recall the time I have thrown away in wondering why these two books, which were a tolerable success in three volumes, should have failed to sell in yellow boards. Sometimes I thought it must be because I let the villains off so cheaply, and again I fancied that I might owe it to making the heroines winsome rather than beautiful. I followed these two stories with one in which my girl (I think of 'em familiarly in this way) married first A and subsequently B, and I flattered myself that the book did well on account of this. Now I see that its success was due to the cover, in which she is shown leaving the room with a haughty gesture. To my eye she looks bunchy, but the artist knew what he was about. I must see to it that one of my forthcoming novels (I drive four in hand) has a picture of the heroine leaving (or, say, entering) a room bunchily. This seems a safe card to play.

From the fact that the artist has almost abandoned it, I gather that the two-shilling public no longer cares for landscape. Twenty years ago a landscape was popular on a yellow cover. It nearly always represented a country lane, with a young man walking down it and a young woman walking up it. I like this myself, for it leaves a great deal to the imagination. These two are about to meet, and we are privileged to ask ourselves what will happen. Of one thing we may be certain, in another moment they will see each other, and life will never be the same again. The young man is usually a painter (a gentleman painter, I mean, not a professional), and he will either ask her the way to the village (result: she will take him to the Hall) or her dress will catch in the briars and he will disentangle it, first politely raising his hat. But the country lane has quite gone out.

On the other hand, "He raised his hat politely," is still a favourite. In three of my recent novels he is photographed in the act of raising his hat politely, and I notice that this is a popular subject with the artists who illustrate the serial stories in magazines. I suppose "He raised his hat politely" is a dramatic moment. Another scene the artist reproduces with great vigour is, "He turned and met her," which is almost as popular as "She saw him approaching rapidly." A variety on the former is "He wheeled round and confronted her;" and on the latter, "He drew near from a distance." In all these pictures we get the heroine as the central figure, without which naught avails.

There is no end to the originality of the yellow-board artists. Sometimes, for instance, she is sitting. If so, it has to be a garden chair, or he is leaning over her, taking her cup politely from her hands. If a garden chair, she has her hat in her hands, or she is drawing figures on the ground with the point of her sunshade. If hat in hand, he is regarding her from among the foliage; if with sunshade, she is accompanied by a massive retriever. An exciting picture can be got by her requesting him to take a seat. This is entitled, "He sat down on her invitation." A companion picture is "He rose on her departure." Quick, too, is the artist to pounce upon "He entered with his hat in his hand," or "She retired with a singing in her ear."

Were the author allowed to suggest subjects to the artist, it is probable that he would not choose these. He might think that they were comparatively trivial or commonplace, or that they had been done already. So he is disregarded. Then when he sees the cover he storms, not realising that the yellow-board artist alone knows what the two-shilling public wants.

MRS. CARLYLE'S TOWN.

HADDINGTON is becoming known. It is associated with the world of letters in Carlyle and his wife. Lord Elcho, M.P., the ex-Member for Haddingtonshire, told the electors that in Turkey, when despatching a telegram to Haddington, Scotland, the telegraphist said she did not know where Scotland was, but she knew of Haddington. It has been described as a typical county town; but the natives resent the phrase, and claim that it is a model shire town, with its abbey church and county buildings, Corn Exchange and lunatic asylum, Town Hall and Educational Institute, monuments and town cross, jail and poor-house, and its memories of and its memorials to Knox, John Home, a marquis who was Governor-General of India, and to a Member of Parliament who is put on a higher pedestal than he occupied during life.

It is the town a pedestrian at nightfall delights in discovering. He will willingly throw his knapsack aside and saunter about the "haughs" or meadows alongside the Tyne, finding amusement in watching the washwomen bleaching clothes or stretching them out on ropes to dry, the soft movements of the starlings or pigeons in the abbey tower, the carts and horses crossing the river-ford above the Nungate Bridge, or the bare-legged boys wading in the water; while the deep-toned bell in the Town Hall steeple rings out the quarter-hours, a peal at seven at night, and the curfew at ten. The town intercepts the road traffic between Edinburgh and Berwick. It is well preserved, and probably no more favourable specimen of a Lowland Scotch town can be found where the Anglo-Saxon element is so strong, and where the folk take such moderate views of life. It lies, saucer-like, in a shaded valley, with its back to the Garleton Hills, and looking south to the romantic glens of the Lammermuirs. All around are delightful roads. There are unchanged buildings and undisturbed monuments of the past, one or two rounded stairs jutting on the street, high stone walls built with rich copings and massive stones, quaint figures at street-corners and on gable ends—battered arms of the town (a goat trying to climb a tree)—the grey Grammar or Burgh School where Edward Irving taught Jeannie Welsh, classic quotations on door-stones, and a turreted castle, with wealth of bow-and-arrow windows, occupied by pensioned old maids. The red-tiled almshouse and outside stair has a most appropriate appearance. The town looks as if it had an eventful history. It was frequently burned and ruthlessly destroyed by marchmen in the Border wars; and in the international struggles the land lying on the highway to England, and within a day's march from the Scotch capital, was often trampled under foot and stained with blood. Its history, as told by a hack writer, is a wonderful hash, and delightful stories are intermixed with cruel realities. The brown soil is rich and generous, good both for man and beast. When the sun shines on the red-tiled cottages, the red sandstone abbey near the ripple of mill-dam and rushing river, which men in former days loved to call the Lamp of Lothian, the old flour-mills and dovecots, the poplars and tender-tinted willows on the haughs, on the mellow colours and fulness of foliage, flat lands and teeming orchards, one's eyes dwell on what seems rather the surroundings of Huntingdon than of Haddington. The natives seem to be healthy and wealthy, and, if you believe themselves, wise; though Cardinal Wishart's prophecy in

preaching his last sermon here before his arrest in the neighbourhood—that the town would be ruled by strangers—is now strangely true. The spicy cynicism of the native mind, fondness for pleasure of life by the way, freezing impartiality of temperament, with a little dash and style so noticeable here and in East Lothian, are all probably traceable to a strange mixing of the Scotch, English, and French races.

In such quiet valleys and bye-places Nature gives birth to her best. And the world of pastures green and quiet waters, broad fields and rustling trees, sweet meadows and breezy hills, nestling round a town where streets are called "ports" and "gates," given up, as it seems, to agriculture and lawyers, gossip and tradition and amusing provincial pride, is never so sweet and so fair as it is to young eyes and old hearts. It is a lovely town; "and the water and the woodland beauty and the happy fields we till," most men like, and few women hate. "Dull old Haddington," Mrs. Carlyle called it when she came down on a visit from London; but, again, it was "dear old Haddington." Miss Jeannie Welsh had numerous admirers, and was the toast of young gentlemen of her day. The house in a court off the High Street where she was born, and where she was first introduced to Carlyle, has already, with its ornamental front, an air of bygone gentility. She who, in her old nurse's words, "was taught by a chap ca'd Irving, but Carlyle, a writer, came and finished her off," rests beneath the green grass of her own kirkyard, within the walls she loved so well. Years after her death Carlyle used to visit alone the small back garden where she had played in youth, and by his unexpected appearance one night in this enclosed ground he alarmed the domestic servants, and on a later occasion surprised the tenant. Some slight stories of her fine spirit and her pride of descent live chiefly in the folks' memories, so true it is of small towns that they take small views.

On the east side of the river from the abbey was John Knox born, who attended the very school that Jeannie Welsh came to afterwards; but Time, the great destroyer, has removed all outward traces of his local habitation, though his nativity is the boast of the town. And at Lethington, close by, Secretary Maitland was born and bred, Knox's great rival and fellow-parishioner.

Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, and his wife's bright womanly *Letters and Memorials*, have added a fresh interest to the town. Every week brings strangers to her birthplace and her resting-place, and two guides have been recently published. Some blunt harsh expressions by the dyspeptic author will produce bitterness of feeling for years to come; but his and his wife's connection with the place, her jottings of her visits (and she said "these Haddington visits were very beautiful to her"), and the merry incidents of her childhood which she was fond of talking about—of boldly taking a bubbly jock which had frightened her by the neck and wringing it, of climbing up and crawling over the Nungate Bridge parapets, of being carried to a child's ball in a clothes-basket—have, apart from her memorable visit, thrown about the locality an interest which will always hold so long as men and women read the life-drama of the twain. When she was sick at heart and weak in health in London, and lying, as she thought, on her death-bed, her wish was to be buried in her auld kirkyard, near the Tyne, at Haddington; and she left legacies to poor indigent folk here whom she had not seen for years. These are touches which beautify any place. Mrs. Carlyle—who, as Miss Jewsbury said, could make a story about a broomstick, and make it interesting—has, like a magician, made the town famous. She is remembered as being mischievous, and was called a "hempey" because she regularly stole an old lady's scones. In one house here are bundles of her bright letters, tied in ribbons, which will not be printed in a hurry; and a lady regrets to this day having thoughtlessly burned her collection. An old

native cherishes her memory, for she first taught him drawing. Her letter of twenty-four printed pages, in the summer of 1849, is about the most vivacious letter in the English language on revisiting a birthplace. Unexpected and unknown she for three hours rambled about "the dear old place," the house she had been born in, the school where she had been *dux* (and where she, "a little deevil," did violence to a boy's nose), the old church near the river, walked round the haughs and down the Butts, her old regular afternoon and only promenade, and in the whole round met but two little children walking hand-in-hand like the Babes of the Wood. Then she went to bed in the inn which she had never before entered, a house she had from childhood associated with travellers and strangers, and farmers and hard drinking. She, a native, slept here in "the George Inn of Haddington! Good God!" The names she had missed from the signboards turned up on the tombstones in the kirkyard. It was the terrible change which a long three-and-twenty years' absence had wrought upon her and the place. "The dear old place! God bless it! How changed it is, and how changed am I!" Yet with ever-recurring thoughts, half-sad, half-happy, as our best thoughts are, to this memorable visit, she wished many years after that she could spend an hour in Haddington alone, in the dark. "The people at Haddington," she said in 1856, "seem all to grow so good and kind as they grow old; that isn't the way with us in the south."

I am indebted to Mrs. MacWatt, of Alloa, for a perusal of a letter addressed to her mother by Mrs. Carlyle in 1856, wherein she says that the sight of an old schoolboy's handwriting, after so many, many years, "went to my heart like a knife." "I was very glad to see you. You looked so like the Nancy Hay I used to sit looking at in church and thinking such a pretty 'ladylike' girl! Ladylike was a great word at Haddington, I remember." And the last, the fourth, page contains these characteristic sentences, referring to her memorable visit to her birthplace:—"Indeed I was glad to see everybody at dear old Haddington, and felt to love the very ground under my feet! I could have lain down and kissed it, but for the danger of being set down as insane. London, for all so long as I have lived in it, never gets to look so much home as one's first home; and all the new friends one gets never fill up the blank left by one's father and mother." It is handed down by the Provost of the time, who saw her climbing the kirkyard wall (and he knew of no woman but her who would do it), and throw herself like a person distracted on her father's grave, that never was a woman so excited or affected on revisiting her native town. The finest and last touch of all is the fact that years after, when her remains were brought from London to be buried here, they lay all night in the house of an old native who was her lover in her youth; and from the house of the old lover—she having no relative there—next day, when nearly all the townsfolk were out of the town at the steeplechases on the Garleton Hills, her funeral started. On its way to the kirkyard it passed her father's house, her birthplace, her old school and playground, along to the kirkyard at the riverside, to the loved old ruins, where they left her to her long rest. Time soon makes a clean sweep. Her old schoolhouse is now converted into dwelling-houses, the kirkyard wall has gone and modern railings have taken its place, and the house of Sunnybank has not only changed owners, it has changed its name. And for his wife's young lover and fellow-townsmen, his own aged friend, Carlyle in his *Reminiscences* has not a kind but actually an unpleasant word! The guide-book writer gives us delightful glimpses into the local feeling when he says Jane Welsh married Carlyle "with the result, as is well known, of afterwards becoming famous. It was said that the inhabitants of Haddington would be disappointed at the body of Carlyle not being laid in the same grave as his wife, but it was cleverly

retorted that as they had secured the better half they did not mind."

Life in the town in Mrs. Carlyle's youth, some sixty or eighty years ago, when worthy deacons broke out in strong language against "strangers, incomers, and interlopers;" when a native laboured under the hallucination he was a barley pickle, and would not budge from his fireside in case he should be picked up by a hen and eaten; and when the town's jailer allowed his prisoners to spend the evenings with their wives at home on condition that they returned at early dawn, which they regularly did, seems like a tale that is told, and full of romance. It was an age when fortunes were made in hoarding up grain in the numerous granaries hereabouts; when petty provincial feeling made every man "a character," from the Provost to the town's drummer; when old customs were maintained and "coal an' can'le" cried in the winter months; when the king's health was drunk at the cross in runlets of claret, and horns were blown by dealers in carts, and Adam and Eve were symbolically represented in a procession of "Jock in the Green;" when Play-day was observed, and the magistrates turned out and rode the marches; when belief existed in the fairies, and a place was considered sacred to their tournament. To the eyes of one's fancy the streets, the stage-coach days, the stir at Bonaparte's threatened invasion, the street cries, the quaint old fellow-townfolk—among them that watchmaker who regularly every night carried home in his apron the whole stock-in-trade from his shop—the vanished ways of life, are abundantly touching, as everything is which has passed away for ever beyond recall.

J. P.

THE FATHER OF THE "NATURALISTS."

THE middle-aged critic, who measures his waist-band every week and exclaims, "Go to: I have grown intellectually!" has hitherto spared his juniors one taunt. They are a restless, noisy lot; they do bad work, admire false gods, roll little logs and exalt insignificant horns for one another. Their taste is deplorable; they think no better of a man because he is dead, and care little for first editions. But somehow they all take off their hats to Wordsworth. The enthusiasm which moved the Cambridge men—Whewell, Tennyson, Hallam, Trench, Milnes, the Hares—and the Oxford men—Keble, Mozley, Arnold, and all Arnold's best pupils—keeps vital in a generation that learns from Whitman and Ibsen. One has but to turn to the "Bibliography of Wordsworth" in Mr. Morley's edition of the "Complete Poetical Works" to be persuaded that this is the case. Over and over again the poet's uneventful story has been told, and men of all creeds, temperaments, and qualities of mind have thought it worth while to tell the world what they have found in Wordsworth and what they owe to him: and still we want to hear more. This week has added a new volume to the list, a study by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, the Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford (Percival & Co.), and we opened it with the same eagerness.

In part, this eagerness is due, no doubt, to the incongruities which every portrait of Wordsworth has displayed. Coleridge, De Quincey, and Lamb are figures fantastic enough, in all conscience; but there is a certain uniformity about each. They are astonishing but explicable. Wordsworth, on the other hand, while not in the least bizarre, is an abiding riddle. How could a man write as he wrote, changing the whole scope of modern literature, and yet exhibit, not once or twice, but at every turn, such an appalling narrowness? Some have wondered how a poet who could write so supremely well, could also write

"A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the blind boy."

But this sort of stuff is quite intelligible. As Miss Wordsworth well puts it, "human nature being what it is, perhaps it will always be necessary for the founder of a new school to overstate his own case, to startle the world into attention by paradoxes, and if necessary to make them listen to him even by something like an act of violence." The taste of the time, in fact, was up in Pope's "moon, refulgent orb of night": Wordsworth very wisely set down his extreme claim, the washing-tub: and the compromise, as usually happens, was effected about midway between the two. Nor do we refer to his lack of humour. That it was sometimes blood-curdling is proved by an anecdote which the late Bishop of Lincoln used to tell. Wordsworth, it seems, being minded to write an answer to Pope's well-known couplet—

"I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

produced the following:

"I am no dog; yet let me tell you,
You are a very saucy fellow!"

If this century has taught anything, however, it is that a sense of humour is rather an impediment than a help to the man who would sway his fellows. Napoleon I. had none; Shelley had none; they say that Mr. Gladstone had none. Instances might be multiplied by the score. And there is the least possible reason for surprise at Wordsworth's somewhat inhuman seriousness.

"Matter-of-factness" is the word which Coleridge found as he walked with Hazlitt. "He lamented," says the essayist, "that there was a something corporeal, a matter-of-factness, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry." But even this does not touch the nerve. A man is something more than matter-of-fact when he says, as Wordsworth said of "The Recluse," "I have written 706 lines of a poem *which I hope to make of considerable utility*"; or again of that incomparable poem, "The Happy Warrior," that it "contained many extremely valuable thoughts." We can easily forgive him for abstaining, when at Cambridge, from the composition of an elegy on the death of Dr. Chevallier, master of his College; but why did he state his reason thus, "I felt no interest in the deceased person"? In 1797, when his powers are nearly at their highest, he describes himself as "very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry": and of the glorious "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood"—was there ever a more terrible title?—he has the courage to write, "I took hold of the idea of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet." This is worse than his division of his works into "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," "Poems Founded on the Affections," etc. It reads like a draper's advertisement of his summer stock.

It is obvious that he puzzled his contemporaries just as sorely as he puzzles us. He was reforming literature, and he was very well aware of the fact. Did Charles Lamb skip a post in returning thanks for a copy of the "Lyrical Ballads"? Post-haste comes a "letter of four sweating pages" from the bard regretting that Lamb was not pleased with the volume and expressing a wish that Lamb's range of sensibility were more extended, being obliged to believe that with such an extension Lamb would receive large influxes of happiness and happy thoughts—"with a deal of stuff," says Lamb, "about a certain union of Tenderness and Imagination, which in the sense he used Imagination was not the characteristic of Shakspeare, but which Milton possessed in a degree far exceeding other Poets; which Union, as the highest species of Poetry, and chiefly deserving that name, 'he was most proud to aspire to,'" and then two rather flat lines underscored and the remark, "This passage, as combining in an extraordinary degree that Union of Imagination and Tenderness

which I am speaking of, I consider as one of the best I ever wrote!" No: there is not the least doubt that Wordsworth believed in his high call. But as he pressed his claims in the language of a pious commercial traveller, it is not surprising that each of his contemporaries gives a different description of the man, and that we worry in vain over the enigma.

But this, after all, is not the secret of his fascination. This generation reads its Wordsworth devoutly for the more sufficient reason that it recognises in him the prophet of that realism which every self-respecting writer is now ensuing. Two poets, as the century opened, felt the breath of the new spirit. But Shelley missed the humanity of it. He divined

"That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which *all things* work and move,"

but he left it to Wordsworth to run the risk of ridicule in pointing out that the poor rustic, the idiot boy, the cottage child shared this beauty. Then Carlyle and Browning took up the lamp and carried it into the crowded towns and the reeking haunts of men; and others hold the light to-day and search with it. "As soon as breakfast was over," says Hazlitt, "we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud, with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of 'Betty Foy.' I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the 'Thorn' and the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman,' I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

"In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,"

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of Spring"—all of which makes one long to have Hazlitt back to "clear out half the town."

Miss Wordsworth, in two or three very neat pages of criticism, shows how Tennyson took up the interpretation of nature at the point where Wordsworth ceased. But, for all Wordsworth's grip of inanimate nature, he exacts most reverence from us for his treatment of obscure, suffering man. Shelley and Coleridge may hold the supremacy which Mr. Swinburne has claimed for them: but, judged by their influence only, they must stand down for Crabbe and Wordsworth.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLIII.—AT KEW.

I HAD mounted to the outside of a four-horse omnibus. There is a combination of pomp and cheapness about a four-horse omnibus that always pleases me. Besides, it is more appropriate to a Bank Holiday. It has a festive appearance not to be found in the lowlier two-horse conveyance. The very horses seem to be filled with the dignity of the thing; the driver wears a better hat and smokes a browner cigar; no one could guess that somewhere in its black past this same omnibus was in the habit of carrying clerks to the City for an ordinary penny. It is difficult to ride on a four-horse omnibus without looking joyous; but out of pride I attempted it.

The drive was almost entirely without incidents. We paused at a public-house, after we had gone through Hammersmith, and the better sort of us drank glasses of stout, and ate the stickiest buns in the world. I remembered the letters, the methods, and the excellent example of Lord Randolph Churchill, and simply pined for a quarter of an hour of the best London clubs. We crossed Kew Bridge with considerable spirit and dash; and there I descended to mingle with the brilliant throng in the

road that skirts the green. I went straight on to the gardens, not stopping to buy a mouth-organ, a tin money-box, a fragment of terrible pine-apple rock, or any of the other goods offered for sale on the line of stalls. At the stately entrance to the Gardens I paused for a moment; and there I read the notice which says that only the decently dressed are allowed to enter. Through the gateway I could see the blood-red waistcoat and the flashing buttons of one who doubtless would enforce this order.

As a general rule I am law-abiding. But it seemed cruel that I should have come so far and then be rejected at the very gates; so I waited my opportunity, and when for a moment the head of the janitor was averted, I effected my entrance. Kew Gardens are not as Hampstead Heath on an August Bank-holiday; here one almost trembles in the presence of the great decorum. For the most part, the visitors to the Kew Gardens represented the more respectable of the lower middle classes. They saw notices forbidding them to walk on the edge of the grass, and they were obedient; they knocked out their pipes, as the law demanded, before entering the holy hot-houses; they gazed on the prim flower-beds and drank in the spirit of perfect formality. But all were not quite tame. The children were natural. And that young man of London whom the humorists have called 'Arry, but who calls himself 'Erry (unless he is Cholly or Albut), was just as vivid and ebullient here as he is everywhere on Bank-holiday. The only real objection to keeping children is that they grow up; it was sad to think that the lovely child, probably would become the unlovely Cholly.

In the essay "Of Love" we read: "This Passion hath his Flouds, in the very times of Weaknesse; which are, great *Prosperitie*; and great *Adversitie*." Bank-holiday is one of the "times of Weaknesse" for the young man of London. It is then, above all other times, that he allows his fancy to lightly turn. One noticed this in the gravel walks and shaded alleys of Kew. On every garden-seat there seemed to be two people, of opposite sexes, seated—a blot on the decorum. The attitude in every case seemed to be the same; there was a gallant disregard of publicity about it. Owing to the arrangement of the paths, one could not always avoid giving surprises. I never wanted to hear Albert refused by the only woman whom he could think about seriously; but the sudden turn of the path left me no option. I have noticed that the presence of female society always makes a marked difference in these young men; it either lowers or heightens their tone. Sometimes it lowers it almost to the point of imbecility. As the crowd passed in procession through one of the houses, the exigencies of space forced me to keep immediately behind Frenk and to hear what he said to her. He called everything "nice" or "very nice." He called a giant cactus from Mexico, which is something like a prickly bolster standing on end, "really very nice." Regard for her had destroyed in him all perception of quality in other things. It was almost pathetic; she was not so deeply affected, and noticed all the main points in the vegetable and animal contents of the grass house. "See there, that's grown all skew-wise. That one's more like india-rubber than anything." Then, in a hushed whisper, not to be heard by the girl a little way in front of them: "Owdjer like me to 'ave my 'air done like that?" The young man is at his worst when love has heightened his tone, and made him jocular and noisy. He picks up the cast feathers of birds, and sticks them in his hat; if he is carrying any garment for her, he puts it on himself humorously; he rushes humorously at a low fence as though he would jump it; it is not only humour which prevents him from making the attempt; then he makes a personal remark about the nearest old lady and whistles. "I do wish you wouldn't be so sarcastic, Awthur," says his fair companion.

The interest in the Gardens themselves did not seem to be an interest in botany. In a secluded part

of the gardens I noticed something which was wanting to be a tree. So far it had only got seven feet of stem, absolutely bare except for the label, and one bough at the top of it—a small, solitary bough that looked melancholy, as if it wished it were greener. An old gentleman with a thin white face, a stoop, and a silk hat much too large for him, was examining the label with an interest which I felt sure *must* be scientific. But I have no positive proof that he was a botanist. Most of the visitors had come with the intention of visiting all the main features of the gardens, and had no time for such minor matters as labels. There were the glass-houses, the pagoda, the North collection, the museums, the refreshment-house—all requiring inspection. The refreshment-house is intensely rustic, with striped awnings, and climbing plants, and hanging baskets of flowers. I had luncheon there; and—once more following the example of the great correspondent—I ought to tell you what I had for luncheon. But I cannot. It was unspeakable, incredible, not easily digestible; it might have made a better man than I long for a quarter of an hour of the Amphitryon. The museums seemed to be used more as a shelter from the rain than as collections of scientific interest. Museums demand so much previous knowledge; letters written in Tamil on palmyra leaves would be more interesting if one could read Tamil; the band of cotton cloth, which—the label tells us—is the only garment worn by Toddy-men, offers chances to the humorist; but, then, what *are* Toddy-men? Possibly, the information is on some label that I did not see: I rarely linger in museums. Possibly, it is in the official guides: I never buy official guides; they take the poetry out of everything.

As I stood outside the gardens waiting for the omnibus I saw two men leaning sadly against a wall. One was bad-tempered and the other was fatuous.

"Got any more money for booze?" inquired the first.

"No," said the other, shaking his feeble head, "I ain't."

"And yer call this Bangkoldy!" said his companion, vindictively.

"I begun mine last night—that's 'ow it is."

"You ain't a man whot one can depend on," observed the first moodily, as he moved away.

THE WEEK.

THE testimony of MR. OSWALD CRAWFURD, in his remarkable article on Portugal in the *Fortnightly Review*, respecting the large African element in the Portuguese urban population, is entirely confirmed by that delightful old traveller, NICOLAUS CLENARDUS, in a letter from Evora, March 26, 1535. CLENARDUS has been speaking of the laziness of Portuguese tradesmen, and the general disesteem in which labour is held in the country. Domestic service is consequently so dear that the hire of a servant would cost the traveller the fourth of his income. "How then, you will ask, do we live? All the place is overrun with slaves, negroes, and Moorish captives, and all work is done by them. I really believe that at Lisbon there are more of them, of both sexes, than free Portuguese. You will hardly find a house without at least one female person of this sort; she does all the marketing, washes the linen, sweeps the floor, brings the water, empties the slops, and, save in figure, is exactly like a beast of burden. The richer people possess several of both sexes, and some make no small profit of breeding young slaves, like pigeons." We commend CLENARDUS to MR. CRAWFURD'S attention; an analysis of his letters from Portugal, Spain, and Morocco would make a most entertaining paper. They were published at Louvain in 1551.

THE discovery, mentioned in our columns last week, that the exquisite lines beginning "It is not beauty I demand" are by GEORGE DARLEY, must be a shock to those who have been accustomed to admire them in the "Golden Treasury" as a lyric of the seventeenth century. They were so published with undoubting faith in the first edition, and, although in the last edition the authorship is ascribed to DARLEY, in a note on the authority of ARCHBISHOP TRENCH, they still hold their place in the section devoted to seventeenth-century poetry. Their vast superiority to DARLEY'S other verses, excellent as these often are, is a curious phenomenon, suggestive of the similar case of CHATTERTON. It is also curious that the only phrase in them which could have seemed suspicious is not a new word but an old one, "wonned," which would hardly have been used by a contemporary of HERRICK. DARLEY'S innocent imposition has kept him out of his rightful place on the English Parnassus for fifty years.

ONE of the best and most suggestive of the literary articles of the month is M. PAUL BOURGET'S "Love and Fiction," in the *New Review*. Setting out with the thesis that the art of fiction is possible without the interest derived from love (and citing certain works of SHAKESPEARE, BALZAC, and DEFOE in proof), he works up to the conclusion that we are perhaps approaching a time when "a greater number of works will appear in which the emotion of ideas will be preferred to that of sentiments." MRS. WARD'S "Robert Elsmere," ZOLA'S "Germinal," and TOLSTOY'S "War and Peace," are examples in point. As love, conventional or otherwise, is the staple of most novels, old and new, the temptation is the greater to writers with a zest for the difficult and daring to woo the reader's interest by delineation of some other passion. So reasons M. BOURGET, and the argument is specially interesting from the pen of a novelist who, amongst *les jeunes* of contemporary France, is *facile princeps* as a painter of women. All M. BOURGET'S heroines are beautiful, and all of them exist for love.

THERE is a sympathetic picture of BOURGET, the man, in the first of MADAME VAN DE VELDE'S entertaining volumes on "French Fiction of To-day" (TRISCHLER). He is thirty-seven, delicate, nervous, and sensitive. Domiciled in Paris, amid semi-Oriental surroundings, he is continually seeking solitude elsewhere, though the country bores him, and travelling makes him ill. It is "his little foible that he persistently grumbles, although without acrimony, blaming not life, but himself; and, in spite of this peculiarity, he is, especially in *tête-à-tête*, a delightful companion and a charming talker. His work is laboriously conscientious, and no one has plagued the printers so sorely since BALZAC.

THE history of literary reputations, a subject in which the elder DISRAELI would have revelled, is just now interesting M. PAUL STAPFER. He reminds us of what is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the history of SHAKESPEARE'S fame. BODMER, the Swiss critic, knew SHAKESPEARE in 1740 as "Saspar," and only referred to him under that name once *en passant*. And yet BODMER translated "Paradise Lost."

M. STAPFER has little sympathy with the Art for Art school, and quotes with approval ALFRED DE MUSSET'S opinion that if a work is to live it must first of all please the crowd, and after that the connoisseurs. The reference is not to the life of a generation or two, but to an enduring reputation. Few will disagree with this; but it is not the case that the crowd must of necessity applaud before the connoisseurs, nor does M. STAPFER mean that. It is

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

often the case that the connoisseurs require to show the crowd that the author's or artist's work is for them; and once people have started praising a work, its fame grows like an echo in the mountains of Killarney. As LA BRUYÈRE says, "We praise that which is praised much more than that which is praiseworthy."

THE most distinguished of current illustrations is, of course, GEORGE MEREDITH's novels; and now the connoisseurs wish the public to read his poetry also, of which there are five small volumes, two of them, the earliest and "Modern Love," being out of print. We should say it ought to be tried, and the best plan would be, not to reissue these volumes, as has been suggested, but to publish a collected edition of all the poems—one volume of three or four hundred pages would hold them easily.

WHATEVER plan is followed, we are convinced that a reissue of MR. MEREDITH's first poems will increase his reputation very much. "Daphne," "The South-West Wind," and, above all, "Love in the Valley," are wonderful productions for twenty-one. The last of these, "Love in the Valley," appears in an enlarged form in the volume of 1883, "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," and is better in its second edition, but only because there is more of it. The marvel is how, after thirty years, MR. MEREDITH resumed so perfectly the note of early adolescence.

LABOUR TROUBLES IN AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, June 27th, 1891.

THE question of the day just now is, whether the Australian colonies are about to fall dangerously under the power of the Trades Unions. I told you, in my letter of December 22, that the Parliament of New Zealand had been completely remodelled at the late elections, so many labour candidates had been returned; and that the labour party was likely to return "a sprinkling" of its own representatives, and a good many pledged in a general way to the Unionist programme, to the next Victorian Parliament. I expressed a belief, at the same time, that the representatives of labour would not attempt anything more violent than an increase of State monopolies and public works. The course of proceedings in New Zealand has so far been very satisfactory. The men returned as representatives of labour are, I am told, for the most part solid, sensible men, largely farmers. They have not, as yet, promoted any intemperate policy, or made any speeches explosive enough to attract attention outside of New Zealand. The elections in South Australia showed that the labour party was active and well organised; but were chiefly remarkable for the return of several of its candidates to the Council. The Upper House is generally the stronghold of employers; but South Australia elects to it on a qualification so low, that the mass of artisans possess it, and distribute the votes only over four electoral districts; an arrangement which gives great advantages to a compact organisation. We are now watching the elections in New South Wales. There are 141 members to be elected, and out of 121 seats now decided, 33 according to the *Age*, and 27 according to the *Argus*, have been won by the Labour party. The Trade Unionists are astonished and jubilant at their success; and it has taken veteran politicians by surprise. Something of the sort was expected, but not upon this scale. Of course, the fact that Protectionists and Free-traders, Ministerialists, and Opposition, were splitting votes in every direction, made it easy for the men with one idea and individual forces to return their candidates. This, however, is only a partial explanation. In many cases, the majority scored would have returned the Labour candidate, if all the rest of the community had been united against him.

The question now is what the Labour party will do with their victory, which gives them the balance of power in the new House. The true answer, I believe, is that they themselves do not quite know what they intend; but it is given out that they will sit by themselves, will vote compactly on any subject affecting labour, and will vote as they are inclined in any other case. The one point, I regret to say, on which they appear to be unanimous, is a determination to oppose any Government that calls out the military to help the police in maintaining order during a strike. Now I do not think it is extreme to say that the ideal of the leading Unionists throughout Australia during the last twelve months has been to infuse a mild terror into employers by showing that they could paralyse administration. The Unionists are mostly good workmen, with habits of integrity and industry; and they are, I believe, thoroughly anxious that no member of their body should be found taking part in a riot or injuring property; at least, until they are reduced to the last extremity. They do not always abstain from threats; but the only very bad case of intimidation I heard of during the great strike was one in which Italians were the offenders; and we must allow something for recollections of the Mafia. On the other hand it is, I think, fair to say that the Unionists like the well-to-do classes to feel that they are a little less scarce than they were, and to believe that the criminal classes are watching the opportunity to profit by any disorder, and that if the police attempt to interfere with a procession or mass meeting, they will sustain a heavy repulse, and will be left more and more powerless to discharge their ordinary functions. To men in this frame of mind, it seemed a very excellent thing that business thoroughfares should be thronged with excited crowds; that black-legs should be hustled, or kicked, or spat upon by navvies anxious for a disturbance; and that the absence of all lights at night should be suggestive of opportunities for violent crime. Of course, no Government can acquiesce in this suspension of order. Ours in Victoria was, I believe, the most prompt and energetic; that of South Australia the most lax; but generally the administrations did enough to show that even a mild terrorism would not be allowed. Since then we have had the trouble of the Shearers' Strike in Queensland. Without for a moment accepting the highly coloured reports which the Conservative Press gives, I believe that movement to have been a very dangerous one. The shearers, though fine men, are apt to be reckless by temperament; they drink and discuss their grievances at villainous Bush inns, while they are on strike; and the temptation for a single tipsy man to emphasise his convictions by setting fire to the grass is apt to be very great. Had the season been drier, I am afraid a good many runs would have been in flames, though I would not accuse the leaders of desiring this. Meanwhile, they are bitterly incensed against Sir Samuel Griffith for preserving order, as he has done most efficiently by sending a few hundred cavalry to watch the labour camps. The way is that Government everywhere ought to "trust the people." Most of us are abundantly prepared to trust the people, but we think it not unreasonable to watch masses of men who have a grievance, and some of whom undoubtedly use very "wild and whirling" words; and we see no reason for denying the name of "people" to those citizen soldiers who are in arms to maintain order.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hancock, the last labour representative elected at a bye-election to the Victorian Parliament, has been disgusting sensible men, and, I am sorry to say, pleasing many of his supporters, by a speech of singular extravagance at the opening of the Victorian Parliament. Mr. Hancock's support of Federation, because it will take the control of the military out of the hands of "panic-stricken men," and transfer it to a body of men representing the intelligence of all the colonies, meets with very

general approval. We think a Federal Executive will repress disorder even more sharply than the provincial Ministers have done. Unluckily, Mr. Hancock went on to denounce the banks in language of almost insane vehemence. "This was a most bank-ridden country; and the sooner they got rid of all those unlicensed pawnbrokers the better. They should be treated, as the Czar of Russia treated the Jews." I am afraid these words will make the tour of the world, and will be put forward everywhere as representing the Unionist programme throughout Australia. That, I am convinced, would be an injustice. The Unions, many of them, have a grudge against the banks, because they think that in every struggle of employers and employed, the employers are helped to carry on the war by overdrafts. Some of the Unionists wish to see a State Bank established, and believe that such an institution, controlled by the representatives of labour, would be able to turn the balance in favour of the Unions. Many applaud Mr. Hancock simply because they think he has spoken straight out on the popular side, and they do not apprehend that any more trouble will come of his words than of wild pledges at a general election. Meanwhile, the community is seriously alarmed. A year ago Mr. Hancock was looked upon as a particularly moderate and respectable leader of the Trades Hall. Whether these have always been his views, or whether he has adopted them through the bitterness of the late struggle, it is evident that there is trouble ahead for us during the next few years.

Shall we be able to face this social difficulty? I hear it freely said that Conservatives and Liberals will have to lay aside their differences and oppose a solid phalanx to the labour party. That is easily said, but not so easy to carry out. It is true that party feeling is not very strong just now, and if we had anything like the organisation that prevails in American parties, it would be easy to elect safe men for every constituency. There is, however, scarcely a vestige of party discipline. Mr. Hancock would never have got in for Collingwood if two local nobodies had not split the votes of men who were unfriendly to him. Precisely this experience is sure to be repeated at the coming elections, and the Unionists will undoubtedly profit by it. Beyond this, it is said on exceedingly good authority that the "Bible in State Schools League" has already made overtures to the Unionists, and is prepared to unite forces with them, so that the labour candidate shall receive the support of the religious world, and shall pledge himself in return to introduce Bible teaching into our State schools. That the clergy are unscrupulous enough for a combination of this kind, I fully believe; but that much will come of it, seems to me less certain. In the first place, the Unionists are largely Irish and Catholic, and will object to carry out an arrangement which is manifestly unjust to their own Church. In the next place, the clergy are in the hands of their wealthy supporters; and the merchants and bankers, tradesmen and farmers of the country will not allow the interests of property to be jeopardised for the sake of restoring clerical ascendancy in our schools. On the whole, therefore, I think the Unionists will fight without allies, and their opponents without much organisation, unless, indeed, Mr. Hancock and his friends treat us to a few more speeches like his denunciation of banks. The seats liable to capture by the new party are roughly estimated at thirty-five in a House of ninety-six. Considering, however, that in some cases the old representative is too strong to be shaken, and that in some the representative of labour will not be good enough to catch any outside votes, I do not suppose that the Unionists will number more than from twenty to twenty-five in our next Parliament; and I think the majority will be more antagonistic to them than it is at present. Still the outlook for some years to come is, I fear, one of violent speeches, impaired credit, and industrial distress.

SCHOOL-FRIENDS.

"WHAT ho, there!"

At this feudal summons I turned and saw the O'Driscoll elbowing his way towards me through the Fleet Street crowd, his hat askew, his enormous face damp with exertion and beaming good-will.

"I take it, me young friend, ye'll be bound for the *Cheese*. Right y'are, and I'll do meself the honour to lunch wid ye, at your expense."

Everyone knows and loves the O'Driscoll, that genial failure. Generations of Fleet Street youths have taken advice and help from him, have prospered, grown reputable, rich, and even famous; and have left him just where he stood. Nobody can remember the time when O'Driscoll was not: though to judge from his appearance he must have stepped upon the town from between the covers of an illustrated Keepsake, such as our mothers loved—so closely he resembles the Corsair of that period, with his ripe cheeks, melting eyes and black curls that twist like the tendrils of a vine. The curls are dyed nowadays and his waist is not what it used to be in the picture-books: but time has worn nothing off his temper. He is perennially enthusiastic, and can still beat any journalist in London in describing a Lord Mayor's Show.

"You behold in me," he went on, laying his large hand upon my shoulder, "the victim of a recent eviction—a penniless outcast. Pity the sorras uv a poor old man, whose thremblin' limbs have—but no, sorr: 'tis no beggar's petition but a bargain I'm profferin' ye. Give me a salad, a half-bottle uv hock an' fill me pipe wid navy-cut, an' I'll repay ye across the board wid a narrative—the sort uv God-forsaken, tear-compellin', ord'nary thrifle that you youngsters turn into copy—may ye find forgiveness! 'Tis no use to me, whatever; Ned O'Driscoll's occupation wint when the enormous lift off happenin'."

"Yes, me boy," he resumed, five minutes later, as he sat beneath Dr. Johnson's portrait in the *Cheshire Cheese*, balancing a black-handled knife between his first and second fingers and nodding good-fellowship to every journalist in the room; "the apartment in Bloomsbury is desolot; the furnichur—what was lift uv ut—dispersed; the leppard an' the lizard keep the courts where O'Driscoll gloried an' drank deep, an' as for the midical student on the third floor, that wild ass stamps overhead but cannot break my sleep. I've bin evicted—that's the long and short uv ut. Lord help me!—I'd have fared no worse by clingin' to the ould counthry—here's to her! Think what immortal copy I'd have made out of the regrettable incident over there." His voice broke: but not for self-pity, nor for the lost chance of a florid article. His voice always broke when he mentioned Ireland. I had heard it a thousand times.

"Is it comfort ye'd be speakin'?" he began again, filling his glass. "Me de-ar fellow! Divvle a doubt I'll fetch round, tight an' safe. Ould Mick Sullivan—he that built the *Wild Girl*, the fastest vessel that iver put out uv Limerick—Mick Sullivan used to swear he'd make any ship seaworthy that didn't leak worse than a five-barred gate. An' that's me, more or less. I'm an ould campaigner. But listen to this. Me feelin's have been offended this day, and that sorely. I promised ye the story an' I must out wid ut, whether or no."

It was the hour when the benches of the *Cheese* begin to empty. My work was over for the day, and I disposed myself to listen leisurely while O'Driscoll told me the following tale in language which I have softened somewhat, and with more than one excursus upon human conduct which I have omitted.

"The first half I spent at the acadimy, where they flagellated the rudiments uv polite learnin' into me small carcass, I made a friend. He was the first I iver made, though not the last, Glory be to God! But first friendship is like first love for the sweet taste it puts in the mouth. Niver but once in his life will a man's heart dance to that chune. 'Twas a small slip of a Saxon lad that it danced for then: a son uv a cursed agint, that I should say it,

But sorra a thought had I for the small boccawn's nationality nor for his own father's trade. I only knew the friendship in his purty eyes an' the sweetness that knit our two sows together, like David's an' Jonathan's. Pretty it was to walk together, an' discourse, an' get the strap together for heaven knows what mischief, an' consowl each other for our broken skins. He'd a wonderful gift at his books, for which I revered um, and at the single-stick for which I loved um. Niver to this day did I call up the ould play-ground widout behowldin' that one boy, though all the rest uv the faces (the master's inclooded) were vague as wather—wather in which that one pair uv eyes was reflected. 'Tis long ago, how long I don't care to tell ye, for there's a thaory up an' down Fleet Street that I began contemporaneously wid the Garden uv Eden, and I don't want to disturb ut.

"The school was a great four-square stone buildin' beside a windy road, and never a tree in sight; but pastures where the grass would cut your boot, an' stone walls, an' brown hills around, like the rim uv a saucer. All belonged to th' estate that Jemmy Nichol's father managed—a bankrupt property, or next door to that. It's done better since he gave up the place: but when I've taken a glance at the landscape since (as I have, once or twice) I see no difference. To me 'tis the naked land I looked upon the last day uv the summer half, when I said good-bye to Jemmy: for he was lavin' the school that same afternoon for Dublin, to cross over to England wid his father.

"Sick at heart was I, an' filled already wid the sense of solitariness, as we stood by the great iron gate wishin' one another 'fare-ye-well!'

"Jemmy avick," says I, 'dull, dull will it be widout ye, here. And, Jemmy—send some av my heart back to me when ye write, as ye promise to do.'

"'Wheniver I lay me down, Ned,' he answered me, though by nature a close-hearted Englishman, 'I'll think o' ye; an' wheniver I rise up I'll think o' ye. May the Lord do so to me, an' more also, if I cease from lovin' ye till my life's end.'

"So we kissed like a pair uv girls, and off he was driven, leavin' a great hollow inside the rim uv the hills. An' I ran up to the windy dormitory, stumblin' at ivery third step for the blindin' tears, and watched um from the window there growin' small along the road. 'Ye Mountains uv Gilboa,' said I, shakin' my fist at the hills, 'let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon ye': for I hated the place now that Jemmy was gone.

"Well, 'twas the ould story—letters at first in plenty, then fewer, then none at all. Long before I came over to try my luck I'd lost all news of Jem: didn't know his address, even. Nor till to-day have I set eyes on um. He's bald-headed, me boy, and crooked-faytured, to-day; but I knew him for Jemmy in the first kick uv surprise.

"I was evicted this morning', as I've towld ye. Six years I've hung me hat up in those same apartments in Bloomsbury; and, till last year, aisy enough I found me landlord over a quarter's rent or two overjue. But last midsummer year the house changed hands; and bedad it began to be 'pay or quit.' This day it was quit. The new landlord came up the stairs at the head av the ejectin' army: I got up from breakfast to open the door to um. I'd never set eyes on um since I'd been his tenant. Bedad, it was Jemmy!"

O'Driscoll paused and poured himself another glass of hock.

"So, I suppose," said I, "you fell into each other's arms and kissed again with tears."

The Irishman glared at me.

"Now you ought to know, if anybody, that this kind uv incident niver ends happily by any chance."

He was silent for a moment, and then added more gently—

"I looked in the face of um, and said to meself, 'Jemmy doesn't remember me. If I introjue meself, I wonder what he'll do. Will he love me still, or will he turn me out?' And, by the Lord, I didn't

care to risk ut. I couldn't dare to lose that last illusion: and so walked out, tellin' him nothing at all."

Q.

"A BLANK, MY LORD."

"WE met (like others) in a crowd"—

A very unromantic meeting!

Yet Fate to us has ne'er allowed

A warmer greeting.

For you were poor, you will allow,

And I was not, that bright September

When first we met. (I wonder now

If you remember.)

In Fashion's chains you saw me led,

And so it never struck you clearly

That it could come into my head

To love you dearly.

'Twas not your fault, I must admit:

You simply worshipped from a distance,

And I could take no note of it

Without assistance.

And thus we drifted far apart,

Not bound by e'en the frailest fetter;

Yet yours completely was my heart

For worse or better.

So owing to your fatal pride,

And owing to my foolish shyness,

The love, you never knew of, died

For ever.

FINIS.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, August 7th, 1891.

THE *Daily News* the other day, *à propos* of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on a popular novelist, set itself to discuss a very old but perpetually interesting problem. Perhaps one should rather say a knot or tangle of old problems, for the main question discussed—the relation of a successful author to his age or times or readers—involves a good many different, but not necessarily incompatible, propositions, which hot disputants are apt to fling at one another's heads as if they were contradictory, much to the bewilderment of plain folk.

The personal bias always counts for a good deal in such controversies, and helps to deflect the philosophic mind. The popular author, in the eyes of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, is merely one who hits the popular taste, to show his contempt for which the Reviewer calls it "caprice." "All his talents would not secure him so rapid and immediate a success, if the relations between author and audience were not those of supply and demand." From the manner in which he speaks of supplying the popular demand, as if this were a very simple affair, and as if the bare economic dictum explained everything, one is safe to wager that the *Edinburgh Reviewer* is not himself a pre-eminently successful author.

On the other hand, why should this economic dictum set up the back of the *Daily News*? Because the *Daily News* is in this case a successful author? Possibly. We are all human. Obviously, at any rate, it is not the dictum itself that annoys, but the accompanying innuendo, the degrading comparison of the man of genius in the Fine Arts to the inventor of a new bonnet or a new soap. "Genius," retorts the *Daily News*, "makes its own market." "The supply creates the demand, not the demand the supply." Genius "creates the taste by which it is enjoyed." After all, the same might be said of a new bonnet, or a new soap, or any other base commodity.

The truth is to be found between those two "incensed and mighty opposites." Does the age produce the author, or does the author produce the age? The whole truth does not lie in either alternative, but part is in the one and part in the other. It is no real degradation of the author's *métier* to say that his success must depend partly on a harmony, accidental or designed, between what he offers to the public and what the public is in a mood to receive. There must be this harmony: it is indispensable to success: but none the less there must also be genius or talent on the author's part. It may be true that the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it. But this will not help the man who "jokes wi' diffieeculty" to joke with ease.

There is small comfort really for the unsuccessful author in the belief that success is merely a matter of demand and supply, unless he combines with it a further belief that he could produce the required supply as well as another if he cared to. A more nobly consoling doctrine, if it could be made good, would be that genius sometimes fails to make its market. There is true consolation in this, but it is not easy to prove from the history of literature.

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers none dare call it treason."

Genius never fails to make its market; for, if it does, men don't venture to call it genius—not, at least, in sufficient numbers to constitute popular recognition.

A side-question raised in the controversy is not so easy to settle. When a book or poem has succeeded, whether within a large circle or a small, there never is any difficulty in seeing, after the fact, that in proportion to the measure of its success, and irrespective of its artistic merit, it has met some need within that circle. Above all, it must have novelty: this is the most universal of felt wants. "La nouveauté," Sainte-Beuve says, "une nouveauté originale, c'est là, le point important et le secret des grands succès."

"And, noble Sidney, you
Twice read, we'd rather view
Some poor romance, so new,"

says Lovelace, in somewhat crabbed verse, in defence of inconstancy as a universal law of nature. And a greater than Sainte-Beuve or Lovelace may be called in testimony to the same fact. This is the veritable touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,

"That all with one consent praise new-born gauds."

To succeed, a book or poem, like any other commodity, must be new, either in form or in substance. But does the author who succeeds, deliberately calculate on this? Does he say to himself as he sits down—if sitting is his favourite attitude for composition—"The public have had enough of this or that: they want a change of literary diet: I will try them with a new form, or seek a subject in fresh fields"? The *Edinburgh Review* seems to imply that the successful author always reasons within himself in this way. The *Daily News* declares, on the other hand, that he never does anything of the kind. It is open to argue that sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't; but if he thinks too much of the public, it cannot be for the advantage of his work, seeing that a man cannot profitably think of two things at once.

Who can settle this subtle question? Once a work has caught the public taste, it is open to anybody to explain why; but if it is a question of the author's design, intention, deliberate calculation, clearly the only admissible evidence is the frank and free confession of the successful author. Had he an eye, half an eye, or a sidelong suspicion of a squint on the public taste? For everybody but himself this can only be matter of probable conjecture, unless he chooses to take the public into his confidence.

Some authors have done so. Poe, for example, has told us that before composing "The Raven," he deliberately determined to produce certain effects. Some critics, however, though Poe prefaced this revelation with the remark that authors make a deal of unnecessary mystery about their methods of work, will have it that the confession was only one of his hoaxes. Other acute persons, taking the confession seriously, profess to find in the poem itself traces of such artificial manufacture. The confidences of the brothers Goncourt, the pioneers of *l'école du document humain*, are more unimpeachable. Nobody doubts their statement that they deliberately aimed at writing a new species of novel, and made studies with all the care of scientific observers to qualify themselves for carrying out their idea.

Of course the maker of a work of art may have in his mind a certain effect or impression to be produced, a prevision more or less clear of the right thing to try for, and yet never trouble himself to consider whether when that is done it will please the public. But it is too hastily assumed that there is something derogatory to the man of genius in trying to please anybody but himself. The mere fact of publication might be held to imply that he is not altogether indifferent towards the outside world. He wants at least their sympathy, their good opinion, their attention to himself, if he is reckless of baser considerations. Even so disinterested a person as Shelley admitted that it was depressing to write without hope of being listened to. And the sensitiveness to criticism that other great artists have shown is not exactly a symptom of indifference. The plain truth is that it is not pleasing the public that is objectionable, but pleasing it unworthily, by flattering its vanities or ministering to its baser passions.

One thing is obvious, that if an artist tries to win a large audience, and at the same time respects himself and his art, he immensely increases the difficulties of his endeavour. He is simply adding another to the already difficult conditions of his work. That it shall please himself is one thing—a thing in which many succeed to perfection; that it shall satisfy what Wordsworth called "poetic conditions" is another; that it shall also, and at the same time, satisfy the artistic needs, or powerfully arouse the interest of an indefinite number of other people, is a much harder requirement.

The power to effect this last achievement is not to be had for the wishing, any more than the means of travelling to the moon, or a better light than electricity or any other known kind of illumination. When a man makes a great success with a new thing of wide interest, there being really always a demand for new literature, there is probably always a mixture of happy accident as well as design in his success. He finds something to his hand to do: he, as much as the public, is tired of the old ways of doing it: he tries another way, and his taste or caprice happens to jump with the public taste or caprice.

If an author is not naturally in sympathy with his audience, it will probably be vain for him to try to make himself so. If the *Zeitgeist* is not his *Geist*, the fault lies in his parents or his circumstances, and is probably incurable for any amount of taking thought. The successful man is the Man of Destiny for the moment.

As for "creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed," that is probably an illusion. Wordsworth is the author of the phrase, and he never succeeded in creating a taste for "The Excursion" or "The Idiot Boy." What all but the most fanatic Wordsworthians enjoy now, the reader enjoyed, and

even Jeffrey professed to admire, from the first, making some slight allowance for the irritation produced by the poet's personal and peculiar tastes, which he has not yet succeeded in imposing on anybody. Scott, in a certain sense, created the taste for "the Scotch novels"—in this sense, namely that he created the novels: but the taste for Jacobitism and for Scotch scenery existed before he began to write. "Waverley" was begun and put aside because James Ballantyne found the opening dull: simple James's taste has been ratified by countless readers since. To create a taste is the privilege of a higher Power than even the man of genius.

W. M.

REVIEWS.

ESTATE MANAGEMENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

TREATISE OF WALTER OF HENLEY. Transcripts, Translations, and Glossary by Elizabeth Lamond, F.R.Hist.S. With Introduction by W. Cunningham, D.D., F.R.Hist.S.

ALL students of English history will feel truly grateful for the admirable work which Miss Lamond has done in putting within their reach the famous Treatise on Husbandry written by Walter of Henley in the thirteenth century, and probably destined for the use of the great abbey on the Thames. The reader has indeed been dealt with generously, for besides the actual treatise of Walter himself we are further given an exceedingly interesting translation in the English of the thirteenth century, made by Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. Other important materials are included in the volume, all of the same period—an anonymous treatise on Husbandry, which deals mainly with the mode of keeping accounts on a great estate; a Seneschaucie, which describes the duties of its various officers; and the famous Household Rules drawn up by Bishop Grosseteste for the Countess of Lincoln. To the whole is prefixed an introduction by Dr. Cunningham, who suggests many interesting points for consideration, besides giving an account of the MSS. which have been examined.

The task of examining these MSS., and recovering as far as possible the original form, was one of much difficulty; and with praiseworthy self-restraint the MS. finally selected has been literally transcribed, without emendations. Miss Lamond has added a translation of the old French in which Walter wrote, which shows genuine literary feeling as well as knowledge, and has further given us a glossary very carefully drawn up. We are made to feel throughout that she has not shrunk from undertaking a most useful task because it presented real difficulties and made considerable demands on the finer qualities of the genuine scholar. The serious and excellent character of her work is not the less marked because it is so unobtrusive. It is a work full of fine scholarly instinct and efficient knowledge, and bears very evident traces of a laborious zeal, and of a certain patient enthusiasm, which are too rare among students in England. What valuable additions might be made to our historical knowledge if but a few of our educated women had the courage to give themselves to work as sincere as this before us!

The points of interest suggested by this volume are innumerable—whether of language, custom, or manners. Dr. Cunningham draws our attention to the use made at Canterbury of Walter's Rules, and points out some curious questions of labour on a manor. We might discuss methods of farming, or the state of things when "a peacock shall answer you of as much for his feathers as a sheep for his wool." Or we might consider what significance lay in the facts that Grosseteste should have put into the vulgar tongue an agricultural treatise in French, and that his own Rules should have waited a couple of centuries to have the same service rendered to them. We might gather up the curious details of the life of the great landowner, burdened with the

care of wide estates scattered all over the country, with the incidental difficulties of supervising inefficient or reluctant labour, anxieties as to the economical consumption of goods for which there was no market, and the care of managing his journeys from manor to manor so as to find provisions everywhere; for sales were few and purchasers were rare.

According to the Bishop of Lincoln's "Rules," a great household need buy nothing save wines, wax, and the wardrobe—that is, the finer and more fashionable part of dress, for which he strongly recommended the fair of St. Ives. However hard we may find it fully to realise the economical conditions under which the object of every landowner was to make his estates entirely self-sufficient, yet the habit or necessity of such self-dependence long survived among the great proprietors, and even in the fifteenth century we still find a wealthy lord carrying with him the oats for his horses on a journey, "to save the expenses of his purse," and supplied during his stay in London with provisions from his country home, so that he need never "go to the market to buy for money." In spite of this, however, the estate afforded opportunity for account-keeping of marvellous elaboration; which last is curiously illustrated in the Lives of the Berkeleys, where we find that—just as is directed in the "Seneschaucie"—if the lady went to see one of her manors, her luncheon there was carefully entered among the expenses of the estate. It would be interesting to know, in this relation, whether the country bailiffs were as much puzzled as the town clerks with the difficulties of the Roman numerals.

On the other hand, we have also curious details as to the life of the farm servant, his wages, his hours of work, his holidays, the custom which bound the waggoner to sleep with his horses, the herd with his oxen, and the shepherd in the sheepfold, and the rules according to which mower and carter and thresher had their task allotted to them by piece-work. As to the number of working days in the year, which Mr. Thorold Rogers discusses at such length, we find an interesting suggestion here; for while Walter subtracts from the working year eight weeks for holidays and other hindrances, and leaves forty-four working weeks (which agrees with Mr. Rogers' calculation), Grosseteste in his translation adds a phrase which throws a new light on the matter: "In these forty-four weeks be 284 days besides Sundays"—an explanation which certainly expands the amount of leisure allowed to country labourers, whether it applied to town artisans or no. It is profoundly interesting, from the point of view of later municipal government, to note also the organisation of labour on an estate under the Provost elected by the labourers themselves to superintend their work and to stand between them and their lord, and answer to him for all property in his charge. Thus, if the lord had any kind of loss, small or great, the Provost had himself to pay the value, and then recover it as best he could from the servant who was to blame. On the other hand, if he was unable to make up the lord's damage, all those of the township who elected him had to pay for him. Hence the people and the lord alike needed to be protected by the rule that the Provost must be no stranger, but chosen "from their own men," and that "by election of the tenants." Since, moreover, he was the man of their choice, and had to answer for their doings, they were bound to obey him in all things. It is easy to see how gradual and direct the transition might be when such a township began to develop into a free borough, and transform the simple methods of rural government into the pride of municipal independence.

It is amusing to compare the treatise of Walter himself and the translation of it made by Grosseteste. Perhaps the Bishop thought Walter's English proverbs vulgar and unnecessary; in any case, he quietly passes them over. So also, with a large enlightenment, he possibly would not commit himself

to the current sneer at the merchant which in early days was always on the rustic's lips, and therefore ignores Walter's comment on merchants who "made bargains" by buying at 20s. and selling at 10s. A kindly charity perhaps prevented him from joining in the railing accusation which Walter brings against the "malice" of ploughmen, so that there was no use in giving them horses to their plough, since, as he grumbles, "they would not let them go beyond their pace, no more than the plough of oxen." "Even if you drive your plough of horses faster than your plough of oxen," translates the gracious Bishop, even then it is certain no more work can be done in the day if the land is to be tilled well and evenly. He showed a yet finer discretion in leaving out altogether Walter's account of how the flesh of animals that had died of murrain might be saved by certain expedients and given to the servants and labourers, with great economy to the estate accounts. "But I do not wish you to do this," the good Walter adds laconically after developing the system. The Bishop's policy of total silence was probably more effective for the carrying out of this end.

But, however alluring the subject may be, it is impossible in a short review to do more than indicate the very various interest of this volume before us, and that without even claiming to have noticed among many topics those which are the most important or suggestive. All students who take up the book will feel that Miss Lamond has done an excellent piece of work, and has done it excellently well, with a painstaking zeal which every worker will recognise and honour. And they will feel duly grateful to Dr. Cunningham for the share he has taken in illustrating and explaining the whole subject in a very interesting introduction.

PIRATE AND EXPLORER.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO, THE PORTUGUESE. Done into English by Henry Cogan. With an Introduction by Arminius Vambéry. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

It was a hard fate which determined that while the travels of "Mandeville" should be everywhere received as genuine records, the voyages of Pinto should be regarded with universal suspicion. Posterity has, however, at last ranged at their proper value the works of the two authors. After having successfully imposed on the world for five hundred years, "Mandeville" has lately been shown to have been a purely mythical personage, while the general truthfulness of Pinto's narrative has been universally recognised. Congreve, wishing to characterise a liar, wrote—

"Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude."

But this is only an instance of the inability of contemporaries to judge on matters which are foreign to their experience. To students of this age the voyages of Pinto bear unmistakable evidence of truthfulness, and furnish us with a signal instance of that adventurous spirit which prompted the perilous voyages of the Portuguese navigators which did so much to increase the knowledge of their contemporaries of the geography of the world.

Pinto was born about the year 1510, and, after having spent a restless and unhappy youth, took advantage of the offer of a passage on a fleet of five ships which sailed to the East Indies in 1537. In order to read with anything like equanimity the account Pinto gives us of his piratical, smuggling, and altogether disreputable career, it is necessary to remember the level of morality among adventurers at the time of which he writes. He tells us that during the one-and-twenty years he was *en voyage* he was "thirteen times a captive, and seventeen times sold in the Indies, in Ethiopia, in Arabia, in China, in Tartaria, in Madagascar, in Sumatra, and in divers other kingdoms and provinces of that Oriental Archipelago upon the confines of Asia

which the Chineses, Siames, Yucos, and Lecquios name, and that with reason, the eyelids of the world." Besides this, he was flogged times without number, and was subjected to torture of many and painful kinds. All this is very shocking, but it is impossible to help feeling that he deserved the punishments which he got. On one occasion he was purchased from his captors for three shillings and ninepence, a sum which, so far as his individual merits were concerned, was probably as much as he was worth. But as a traveller he is invaluable, and his book will be always read with interest by those who concern themselves with mediæval voyages and adventures.

No more fitting work could possibly be chosen to form a volume in an "Adventure Series." From start to finish his narrative is a constant succession of adventures of most stirring kinds. Accompanied by numerous dangers and difficulties he visited the Straits of Mecca, the mother of Prester John, Mocca, Ormuz, and Goa the Portuguese settlement in India. At that time (about 1540) the Portuguese were taking an active part on the coasts of Malacca and China, and thither Pinto went in the hope of securing some of the wealth which was falling to the lot of his countrymen. In the company of Antonio de Faria he reached the China coast, and together with that worthy he set about attaining his object by the shortest possible route. All was fish which came to his net. Trading vessels, pirate junks, and official cruisers, all became his victims. And it must be confessed that he and his fellow "Portugals" justified their conduct so far as courage is concerned. They fought without hesitation against overwhelming numbers, and showed a constancy in misfortune which is beyond all praise.

After having visited the island of Hainan (Ainan), Pinto proceeded to several places on the China coast which it is difficult to identify by the names he applies to them and by the description he gives of them. But Eastern names become strangely confused in the ears of Europeans; witness the names given by Marco Polo to the places of which he speaks. And the memory plays such strange pranks with circumstances that it need not surprise anyone that Pinto's narrative is occasionally unintelligible. He speaks, for instance, of the "Gulf of Nanquin," in which he tells us he sailed for seven days. By Nanquin he probably meant the city of Nanking, which stands three hundred miles up the Yangtze-kiang, and the bay can only therefore have been the bay in the China sea.

In this neighbourhood an untoward misfortune befell our traveller. Being taken in a "Tufaoon" (typhoon), the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked, and he and his fellow-voyagers became prisoners in the hands of the "Chineses." After having suffered numerous hardships in the prison at Nanquin, Pinto and his comrades were sent in chains to Peking. There they expected nothing better than death, and the horrors they witnessed within the walls of the gaol remind us of the graphic descriptions given by Sir Henry Loch of the incarceration of himself and Sir Harry Parkes in the same dungeon. Fate, however, was kinder to them than their fears; and some mysterious personages, whom Pinto calls "The Tangiores of Mercy," having interested themselves on their behalf, they were most unjustly acquitted of having made war on the subjects of the Emperor, and were banished from the capital for a year, for no crime, but simply, we suppose, *pour encourager les autres*.

"Quincay" was the scene of their banishment. What place this may have been it is difficult to say. It may have been the Kinsay of Marco Polo, and the Hangchow-fu of modern geography. While there the town was besieged and taken by the Manchus, who were already gaining a foothold in the country. With that ready power of turning to account every material at hand which the Manchus have always shown, the victorious commander seized on Pinto and his comrades, and availed

himself of their knowledge of war to prosecute his campaign. In his train they were carried to the neighbourhood of Peking, and eventually into "Tartaria."

There they were granted their freedom, and after numerous vicissitudes and adventures Pinto escaped from the Flowery Land and reached Cochin China. Subsequently he visited Japan, Burmah, and Siam, and at last found his way back to his native land.

Pinto was not a scientific traveller. The narrative of his voyages was compiled years after the events described, and he embodied into it many things which he learned only by hearsay. His accounts of the River of Serpents and of the rhinoceroses and lions which frequent the land, are plainly the inventions of their Chinese pilot "Similan," who must have exhausted his inventive powers in his efforts to deceive the "Portugal." His knowledge of the language was plainly also singularly inaccurate, and his efforts to reproduce sentences in Chinese are comparable only to Psalmanazar's attempts to invent phrases in the Formosan dialect. But underlying these eccentricities there is a substantial substratum of fact in Pinto's narrative, and Messrs. Fisher Unwin have done the youth of their country a good service in reproducing it.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

THE GODS OF GREECE. By Louis Dyer, B.A. (Oxon.). London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. LOUIS DYER, in his "Gods of Greece," sounds the note of that latter-day Paganism—the worship of Nature as interpreted and symbolised by exquisite art—which is expounded by Mr. Pater and other writers of high culture and delicate fancy. He has made careful study, by the light of modern scholarship and the latest explorations, of five of the greater gods of Greece as worshipped in their recently discovered sanctuaries. He has made pilgrimages to the holy places of the early Hellenic world, and he describes, sympathetically, "several sites recently investigated, where the beautiful and ennobling religion, first of Greece, and then—through Greece and Rome—of all the ancient world, had its growth; where that old-time worship of ideals, by some mis-called idolatry, grew pure and yet more pure, broad and broader still," until its refinement prepared the way, and its decay made room for Christianity. "Surely," says our author, "there is no lack of real Christian piety in feeling, as it were, a reminiscence or a glorified survival of the ancient worship of Dionysus and Demeter at the altar where the bread and wine are given."

These quotations from the Introduction show the tone of picturesque enthusiasm and indulgent veneration in which Mr. Dyer writes of the divinities of classic Greece. They also betray a tendency toward the somewhat far-fetched analogies and imaginative discoveries of connection between very different religious ideas, which characterise what may be called the evolutionary school among students of the Science of Religion. "To the religion of Greece and Rome, to the Eleusinian mysteries, to the worship of Æsculapius and Apollo, to the adoration of Aphrodite, is due more of the fulness and comforting power of the Church to-day than many of the leaders have been willing to allow." This kind of view represents the reaction from the stern militant Christianity which opposed Asceticism to Hedonism, which treated the pagan gods as demons, and their worship not as the contemplation of beautiful ideals, but as the soul-destroying transfiguration of the pleasant vices of humanity. And there is much to be said in favour of this tender regard for the polytheism in which nature worship reached its most beautiful and most poetic development. Nevertheless, the general impression produced by Mr. Dyer's book is that distance of time has thrown a halo of enchantment over the real character of Greek paganism, which cannot be seriously regarded as the preparatory stage towards moral reform, or as the harbinger of

Christian spiritualism, without considerable disregard or distortion of some of its essential features.

It should be understood that in the "Gods of Greece" we have little or no discourse about the grand council of Homeric divinities, the gods of statesmen and war captains, who preside over the fortunes of cities and dynasties, over the adventures of heroes and the high politics of humanity. Mr. Dyer deals chiefly with the rites, attributes, and divine aspects of certain deities who are manifestly Nature Gods; with the myths and allegories that have been brought together under such names as Demeter and Dionysus, and with the inner meanings of their exoteric worship. The famous legend of Demeter and Persephone is told with much grace of style; and there is true scholarship and good evidence of careful archæologic research in his examination of the meaning and connection of the various traditions. There is also an interesting study of Dionysus, a god of "strange baffling quality," who combines and represents a great diversity of phases and forms of divinity, who typifies the operations of Nature, was known as an elemental god, a tree god, and a fierce man-slaying deity; who dwelt and conquered in various countries, and whose story is partly Asiatic, partly European, having become "entangled with a mass of tradition which belongs to the far Eastern world." Æsculapius, the god of healing, is classed by Mr. Dyer among the Nature Gods; though in Homer he is simply the blameless physician, and it would seem not unreasonable to regard him as the apotheosis of some famous medicine man of ancient days. The inquiry into his origin leads Mr. Dyer into a dissertation upon the state of medicine and surgery in early Greece, and thence into the subtle speculations of those times as to the relations between body and mind, as to the divine, religious, or mystical side of the healing art. Undoubtedly the early practice of medicine employed indiscriminately charms, spells, drugs, and herbs; nor has the miraculous element ever yet been wholly separated from any extraordinary cure or wonderful recovery; and perhaps Mr. Dyer makes rather too much of such a very natural combination, among primitive societies, as that of medicine with divine influences, or prayer with prescriptions. It may be true, also, that "the offering of a cock (by Socrates) to Æsculapius was plainly intended for him as the awakener of the dead to life everlasting"; nevertheless this seems rather a far-fetched and conjectural significance to attach to what may have only been formal compliance with ordinary religious usage. To the chapter on Æsculapius is appended a brief critical notice of Apollonius of Tyana, of which the relevance is not at first sight plainly discernible.

Aphrodite at Paphos introduces the reader to Cyprus, which Mr. Dyer has explored, and to an enumeration of the different races or dynasties by which the island has been possessed, from the Phœnicians to the English. We are told that the absence of political independence and of Cypriote nationality made Cyprus a suitable theatre of the religious evolution produced by a meeting of the Western spirit of Hellenic beauty with the Eastern spirit of blind submission and comprehension of divine omnipotence; but the first point seems to need greater fulness of exposition. Three considerable appendices follow—upon the excavations at Paphos, the worship of Aphrodite, and on Olympus in Cyprus; which amply testify to the author's erudition, and to the very interesting results of recent local research. Here again, however, as in the subsequent chapter on Apollo at Delos, there is some want of close relevancy and consecutive arrangement of useful and curious details; and indeed the whole book, though it is very pleasant reading, full of suggestive conjecture and fresh information collected on famous sites, may be said to lack definite plan and connected distribution of its valuable material. The author endeavours, with much ingenuity and sympathetic insight, to link together and explain various contradictory types, legends, worships, and embodiments of

some of the most widely worshipped of the gods of Greece; but he seems hardly to realise sufficiently the fact that the fundamental characteristic and pervading condition of all polytheism is reckless confusion of ideas and worships, unlimited complexity and interlacing of shapes and attributes, and total absence of any logical consistency in the evolution of different divinities. Dionysus was, he says, from the outset a god of contradictions; but it is most probable that he was not much more so than any other equally celebrated divinity known by manifold names, and adored in many lands. Most of them were kneaded up and compounded, in the course of time, out of the fancies and fables of various races and places, out of old myths into new meanings, out of real events miraculously transfigured, out of the superstitions of the peasantry and the imagery of the poets, out of the worship of productive Nature and the fears and passions of men. To reconcile all the incongruities of ancient worship, or to reduce to symmetrical form the figures of archaic types of divinity, is an impossible undertaking. Yet the abundant and accurate knowledge of classic archaeology, the constant allusion to the folklore of different ages, and the wide acquaintance with religious ideas and institutions displayed in this work make it excellent and instructive reading for all who in these days are concerned in the fascinating study of early religious beliefs.

SOUVÓROF.

SOUVÓROF. By Colonel Spalding. London: Chapman & Hall.

SOUVÓROF (the translator's accent serves to show on which syllable stress should be laid) has been much misrepresented in his own country as well as in some others, where it was only natural that his name should not be glorified. One of the drollest of the many droll statues which adorn the streets and public places of St. Petersburg is that of a short, slim, pig-tailed personage, attired in a cocked hat and a scanty military suit—which suggests a Court dress rather than any serviceable campaigning costume—with the mystic letters "С У В О Р О Ф" inscribed on the pedestal. Who, asks the visitor from abroad, can "Cybopob" be? and there is little in the marble effigy to show whether he was a diplomatist, a chamberlain, or a warrior. The spurs, however, incline one to the belief that the gentleman represented must have been some sort of military man; and carefully transliterated—but with *ou* as the phonetic equivalent of the Russian *y*—"Cybopob" becomes Souvorov; or, by reason of the final Russian "в" having a hard mark after it, which cannot be reproduced in English type, "Souvorof." Our Foreign Office transliteration, introduced from the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, would, by the way, turn "Cybopob" into "Suvorof," a preference being here given to system over sound; while the transliteration of the British Museum, still more systematic, turns the name of Colonel Spalding's hero into "Suvorov"; the mark at the end of the final "v" being meant to show that the letter is to be pronounced hard. The more exact, indeed, the system of transliteration, the more certain is it to mislead the English reader who happens to be ignorant of Russian.

No country, then, is so rich as England in names for the great Russian general; whom, apart from direct variations of English make, we often call, after the manner of the French, "Souvaroff," and often, too, after the manner of the Germans, "Suvarrow." Byron, who thought the name of Goethe so hard to pronounce that it might possibly delay the universality of his fame, found it convenient for poetical purposes to pronounce the word "Suvarrow," as though there was nothing German in it; and the physically feeble, kind-hearted soldier, who seems never with his own hand to have killed a man, and whose first care whenever he had gained his military object was to stop the slaughter of the

vanquished, is said, for the sake of a capital rhyme to "Suvarrow," to have "loved blood as aldermen love marrow." He was accused by German writers of having poisoned a Prussian general whom he had no reason to fear, and who, as a matter of fact, died at a distance of some hundreds of miles from his Russian antagonist. Castéra, the author of the very entertaining but often mendacious "Histoire de Catherine II.," tells anecdotes of Souvorof's ferocity at Ismail; where, however, the moment the place was taken, he displayed a humanity quite remarkable for the time; and he relates a purely fabulous story of Souvorof's cutting off the heads of a number of Turks in a battle at which he was not present, putting them into a sack, and then rolling them out at the feet of the Russian Commander-in-Chief. The Poles could not be expected to love Souvorof; and to Polish writers is due the account, so generally received, of Souvorof's massacre at Prague, or Praga, just after he had taken by storm that suburb of Warsaw which Turner, in illustrating Campbell, mistook for the capital of Bohemia. In disproof of this shameful accusation, Colonel Spalding cites an address from the town council of Praga, thanking Souvorof for having stopped bloodshed and prevented pillage at a time when it was difficult indeed to restrain the troops, excited by their own victory. Souvorof, moreover, destroyed the Praga bridge, so as to prevent his infuriated soldiers from entering Warsaw, which offered far greater temptations to plunder than its poor outlying suburb, and which Souvorof knew must, from its defenceless position, surrender in a few days of its own accord—as it, in fact, did.

From one great Polish writer, Adam Mickiewicz, Souvorof, it must be admitted, has received a full measure of justice. If Mickiewicz reviles Souvorof in his poems, written when he was young, he gives him the highest praise in his lectures, delivered when he was old. As he ascended the mountain of years, the unhappy poet took broader views of things, and in surveying the relations between Russia and Poland he showed no tendency whatever towards blackening the character of Russians as individuals merely because they had fought against his country. He admires in Souvorof his simplicity, his serenity, his religious belief, his sympathy with the common soldier, and his faculty for inspiring masses of men with enthusiasm. Souvorof said of himself that he had shed torrents of blood in the performance of his duty, but that he had never hurt an insect. He got up at the absurd hour of two, bathed in the coldest water he could procure, took a moderate breakfast, and dined at eleven. Before dinner he always said grace, after which (and not before) glasses of vodka were handed round; when, if any officer had failed to ask a blessing, his allowance of spirits was stopped. When Souvorof captured Frenchmen, a habit he soon acquired in Italy, he had them fumigated, in order to purify them of their irreligion; and addressing a number of them on Easter Sunday by the customary Roman salutation, "Christ is risen!" he insisted on their replying by the obligatory formula, "Verily, He is risen!" He despised decorations when they were not genuine tokens of valour and skill; and asking a courtier of St. Petersburg why so many medals and ribbons had been given to him, and being told that they had been bestowed upon him for "usefulness," he burst into a loud laugh. Yet he loved his own decorations, which all represented victories in which he had taken part as a youth, or as a man had gained; and he was accustomed to spread them out on the table before him, and gaze upon them with rapture. In his passion for decorations, his feebleness of constitution, his fearlessness in presence of danger, his power of inspiring enthusiasm, and his hatred of the French, he resembled Nelson; and to see whether there was not some physiological likeness between them, Nelson sent his portrait to Souvorof, who replied that the likeness did indeed exist, and that he recognised it with the sincerest pleasure.

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Colonel Spalding takes Byron to task for his numerous errors on the subject of Souvorof. The poet contented himself, no doubt, with the first account of the siege of Ismail that came to hand; and took the incidents narrated therein as he found them. Souvorof's latest and best biographer admits that Byron had at least an approximative right to call the Russian commander "half hero, half buffoon." According to a Russian popular anecdote, Souvorof gave the signal (as arranged beforehand) for the night attack on Ismail by rising at his usual hour, and, long before daybreak, crowing like a cock; though, as Colonel Spalding tells us, the actual signal was the discharge of a rocket—much more likely to be generally seen than was an imitation of the crowing of a cock to be generally heard. It was quite, however, in the spirit of buffoonery that Souvorof, when a triumphal entry at Milan had been arranged for him, dressed up his sentry in a gaudy diplomatic uniform, and made him play the part of commander-in-chief, while Souvorof himself rode with the officers of the staff. A rather violent joke, moreover, was played by Souvorof when he was quite a young man; before he had seen service in the field. Burning to make himself somehow or other talked about, and tempted by the fortress-like appearance of a high-walled monastery, near St. Petersburg, past which he happened to be marching, he suddenly attacked it with his regiment, and, to the terror of the unhappy monks, took the place by escalade. When the archimandrite reported the outrage to the Empress Catherine, she laughed, and, instead of punishing the offender, said that it was "just like Souvorof." Some years later General Souvorof, after the fall of Warsaw, sent to Catherine these words: "Hurrah! your majesty; Warsaw is yours." The Empress replied with significant laconism: "Hurrah! *Field-Marshal Souvorof*."

Many of Souvorof's own sayings have become proverbial in Russia; such as—in regard to the march of an army: "The head must not wait for the tail;" and in regard to the desirability of getting as soon as possible to close quarters: "Flighty bullet, firm bayonet." This is not a perfect translation of Souvorof's four-word phrase. But it is a little better perhaps than Colonel Spalding's version: "The bullet is a hag, the bayonet a hero." What Souvorof meant was that the bullet went about like a silly woman, whereas the bayonet firmly stands like an heroic young man. This, however, is an unimportant detail. As a whole Colonel Spalding's book is admirable.

THE ENGLISH CARTHUSIANS.

ORIGINES DU SCHISME D'ANGLETERRE: HENRY VIII ET LES MARTYRS DE LA CHARTREUSE DE LONDRES. PAR Dom Victor-Marie Doreau, Prieur de la Chartreuse de Saint-Hugues, Parkminster, Sussex. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS is the second book which the English Carthusians have dedicated to the history of their Order in England. Dom Laurence Hendriks, an Englishman, though of foreign extraction, published two years ago an admirable monograph on the Charterhouse; and the Prior of Parkminster has now given, in French, a narrative travelling in part over the same ground, but considering the events taking place thereon from a different point of view. He has not found it within his plan to give us much of the history of the Order; but, he narrates at length its fall in England under Henry VIII. In order to do this he has to give the whole account of Henry VIII's divorce, and the contest for the supremacy, basing the whole on State papers calendared by Dr. Brewer and Mr. Gairdner, "The History Day by Day of the Reign of Henry VIII."

To divert attention from Henry's crimes, it has long been the custom to raise the cry of "Bloody Mary," and to assert that the martyrs for the Protestant cause were at once more hardly dealt with, fell in greater numbers, and more entirely for re-

ligion's sake than those who suffered for Catholicism in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth. No doubt the fire and stake, the hangman's axe and knife, were weapons with which both parties fought in a rough and cruel time; but the existence of a second wrong cannot make the first right, and, granted that the executions of the time were barbarous, the justice of execution at all can only be understood upon a full consideration of the facts. At some future time our death penalty by hanging may come to be regarded as barbarous, but only those who used it violently, illegally, and brutally, like Judge Jeffreys, will be execrated through all time.

Dom Doreau has arranged his narrative with equal power and fairness, and gives us facts from which we can draw our own conclusions, which may or may not be his. But we trace no instance in which he has attempted to give the facts any colour or aspect which they may not fairly bear.

We do not wholly agree with him and Catholic writers in general about the character of Henry VIII. The view these take of him is only a trifle less absurd than that held by Mr. Froude, who considers him as a law-abiding prince, acting always with the consent of an independent Parliament, though somewhat unfortunate in his relations with women. But it seems just as erroneous to represent him as a monster of lust. In fact, the curious thing about Henry VIII. is that, considering his opportunities, and the time in which he lived, he was habitually constant to one woman for the time, and desirous in all cases to surround his relations with women with the fence of marriage. This is a singular scruple in a man otherwise so unscrupulous. A little grain of conscience made him extremely sour, since he cared not whom or what he trod down in attaining his ends.

The first brunt of the persecution under Henry fell upon monks of the London Charterhouse. The position which they held was curious. As a rule, monasteries of this Order are far removed from the busy throngs of men, and situated in solitudes in keeping with the absolutely retired and unworldly lives of the monks. Though in the day of Henry VIII. the Charterhouse—now the very navel of London—was outside the walls, it was still close to the stir and stress of the City. Prior Doreau's account of the foundation of the London Charterhouse; how it came to be placed where it was; his discovery of the very cells still extant in the modern building; his account of the relations of the monks with the world, and especially with great Catholic statesmen like Sir Thomas More, are full of interest. But, it would be impossible to summarise these in an article like the present, as well as unfair to the very admirable book, which ought to be read as a whole. Suffice it to say that Prior John Houghton and the other Carthusians died solely because they would not admit the ecclesiastical supremacy of Henry VIII.; and the base and subservient tools of a base and adulterous king were Cranmer and Cromwell. The sentence was carried out in all its horrible atrocity. The details of such executions were not in all cases the same. The full sentence was that prisoners be "drawn, hanged, drawn and quartered;" the first use of the word "drawn" referring to the dragging on hurdles to the place of execution; the second to the evisceration of the bodies cut down from the gibbet, after hanging, while life yet remained. There is perhaps no more terrible account of an execution except (and we say it with all reverence) that recorded in the Gospels, than that of the death of Prior Houghton. Through all his long agony he, too, as Dom Doreau observes, was dumb like a sheep before the shearers. One word only he spoke, and that his last. When the executioner grasped the Prior's heart with his hands to tear it from the body, he said only "Good Jesus! what will ye do with my heart?" and died.

It is surely an heroic act of virtue that the Prior of the one now existing Charterhouse in England should write with grave and judicial calmness of those events, and dedicate the whole of a chapter

to an expression of his earnest hope and prayer that England may yet return to her earlier faith!

The greater part of the final chapter of the book is full of interest as showing the fate of those English Carthusians who were not murdered, but retired to the Continent, and for some time kept up their spiritual line. The last Prior of Nieuport died in England at Little Malvern Court so late as 1797. The new Charterhouse, now at Parkminster, is a fresh shoot from the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble.

It should be said that the book is accompanied with admirable illustrations, some of them having a very high value as a record of facts. Others, perhaps more artistic, are less authentic, but still very curious, being reproductions from frescoes, etc., existing in foreign monasteries, and showing the curious ideas of England, and English dress and ways, formed by Continental artists, who drew upon their own imagination.

We cannot too strongly recommend this book to men of all opinions and all faiths who take an interest in the history of England.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is a long time since we have seen anything like the frank Jesuitism—in Carlyle's sense—of Mr. Dicey's "Next Parliament" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and of the anonymous "Session" in the *National Review*. Mr. Dicey endeavours to show how the Liberals can best be kept out of office. "As long as this is done," he says, "I care little how it is done." The writer in the *National*, assuming that the improvement in the state of Ireland has been continuous under the present Government, admits, with cheerful indifference to elementary ideas of justice, that "the Crimes Act might be 'Russian in its severity,' but it has proved itself more than Russian in its wholesale efficacy." After this plenary acceptance of the doctrine that the end justifies the means, we are not astonished at the mere bad taste which advises that the dissolution should be postponed till 1893 because Mr. Gladstone is less likely to take a prominent part in an electoral contest the longer it is delayed. Perhaps the best criticism of Mr. Dicey's unashamed assumption that Home Rule means the repeal of the Union and the dismemberment of the British Empire is contained in his own complaint that it has never been brought home to the mind of the masses, and that the Liberal Unionists are only half-hearted in attempting to convince them of it. With regard to these unfortunate Laodiceans, we are happy to be able to agree with Mr. Dicey, that "to the process of sitting between two stools there is one ending, and one ending only." We think he is right also in his remarkable discovery that Mr. Goschen and Mr. Smith do not belong to the "category from whom (*sic*) the leaders of men are chosen," although we have no sympathy with his grammar. As to his proposal that Lord Randolph Churchill should lead the Conservatives on a Labour ticket, we should be sorry to see a gallant party again swayed by this political Sir Hudibras. For one thing, it would mean too easy a victory for the Liberals at the General Election. Let the Conservatives choose a leader worthy of themselves and of their opponents.

In the *Contemporary*, Signor Crispi follows up his anonymous article with a signed one on "Italy, France, and the Papacy." It is not a clearly written paper by any means. The long and numerous quotations from Mazzini, Favre, and Thiers should have been condensed and forged as links into the chain of his argument, instead of lying about like loose metal. It is remarkable that, as in the case of Signor Crispi's last article, Karl Blind is at hand in another magazine—"A Plea for the Triple Alliance" (*National*)—to corroborate him. They are agreed on the two main points: (1) that the unity of Italy comes before everything; (2) that a Republic would restore to the

Pope his temporal power, and produce a divided Italy.

Australia is again an important subject. Mr. Howard Willoughby replies for the colonies to Mr. Fortescue's attack on Australian finance. He points out that the "sham surplus" of Victoria was no parallel to that of the Argentine Republic. It was only the book-keeping that was wrong; the Victorian Ministry admitted so much, and in the Budget of 1891 the necessary correction was made. Mr. Willoughby speaks with some authority on this point, inasmuch as the facts and figures on which Mr. Fortescue based his charges were taken from a contribution of his to the *Melbourne Argus*. The first of Mr. Christie Murray's articles on "The Antipodeans" appears in the *Contemporary*. He is at one with Mr. Francis Adams, who writes in the *Fortnightly* on "The Labour Movement in Australia," in the opinion that the current of Australian feeling is setting with a tide of growing power against the Mother Country. The Englishman, says Mr. Adams, who has "risen," and remained an Englishman still to his finger-tips, is not nearly so numerous as the noise he makes in the English papers would lead us to suppose, and he is "stone blind and deaf." Mr. Murray, in almost the same words, describes the loyal Australians as living entrenched in the fortress of their own opinions, "blind to the growth of the power which is mustering against them." Here is food for serious reflection. Will Australia be the first colony to decide the fate of our Empire, and will Labour and the Labour Movement be the arbiter?

Of biographical studies, A.K.H.B.'s "Archbishop Tait," in *Longman's*, is the most interesting. It is full of those charming things, introduced with such conscious naïveté, which people "once said to the writer"; as, for example, when an Englishman, "speaking of a saintly woman of high worldly place (indeed very high)," said, "'Between ourselves, I fear she is very little better than a Presbyterian.'" Dr. Todhunter's "George Wilson," in the *English Illustrated*, is a sympathetic study of a little-known painter, whose work, however, from the specimens given, is not likely to be forgotten. Dr. Todhunter's paper is full of suggestive phrases and sayings. One of the pithiest is of those irreverent painters of the nude who gloat over mere nakedness "with something like a debauched or inverted Puritanism." Mr. Hope-Moncrieff's "Real Tartarin," in *Macmillan's*, is the story of Aurelius Antony de Tounens, the lawyer of Périgueux, who made several futile attempts to be Orélie-Antoine I., King of Araucania. Professor Max Müller writes of Nathan Brown, the Assam missionary (*New Review*), and in "The Story of a Child-Wife" (*Contemporary*) he gives a brief account of the brave life of Srimati, one of Chunder Sen's converts. Mr. Theodore Stanton continues his study of Lincoln (*Westminster*), and Mr. R. O. Prothero's "Théodore de Banville" (*Nineteenth*) is biographical as well as literary. Mrs. Williams concludes her extracts from Charlotte Brontë's letters in *Macmillan's*; and Professor Dowden's lecture on "Goethe's Friendship with Schiller" appears in the *Fortnightly*.

The drama in various aspects is the subject of three articles. Mr. Kennedy, in "The Drama of the Moment" (*Nineteenth*), takes a rapid yet careful glance at everything, from Ibsen to burlesque. Mr. H. E. Egerton, in discussing "The Historical Drama" (*National*), fails to startle us with the announcement that the historical drama is dead, and that even Mr. Irving as manager of a state theatre on the largest scale would fail to revive it; and Mr. J. A. Symonds points out, in "The Relation of Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure' to the English Romantic Drama" (*Fortnightly*), that what our literature lost by the fascination of Painter's foreign stories leading genius astray from national and local motives cannot be reckoned, but that, nevertheless, English literature gained from it the salvation of the romantic species at a very critical period in its earlier development.

A specially readable article, and an important contribution to the subject of which it treats, is Professor Smart's paper in the *Fortnightly* on "The Old Economy and the New." Mr. Smart shows that the old economists in adopting Adam Smith's principle of *laissez-faire* overlooked altogether his assumption that the free play of competition between man and man in the end served the best purpose of the whole community, "because the individual actions of men were regulated without their will by a higher power." The old economists forgot this; hence their "dismal science." The Cartesian method of doubt is that applied by the new economists; but of one thing they are certain, that a force has come into the world that has made much of the competition of business life not free as between man and man; viz., the enormous and cumulative power of large capitals. The New Economy is not the science of Wealth, but the science of Man in relation to Wealth; it is henceforth to be a branch of Social Philosophy, and business must be brought into line with morality.

The Russo-Jewish question is discussed in the *English Illustrated*, the *New Review*, the *Westminster*, and the *National*. "Heera Nund," by F. A. Steel (Macmillan), and "A Remembrance" (*New Review*), by George Moore, are excellent *genre* pictures. The best short stories are "Ambitious Mrs. Willatts" (*Longman's*), by W. E. Norris; "A Maiden Speech" (*Murray's*), by R. Shindler; "A Pair of Ears" (*Cornhill*), and "Captain Kitty, a Salvationist Sketch" (*Gentleman's*), by Lillias Wasserman. "Irish Bulls, and Bulls not Irish" (*Temple Bar*) is a specially attractive paper. "M.'s" article on "Marriage and Free-thought" (*Fortnightly*) is as fragmentary and incomplete as he says it is, and sometimes very nonsensical. "The Story of my Life" (*St. Nicholas*) was taken down in shorthand from the lips of Saleh, Stanley's black servant, and is a curious specimen of broken English.

FICTION.

1. HELEN'S VOW; OR, A FREAK OF FATE. By the Earl of Desart. Two vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.
2. A POLITICAL WIFE. By Mrs. Hubert Bourke. One vol. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.
3. RETRIBUTION: a Corsican Vendetta Story. By Philippe Tonelli. One vol. London: Dean & Son.

THE hero of "Helen's Vow," Jack Dallas, while in Paris made the acquaintance of Claud Moore and his sister Jenny. The Moores were young, innocent, hardly the equals of Jack Dallas; Jenny was very pretty. The hero was an experienced gambler; he taught Claud to play, and lent him money with which to play; he did not win money from him—Jack Dallas was not mean by calculation—but he inspired him with a love for gambling, acting without thought, intention, or foresight. Claud, who was only a clerk, embezzled money belonging to his employers, and committed suicide. Jack Dallas was also indirectly responsible for the death of Jenny. He seduced her, and for a time deserted her; Jenny died in childbirth, her death being accelerated by the news of Claud's suicide. Jack Dallas was thereupon overcome with remorse; he had not intended to seduce, desert, or murder; so he attempted to take his own life, and failed. We should not omit to mention that Jack Dallas did not cheat at cards; for this is one of his redeeming points, and at times makes his character seem almost noble. And yet on the whole we think that Helen, the sister of Claud and Jenny Moore, had some reason for vowing to take vengeance on this traitor, seducer, murderer, and hero, in spite of the purity of his *écarté*.

It is at just this point of the story that the marked cleverness of Lord Desart shows itself. He has given us, so far, a hero who is a cur; we are going to admire that cur, to be sorry for him, to sympathise with him, to love him. Jack Dallas becomes John Leger; his gambling career is ended, and he has property of his own; he becomes a

great statesman and a philanthropist; all vices have their cognate virtues, and the virtues of John Leger are what might have been expected from the vices of Jack Dallas; his remorse seems never to leave him; he shows self-denial, and a higher nobility than is required for mere abstinence from dishonesty at the card-table. He rescues where once he ruined. Lord Desart has sketched no commonplace villain with commonplace redeeming trait; he has worked out with considerable skill the development of a good man from a bad man. John Leger does not know that Helen de Courtal is Helen Moore; and Helen de Courtal does not know that John Leger is Jack Dallas. On their marriage morning they discover the identity of each other; Helen has married the very man on whom she has sworn vengeance. We will not trace the story further. Its conclusion is strong and pathetic, a conclusion which the happiness-at-any-price authors would never have written. "Helen's Vow" is a clever book; it contains a number of good things, none the less good for a little bitterness at the back of them. It has quality and character of its own. It contains scenes that are impressive and dramatic, dialogue that is bright and natural, unusual observation and insight. On the other hand, coincidences, as might be gathered from the second title, are used with a freedom which has long been one of the characteristics of melodrama; and the author's cynicism occasionally degenerates into flippancy. Cynicism is most impressive in a book, when the author has obviously done his best to keep it out.

There is much in "A Political Wife" which is more amusing than it was ever intended to be. We do not speak of its politics, for this is not the place for a political discussion, but of its bland and complacent use of old characters, old incidents, and old materials generally. The riding accident, the mistake about the ring, the dramatic exposure of Lady Ashton, the coincidences of the story, have but little evidence of the originality which is shown in the punctuation and the politics. The hero, Hugh Ravenswood, had much to recommend him. He had position and good looks. He was popular. He was the nephew of an Irish peer, and he loved the niece of a Conservative agent who muddled an election at St. Oswalds. But he had opinions. They are called alternately Radical and Socialistic. How could Margaret, the niece of the Conservative muddler, marry a man who had any opinions but Conservative opinions? She could not, and she told him so. But she owned that she loved him, and that the moment their views coincided marriage would be possible. At this juncture Hugh Ravenswood received an invitation to Ireland. He went, and there he saw the exceeding sinfulness of Home Rule and other wonders. On his return he announced his secession from the Liberal ranks. But Hugh Ravenswood was not to find perfect peace yet; Margaret was not to be his as yet; it would have made the book too short. He believed her to be engaged to another man, which was a mistake; and he engaged himself to another woman, which was also a mistake. But all came right in the end, and he married the niece of the Conservative agent. Let us be warned in time.

There is nothing on the cover, title-page, or contents-sheet of "Retribution" to show that it is a collection of seven short stories. One only finds this out by reading the book; in which respect we are content that our own suffering should be the gain of others. In the event of a reviewer being unable to form any opinion of this collection, the publishers have added an advertisement at the end, explaining that "in this work the author gives not only a stirring narrative, but a vivid picture of the manners and customs of Corsica." We should have expressed this rather differently—that although the first story contains a certain amount of incident, the collection as a whole reads like an indifferent guide-book.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE latest volume of Macmillan's English Classics—a group of manuals intended for the use of the upper forms in schools—is “*Enoch Arden*,” with introduction and notes by Professor Webb, of the Presidency College, Calcutta. The book opens with a biographical and critical estimate, in the course of which an attempt is made to determine the characteristics of Lord Tennyson as a poet, and the place which he is likely to hold amongst the permanent forces of English literature. Stress is laid on Lord Tennyson's reverence for law, and his allegiance to those fundamental truths which lie at the basis of English character, as well as upon his delicate power as an artist. If Lord Tennyson has not led the thought of his generation, he has most vividly portrayed and expressed its feelings and aspirations. “In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour, but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's contemporaries.” “*Enoch Arden*” is perhaps one of the most perfect idylls which has ever been written, and in his treatment of the simple theme the moral insight and the supreme art of the poet are seen to singular advantage. The notes which follow the text are brief but ample, and many of them cannot fail to lend a new suggestiveness to the poem in the minds of young students.”

Less than ten years have elapsed since Harrison Ainsworth died, and yet we seem to be removed by at least half a century from the class of fiction in which he excelled. He wrote about thirty novels, and most of them are already forgotten, though they enjoyed in their day a considerable vogue. Ainsworth has been termed a disciple of Mrs. Ratcliffe, and, like her, he delighted in gloomy incidents, and was at his best in picturesque descriptions of sensational exploits. Two or three of his books have been translated into many of the languages of Europe, and dramatists have thrilled the audiences in cheap theatres with the startling incidents recounted in their pages. Quite one of the most popular of Ainsworth's novels was “*The Tower of London*,” and we are not at all surprised that it still holds the field. It has just been printed at the Ballantyne Press, and in its present neat, handy, and cheap form, we venture to predict for it a fresh lease of life.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have just added to the “*Young Collector Series*” a brief introduction to the study of astronomy, entitled “*The Telescope*.” Mr. Williams admits his obligations to Challis, Proctor, and other authorities, and the little book gives clear and practical instructions to young students on the sun, moon, planets, comets and meteors, stars and nebulae. A glossary of astronomical terms is added, and for the guidance of those who wish to push their studies beyond the elementary stage a list of some fifty standard books on the subject is also included.

“*Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks*” is the quaint title of a slim volume on the Dark Continent, written by the Rev. Horace Waller, the friend and companion of Livingstone, and the editor of that great traveller's journals. Great changes are rapidly taking place amongst the tribes which inhabit Africa south of the Zambesi, and for the most part those changes are in the direction of civilisation and peace. “Colonists and miners, railways and machinery, are daily invading those more fortunate regions. The sportsman who revisits his haunts of ten years ago on elephants intent, once more hears, as he thinks, the heavy measured tramp of the Kaffir war-dance; but he is at fault—the rhythmic beat comes from the stamps of the quartz-crusher.” Half a century ago a Zulu regarded a hoe with barbaric disdain; to-day the white man makes him his obedient vassal, and he handles the pick and shovel, in many instances, with almost as much dexterity as his father handled the bow and spear. North of the Zambesi, however, a very different state of things prevails, for there the Arab slave-trader—as even the prosaic records of our own Foreign Office show—has established by his wanton cruelty a perfect reign of terror. Mr. Waller

refuses to credit the bland assurance that the development of the Congo trade and the abolition of slave-raids in the interior of the Continent are interchangeable terms; in fact, he asserts that, as a consequence of the operations which are now in progress, the evil is rather increased than diminished. The time has certainly come when England ought to insist that the legal status of slavery must come to an end in the Zanzibar Protectorate. The Arabs of the East Coast have been permitted to drive “dhow after dhow full sail through a dozen treaties,” and it is high time that we demanded of them more than lip homages to liberty. This is a vigorous little book, and one which regards African affairs from the point of view of the desolate and oppressed. It is marked by moral fervour, and its plain speaking is timely.

A new and cheaper edition has appeared of Mr. Ruskin's “*Lectures on Architecture and Painting*.” These eloquent and indeed epoch-making addresses were delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853, and the book hardly calls for special remark, since it is merely a reprint—without even the addition of a new preface—of a volume dated “*Denmark Hill, 16th April, 1854*.” Doubtless many people will be glad to know that the work can now be had at small cost and in a convenient form.

Without any preliminary flourish of trumpets a much-needed and important literary venture, “*The Dictionary of Political Economy*,” has just been modestly launched. Mr. Palgrave hopes to complete the work in twelve or fourteen parts, so that in three or four years' time we may reasonably expect to obtain a concise and authoritative economic dictionary. It is proposed to deal with every phase of political economy and to trace the influence of the science in contemporary history, law, and commerce. Short biographical estimates of deceased English, American, and foreign authorities are given, and an attempt is also made to determine the value of the contribution of each to the progress of economics. Perhaps the most suggestive contribution of this kind in the present instalment of the work is the article on Walter Bagehot. The special service which Bagehot sought to render to economics is here defined as the reconciliation of political economy with history. He did not live to accomplish so great a task, but no one has stated the needs of the case more clearly or has indicated with greater precision the manner in which its difficulties may be surmounted. One useful feature of the work consists in the lucid explanations which are given of obscure mercantile and technical terms, and we are also glad to find that the bearing on English trade and finance of recent decisions in the Law Courts is not overlooked. Mr. Palgrave has been able to enlist the services of specialists like Professor Alfred Marshall, Professor Sidgwick, Mr. J. N. Keynes, Mr. F. C. Montague, and Mr. L. L. Price in addition to Continental and American experts, and therefore we have little doubt that he will in due time carry to a successful and worthy completion the supremely difficult task on which he has so happily embarked.

In search of big game Mr. Seton-Karr has just been revisiting Alaska and British Columbia, a region which he has done more than most men to make known to readers on this side of the Atlantic. “*Bear Hunting in the White Mountains*” is a lively little record of travel and sport, made up of a dozen letters from that mysterious corner of North America, the Chilcat Country. Mr. Seton-Karr sailed last year from Vancouver Island to Chilcat Harbour in order to explore what is even yet an almost unknown territory. He draws a pitiful picture of what he terms “the flourishing and hellish trade in ardent spirits,” which is enriching a few dastardly settlers who seem determined to kill off the Indians with bad alcohol. The book contains a graphic and picturesque description of a somewhat perilous and exciting journey, which was partly accomplished on foot and partly in the canoes of the natives. Anglers, as well as crack shots, will learn of “something to their advantage” in this pleasantly written and lively book.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Walsall election, which resulted in the return of MR. HOLDEN, the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 539 votes, as compared with SIR CHARLES FORSTER'S majority of 1,077 in 1885, was no disappointment to those Liberals who were acquainted with the circumstances of the constituency. It would of course have been more satisfactory if we had maintained the 1885 majority. But the position of SIR CHARLES FORSTER was an exceptional one at Walsall as well as in the House of Commons, and it was notorious that many persons who had steadily supported "the old member" under every vicissitude in politics, had no intention of extending their aid to his successor. The diminution in the Liberal majority was, therefore, anticipated, and there was a period when a much worse result than that secured in the ballot on Wednesday was anticipated. For the rest, we may cheerfully leave our opponents to make what capital they can out of MR. HOLDEN'S diminished but still adequate majority.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech on Monday at Plymouth, though marred by some absurdities—*e.g.*, his exhibition of the election literature of Wisbeach as a proof of the extremities to which Liberal candidates are driven—deserved the careful attention of politicians of every class. It confirmed the announcement already made of the determination of Ministers to introduce a County Government Bill for Ireland next Session, and it went some way in defining the character of that measure. The chief point which MR. BALFOUR made was that the police would not be placed under the control of the new County Councils. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his speech was the unconcealed regret with which he appeared to contemplate the consequences of the legislation on which he and his colleagues are about to embark. The new Councils, he admitted, would drive from public life the men who now manage the local business of Ireland, the landlords and other persons of social rank on the Grand Jury panel. This was deplorable; but the necessity had to be faced—apparently because Ministers have at last awoke to a knowledge that they cannot meet the country without making at least a pretence of an attempt to fulfil the solemn pledge which secured for them their victory in 1886.

THE manner in which the Bill has been received by the supporters of the Ministry is hardly encouraging. The *Dublin Express* openly charges MR. BALFOUR with having surrendered to the enemy; and though the language of the London Conservative newspapers is not quite so plain, there is hardly an attempt to conceal the extreme disfavour with which the Ministerial project is regarded. One feature of the situation created by MR. BALFOUR'S speech is the irritation against the Liberal Unionists which it has produced on the Tory side. The Conservative followers of the Government believe that the Bill is meant as a concession to the dissident Liberals, and they gird openly at the price they are called upon to pay for the support of their allies. It is not very clear on what ground they take this view. Possibly MR. CHAMBERLAIN and his Birmingham friends may wish to cover their apostasy decently by means

of a Local Government Bill; but those Liberal Unionists who follow LORD HARTINGTON, and who are represented by such papers as the *Times* and the *Spectator* have no more desire to bring about this change in Ireland than the Tories themselves have. What, for example, does MR. T. W. RUSSELL think of MR. BALFOUR'S speech?

THE death-blow to Parnellism was dealt at Mallow last Sunday, when MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN both made speeches in which they clearly defined their attitude towards their old leader, and gave their reasons for refusing to follow him further. It was easy for them to show that, ever since his own fall, he had been animated by the most intense selfishness, and had been striving to secure his personal revenge against MR. GLADSTONE at the cost of the interests of his country. Perhaps the most important point in the speeches was MR. DILLON'S direct appeal to MR. PARNELL to allow a portion of the Paris funds to be released for the benefit of the evicted tenants, to whom they rightfully belong. Both MR. DILLON and MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY are prepared to pledge themselves that not a penny of these funds shall be used for political purposes, and they invite MR. PARNELL to name two representatives of his own side who may co-operate in the distribution of the money among the evicted tenants. It is hardly necessary to say that MR. PARNELL has made no response to this fair proposal. The money is now locked up in a French bank, and if he should survive MR. MCCARTHY the full control of it will fall into his own hands. The *Freeman's Journal*, it is evident, will shortly cease to advocate MR. PARNELL'S cause. His friends talk of starting a new journal, but fear that they cannot obtain the necessary funds.

WE have dealt at length elsewhere with the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which has been held in London during the present week. Perhaps the most notable feature of the gathering has been the manifest ignorance of the general public with regard to the character of the Congress, and the class of persons by whom it is attended. This ignorance is apparently shared by Her Majesty's Ministers, who seem to be unaware of the fact that London has this week been entertaining some of the highest authorities in foreign countries on those questions of international hygiene—*e.g.*, the quarantine regulations—with which Ministers in their political character have so much to do. No doubt it is trying for a member of the Government to have to remain in town over the 12th of August in order to pay some marks of attention to a number of foreign *savants*; but the PRINCE OF WALES was ready to give up his pleasure at Cowes in order to be present at the opening of the Congress, and it is discreditable that none of Her Majesty's Ministers showed themselves ready to follow his example. The reception of our distinguished guests, though it has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of private individuals, has been of the most cordial character, and too much praise can hardly be given to the hard-worked professional men who, with very limited resources at their command, have fulfilled the duties which, in any other country in Europe, would have devolved upon a department of the State.

THE death of MR. LOWELL has been in many respects the most important event of the week. The great American had already passed the age of seventy, but until quite recently he had retained his youthfulness of spirit, and still seemed to have it in him to do work for his kind. Literature loses in him one of its most brilliant ornaments; nor is this all. It loses also one of the most powerful representatives of the Liberal spirit. His death, deeply mourned not only in his own country but in Great Britain, has been made the occasion of one of those manifestations of the unity of our race which do more than any political treaties can do to bind together both branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. It was fitting that the QUEEN should express her sorrow at the death of the most distinguished representative the United States ever sent to the English Court. It was no less fitting that the Poet Laureate, the greatest living man-of-letters, should give voice to the feeling of all English writers at the loss of one in whose hands our noble mother-tongue was turned to such high use. Nor have Englishmen of all classes forgotten that LOWELL was one of the illustrious band of men who fought against slavery in the days when that "sum of all villainy" was well-nigh omnipotent in America. The display of feeling caused by his death in this country will not, we may be sure, be ungrateful to those who had the high honour of claiming him as their fellow-citizen.

ON the 21st of February last the "officiating Secretary to the Government of India" informed MR. QUINTON that "the Governor-General in Council considers that it will be desirable that the Senapatti should be removed from Manipur and punished for his lawless conduct," in promoting some months previously a bloodless revolution which the Resident reported would be, "at any rate for a time, beneficial to the country." On Wednesday last, the *Times* correspondent telegraphed, "The conviction of the Senapatti on the charge of waging war and abetting murder is also upheld. There is no ground for clemency in his case, so he and the Tongal General will be executed." The man whom SIR J. GORST described as possessing "great abilities and force of character, and popular among the people for his generosity" is thus doomed; while the story of Manipur is already half-forgotten. Of the evidence proving participation in the murder of the men with whom, till MR. QUINTON'S arrival, the SENAPATTI was on the most friendly terms, we know nothing. It must be assumed, however, to be conclusive. Yet it is impossible to ignore the fact that the man now doomed to die might, but for blunders at present unexplained, be at this moment a loyal adherent to the Government of India. If the story of Manipur had been told of the French in Tunis, or the Germans in East Africa, the virtuous indignation of the English press—now silent—would have known no bounds.

IT was the main thesis of SIR HENRY MAINE'S last work, that, as the mass of the people have no real political opinions, democracy can only be kept going at all by party spirit and corruption. MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has recently insisted that this view holds good in Canada; and the proceedings before the Public Works Committee, at Ottawa, assuredly bear him out. Whatever the exact truth about each separate bit of bribery already sworn to, both sides admit that SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN and other politicians were financed by contractors and received subscriptions from them for election expenses. This being granted, the alleged results, or something just like them, must follow as a matter of course. The contractors had to get the money from somewhere, and so it came—more or less directly—from subsidies to railways and steamers, or excessive profits on public works; while the officials who might have proved inconvenient were kept quiet with presents of money, jewellery, plate,

and, in one instance, a steam yacht. And very much the same thing appears to have happened among the Liberal party in Quebec, to which province most of the Federal scandals revealed apparently have reference. The north-east part of it, where the most sanguine promoter would not start a company without a subsidy from Government, is indeed admirably fitted by nature to be the field of a National Policy. And, unfortunately, the people are equally fitted to base their politics—where religion is not concerned—on Government appropriations alone. SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN'S tardy resignation—demanded some weeks ago by organs of his own party—will hardly help the Government much, and certainly does nothing to reduce the importance of MR. TARTE'S revelations.

PRICES on the Stock Exchange have fallen in almost every department during the week, and in some departments the decline has been serious. In New York rumours respecting the Union Pacific Railroad Company have circulated, and the price at times has been as low as 33½. At the end of April the price was about 53½, so that since that time the fall has been nearly 40 per cent. Many speculators must, of course, have suffered severely, yet there is not expected to be as much difficulty as at first sight might be anticipated. There is a large floating debt, and it is feared that a receiver may have to be appointed; but many suspect that MR. JAY GOULD is at the bottom of the whole movement. Early in the year he obtained control of the company. Then it is said that he sold his shares largely, and now it is suspected that he has created a scare for the purpose of buying back. However that may be, the heavy fall in Union Pacific shares has disorganised the whole market, and caused a serious decline once more this week. In the foreign department the decree of the Russian Government stopping the export of rye has led to a further sharp fall, and arouses fears of serious difficulties before long on the Berlin Bourse. The Russian Rouble has again fallen sharply, and as Berlin speculates largely in Rouble notes, it is feared that the losses sustained must be growing serious. Altogether the feeling on the Stock Exchange is by no means comfortable. Perhaps it is less gloomy than it was at the beginning of the week, but it is difficult to see any signs of recovery as yet.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change on Thursday in their rate of discount. They are evidently unwilling to do anything that might cause a fall in the value of money, and they do not see their way as yet to raise it, for the receipts of gold from abroad still nearly equal the withdrawals, and at home the demand for banking accommodation is exceedingly small. At the Stock Exchange settlement this week borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at 1½ per cent., and even less. Indeed, many members of the Stock Exchange were inclined rather to pay off than to increase their loans. In the discount market the quotation for three months' bank bills is still 1½ per cent., but business is done even lower. Speculation in every department in commodities as well as in securities is utterly paralysed. Trade is not so active as it has been. The harvest is late. And though there is still some demand for gold from abroad it is not sufficient to materially affect rates. In the silver market the price has fallen to 45½d. per oz. Speculation is for the moment rendered impossible in New York by the fall in Stock Exchange prices generally. In Europe there has been unwillingness to speculate for a considerable time past. The Indian demand is small, and neither the Portuguese nor the Spanish demand has as yet proved to be so large as a little while ago was expected. The tendency, therefore, is for the time being downward rather than upward.

MR. BALFOUR'S MANIFESTO.

MR. BALFOUR deserves credit for the vigour with which at the close of a long Parliamentary Session he has opened the political campaign of the recess. His speech at Plymouth was nothing less than a political manifesto of first-rate importance, and the only wonder is that it should have been made in the first week of the holidays rather than on the eve of the General Election. The explicit declaration that a County Government Bill for Ireland will be introduced next Session was accompanied by a defence of that measure, and a suggestion of its character, which are at least unusual when a Bill lies many months ahead of us. But the Irish Secretary clearly felt that some apology and explanation had become absolutely necessary. Why are Ministers going to legislate at all for Ireland? is the question which is being asked by their own supporters; and it is impossible to doubt that with the majority of Conservatives this new departure of theirs is regarded with the strongest suspicion and dislike. "It is to fulfil a promise and satisfy the Liberal Unionists," cry the Tory critics; and thereupon we see them calculating with rueful faces the precise cost to the party of this Liberal Unionist Alliance. We are by no means so sure that the Liberal Unionists, as a whole, are at all more anxious than the Tories themselves to see local government established in Ireland. The *Spectator*, at all events, would fain have none of it. But the heads of the party probably recognise the fact that they could not face the country at the General Election unless they were to make some attempt to fulfil the pledge by means of which they secured their majority in 1886. It is not because Mr. Balfour and his colleagues like Irish Local Government any better than the dull rank and file of their followers do, but because they know that to dissolve without pretending, at all events, to put a scheme of this sort before Parliament, would be to admit their own bad faith and to bring disaster upon themselves, that they are embarking on their present course of action. There is, indeed, a cynical audacity in their tone towards the measure they are about to bring forward, which speaks volumes for the demoralisation that has fallen upon them. With hardly any pretence at concealment, Mr. Balfour is legislating in the teeth of his own convictions and of the convictions of his party, in the hope that he may thereby recover the lost favour of the public. It is the case of Free Education over again, and we confess that we do not envy those who are called upon for these repeated sacrifices of principle to expediency.

The red-hot opponents of Home Rule can hardly have liked Mr. Balfour's reference to his own measure. He frankly expresses his belief that the establishment of County Councils in Ireland will mean the withdrawal of the control of local affairs from the land-owners, in whom it is now vested, and its transfer to the occupiers. In other words, these County Councils, everywhere outside of Ulster, will be in the hands of the men who now send Home Rule representatives to Parliament, and who, in Town Councils and Boards of Guardians, are in a chronic state of conflict with Dublin Castle and the police. This may seem to people who really believe in the principle of popular control a necessary condition of affairs; but it cannot seem otherwise than hateful to the classes which have hitherto followed Mr. Balfour with unswerving loyalty. To the Irish landlords and loyalists, it must seem just as much a surrender of the fortress as the frank acceptance of Home Rule itself would be. This, indeed, appears to be the view already taken by so strong a supporter

of the Irish Secretary as the *Dublin Express*. Mr. Balfour, it is true, has his remedy for the evil which he admits he is about to create. The County Councils will have control of the rates, and of all the matters belonging to local government with one exception. They will be allowed no control of the police. We should like to know how long the Irish Secretary expects this restriction to last. It is hardly necessary to say that this clause is introduced into the scheme for the simple purpose of showing that (from the Coercionist point of view) the present Cabinet is not quite so bad as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would be. Looking at the matter from another standpoint, it seems to us that the Tory proposal is very much worse than any which Mr. Gladstone would be likely to make. To create these County Councils, and then to withhold from them the control of a great executive body, such as the police force in Ireland, is surely a colossal blunder. It would mean not merely a renewal and continuance, but a serious aggravation of the struggle between the people and the authorities. We have already seen Boards of Guardians dissolved, mayors of towns arrested as law-breakers, visiting magistrates insulted, defied, or ignored by the police and their superiors; and the spectacle has been sufficiently startling and disgraceful. In future, if Mr. Balfour's scheme were to be adopted, we might expect to see these County Councils similarly at war with the constabulary; and the legally organised representative body of a district defied with impunity by men of the stamp of the police officials who figured at the last trial of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. Does any sensible supporter of the Ministry think that this state of things will be an improvement upon the present? We confess we do not wonder at the ill-suppressed apprehensions and indignation with which Mr. Balfour's most faithful friends have received the announcement of his latest scheme.

The Plymouth speech contained the usual declaration which is now the truism of Tory platforms, that Home Rule has had nothing to do with the winning of recent elections. It is a pity that a man of intelligence like Mr. Balfour should think it worth his while to repeat this silly tale. It cannot be of importance to him to convince his own friends of this assertion, and he will never be able to convince his opponents. The Liberal party knows that it is not only winning by-elections steadily, but that it is winning them upon Home Rule. It was the Home Rule cause that triumphed at Walsall on Wednesday. That cause, strong as it was a week ago, has received new strength from the speeches of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien at Mallow. It is no longer possible to doubt that between the accredited representatives of the Irish people, and the Liberals of Great Britain, the union which was formed five years ago is now stronger than it ever was before. Mr. Parnell's great treason has been exposed and baffled by his own most trusted lieutenants, and it is merely as the tool of Mr. Balfour and the avowed enemy of the Irish national movement that he now lingers upon the scene. In these circumstances it is hardly wise of the Chief Secretary to echo the foolish fallacies about Liberal weariness of Home Rule. If the Liberal party were really weary of the cause to which they stand committed, we might at least be sure of one thing, and that is that Mr. Balfour himself would be the first to abandon his proposal to give Ireland a system of local self-government. It is because he dreads a genuine system of Home Rule that he is now about to try his hand at the production of a sham measure of the same class. What its fate will be is already manifest. The Irish Secretary himself can hardly

venture to hope that he can carry his new plan by means of Tory votes. But if he should shrink from carrying a measure of this kind in the teeth of the opposition of his own friends in Ireland, there can be little doubt as to the course he will take. The appeal to the country will be made on the strength of his scheme for local government. The electors will be asked to choose between his Bill and Home Rule. We could hardly wish for a more satisfactory issue than this, nor can the result of the appeal to the judgment of the nation be doubtful.

THE NEW HUMANITARIANISM.

WE print on another page an account, from the pen of one of its leading members, of that great Congress which—somewhat to the bewilderment of the ordinary citizen—has been held in London during the present week. There is ample room, however, for a survey of its proceedings from an independent standpoint. To us it seems that the Congress of Hygiene is not so much a forum of debate; it is a sort of commemoration, the commemoration of a series of unsurpassed victories—Waterloos, veritable Borodinos and Marengos, in which millions of lives have been saved; victories so inspiring and encouraging that there is no saying what may be done in a few years. Meditate upon the facts told by Sir Joseph Fayrer in his address upon preventive medicine. In the England of 1660-79—with one-fifteenth part of it lakes, stagnant water, and moist places, the chill damp of marsh fever everywhere, houses of mud or wood, small, dirty, ill-ventilated, the floors covered with foul-smelling rushes or straw, the streets unpaved and with open gutters, the food scanty (little varied, with few vegetables and much salted meat), small-pox, marsh fever, scurvy, and leprosy prevalent—the death rate was 80 per 1,000; by 1681-90 it had fallen to 42·1 per 1,000; in 1889 it had sunk to 17·85 per 1,000. These are the true victories of humanity. But much remains to be won, as may be seen by comparing the death rate in London with, say, those in Bolton or some other Lancashire towns. Sir Joseph Fayrer calculates that preventible diseases still kill in England yearly about 125,000 persons, and he cites a calculation as to cases of illness not ending fatally, that 78½ millions of days of labour, or in money £7,750,000, are annually lost by reason of preventible diseases. One-fourth of the present deaths take place, it is estimated by some experts, from such causes, and it is pretty clear that the preventible diseases are being prevented. Dr. Priestley, in his striking paper on Maternity Hospitals, brings out the fact that, while the mortality in such places under the old *régime* before the introduction of antiseptics was 34·21 per 1,000, it is now less than 5 per 1,000. Well may all concerned be proud of such a triumph. No doubt there are disconcerting mysteries which so far have baffled investigators. A new sewage system is created in Salisbury: immediately follows an “extraordinary” reduction in the death rate. The old insanitary cesspool system in a Surrey village, to which Dr. Seaton refers, is replaced by a new and elaborate system: there results an epidemic of diphtheria. The discussion in the bacteriology section leaves the impression that Koch, Pasteur, Dr. Roux, and Dr. Metschnikoff are but on the threshold of the subject in which they are the chief workers. Whether Dr. Metschnikoff is right in his striking theory that there is a struggle *à outrance* between the cells of the body and the

invading micro-organisms, the white blood corpuscles seeking to devour the germs of disease, and *vice versa*, is uncertain; the ways of those enemies of the race that work in darkness are obscure. But even with present knowledge, what an outlook! For the first time we are within measurable distance of a time when, practically speaking, all members of the community will live their full natural lives—will die only because the machine is outworn. Hitherto a large number have made shipwreck just when going out of port, many more sank when not half-way across; and now we are told that everybody may make the whole voyage. If the average mortality of London in the latter half of the seventeenth century was 80 per 1,000, and in 1889, 17·4, what may it not be in 1990? In that larger science of political economy, health is no less a factor than wealth. If the smaller science of political economy has been stationary, the more comprehensive has been advancing, and we look forward to soon seeing National Health Budgets which will enumerate the effectives and non-effectives of society, state the expenditure by reason of death and sickness, and the income in increased health, and so accurately compute the true national surplus.

In both branches of the work of the Congress, in demography as well as hygiene, there is an advance, and in both is a tendency to push out the dabbler and the talker and writer on things in general. Science is fast invading fields which had been left open to the sciolist. Take, for example, the subject of the future growth of nations. Here, until lately, patriotism or chauvinism was rampant. It said what it liked, certain that it could not be refuted. Through French literature ran a secret assumption that it was in the order of things that the French language and civilisation must extend more and more as the survival of the fittest. All this is changed, not so much by reason of Gravelotte and Sedan as of the inexorable facts which demographers have made known; the spirit of vaunting optimism has given place to one approaching despair. The same assumption may now be detected in English literature; it is taken for granted that the Anglo-Saxon must eventually be universal. We, too, ought not to be over-confident: the results of the last censuses of England and the United States may well inspire doubts; and the whole subject of population is taking a new aspect. Further investigations in this field pointing to new theories are proceeding; what they are Mr. Francis Galton indicated in his address. “The whole question of fertility under the various conditions of civilised life requires more detailed research than it has yet received. We require further investigations into the truth of the hypothesis of Malthus, that there is really no limit to over-population besides that which is afforded by misery or prudential restraint. Mr. Galton throws out some hints as to the true clue to the fertility of different nations and classes; and he proposes research, in his favourite fashion, into the hereditary permanence of several classes, taking specimens of the least and most efficient physically, morally, and intellectually. Whether the true law of population will be found in that way, we have our doubts: particular societies have, like other organisms, their special law of fertility; in what is vaguely called race may lurk, as he admits, a part of the solution of that problem. Crime might be cited as another example that the day of the talker on things in general is nearly over. Formerly it was always safe to say that education must put down crime; that if only we had schools enough, gaols might be shut up. Everybody acquainted with the subject knows nowadays that this is most doubtful: statistical science attests a steady spread of education and a steady increase of certain forms of crime, and those

not the least repulsive. Much was expected of the Congress now sitting. We cannot say more in its favour than that it has realised what was expected—that we have had great themes worthily discussed, and an unusually small amount of social science chatter.

"FUIMUS."

A GOOD many Englishmen will, we imagine, read the judgment of Mr. Justice Stirling in the Ailesbury case with a keen sense that their country is still a kind of Laputa. We have nothing to say against the technical correctness of the judge's finding. It appears to be quite in harmony with the law. The Court of Chancery was asked to act as referee between disputing trustees of the property of which the Marquis of Ailesbury is the tenant for life, with a goodly number of remainder-men attached to him. Lord Ailesbury wished to sell a hopelessly encumbered estate to Lord Iveagh, late Sir Edward Guinness, for the sum of £750,000. One trustee and all the remainder-men opposed the sale. Mr. Justice Stirling's judgment was directed to the one sentimental point as to whether he was justified in letting the wide and beautiful domain of Savernake Forest go out of the hands of the Ailesbury family with a spendthrift and bankrupt tenant, but with an available reserve of fairly thrifty and well-to-do successors. He decided that he would not disappoint these persons of their hope of owning one of the great show places of England, and of maintaining the traditions of a family of no great repute in the public service. In other words, Mr. Justice Stirling decided to retain under the care of a hopeless prodigal of twenty-eight, who lives on the grace of a money-lender, an estate which does not yield more than a very few hundreds of net income, which has been let down till it must be in parts almost below the margin of cultivation, and which, on the other hand, had the promise in Lord Iveagh—a type of the better kind of *nouveau riche*—of an owner of abundant resources and great business capacity. The farmers of Savernake will have to go without their improvements, and the estate will be allowed to slip more and more into "loop'd and window'd" raggedness, so long as my Lord Ailesbury, who may have forty years of highly useful life before him, "is to this body." And all because Savernake "ought," in the opinion of Mr. Justice Stirling, to belong to the Ailesburys. "Ought" is good. It is so modern. It exhibits our landed system in all its palpitating actuality. It is so like an English judge to parade a solemn array of precedents in order to prove the "right" of a family of English Brahmins with the appropriate motto "*Fuimus*," and with a craving to recover a lost position in their caste, to go on ordering the lives of so many thousand yeomen and ploughmen, and to lay and keep waste so many tens of thousands of acres of a country that year by year loses a little more of its power to maintain its rural population.

The human side of this tragi-comedy of landlordism is not a little curious. The Marquis of Ailesbury is a young gentleman who has had five years' enjoyment of his title. His family practically dates from a canny Bruce, who got the right side of King James the First's "lugge" (we believe that is the correct historic expression), and made haste to change the Royal favour into lands stolen from the Cistercians in Yorkshire and an earldom of Elgin. Later, they married into the family of the Seymours, from which sprang the Protector Somerset, one of the ablest and most rapacious of the nobles to whom the Reformation came as a boon and a

blessing totally unconnected with theology. From this union came the Savernake Estates, which the Somersets originally acquired by marriage and only remotely by rapine. The Ailesburys, first earls and then marquises, have as a rule carefully abstained from doing anything which might entitle them to public gratitude. They jobbed their two boroughs of Marlborough and Great Bedwin, which once returned four members, so discreetly as to earn the gratitude of George the Fourth and to obtain their step up in the Peerage. Up to 1885 they returned, with the trifling assistance of some few hundred electors, a member for Marlborough. They have the patronage of nine livings, which is of course dispensed by the young gentleman whom the Jockey Club lately warned off Newmarket Heath, and who is described by his friends as a whip of quite fantastic merit. Lord Ailesbury has since and before his accession "done himself proud." He has absorbed the little matter of the Cistercian abbey, which counted for a good £175,000; he has placed himself on the books of Mr. Samuel (not Mr. George) Lewis to the extent of over £200,000; he has had a brief and not glorious career on the turf; he is said to have sported or even invented, after the manner of the First Gentleman of Europe, a new coachman's button. His position as regards the 90 odd farms and the 40,000 acres of Savernake is curious. Personally, he would not be a penny the better for the sale. He would have to raise £250,000 to pay his debts, and the interest on this sum, together with the jointures and the outgoings of the estate, would reduce his income from Lord Iveagh's £750,000 to its present figure of a very few hundreds. It is not surprising that he feels the burden of his position, and would like to be rid of it. Probably if the three kingdoms could be searched through and through (not excluding Whitechapel), they would not be found to contain a man more unsuited to exercise any sway over the lives and fortunes of others, more unfit to inherit anything but a pair of hands and the necessity to work for his living. But our excellent law not only condemns him to his heritage of woe, but sternly waves him back from his well-meant attempts to let in a better man. Savernake, therefore, remains with the Ailesburys, on the chance that some future marquis may be rich enough to administer it with credit.

There is, no doubt, a certain picturesqueness in a decision which permits Lord Ailesbury to legislate for us, to appoint (possibly under the advice of Mr. Samuel Lewis) to the cure of souls, and to pass over to others, though not to Mr. Lewis, the unearned increment of Savernake. The law allows it, the Court decrees it, and, we suppose, we ought to see nothing wrong in it. What, however, does strike us with some seriousness is not the refusal of the Court to sanction the sale, which, at the best would have exchanged a feudal lord of the better type for one of the worse. It is the appalling levity of a law which, in the mouth of a very able judge, considers a problem of wide human happiness solely with respect to what is socially "due" to an oldish, but in no way a distinguished family of landlords, who have fallen on evil days, but who have nothing but their own reckless improvidence to blame for them. Reading the Ailesbury case it seems difficult to realise that we are in post-Revolution days, or that we have advanced very appreciably beyond the ethics of the seigniorial court. The Ailesbury family, with a certain anticipatory grace, have thought it wise to inscribe "*Fuimus*" on their coat-of-arms. Surely it was not too much to ask Mr. Justice Stirling to take the lead thus opportunely tendered him, and to write "*Fuerunt*" instead.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION AGAIN.

THE reflex of the excitement caused on the Continent by the supposed attitude of England towards the Triple Alliance has made itself felt in an unpleasant way in our diplomatic relations with the Porte. A fortnight ago we mentioned the rumour that the Sultan—no doubt under diplomatic instigation—was anxious to reopen the negotiations as to the date of the withdrawal from Egypt of the British Army of occupation. Last week the *Standard* announced that the negotiations had been opened, but were to be postponed until after Lord Salisbury's return from the Continent. This week the same paper has stated—evidently under official inspiration—that it is with extreme impatience that the Sultan submits to the postponement. Turkish officials are strangers to energetic action, and consequently can easily dispense with a holiday, so that in one sense the Sultan's impatience is intelligible. It presents, indeed, a somewhat curious contrast with the slackness and the repeated delays on the part of the Porte, which brought Sir Henry Wolff's mission in 1887 to an abrupt conclusion. Then we laid down certain conditions determining our administration of Egypt, and promised that the acceptance of them by all the European Powers should be followed by our withdrawal. The Powers hesitated, and the Sultan hesitated, and Sir Henry Wolff, very properly, did not wait for them. As to the influences which have now stimulated the Sultan to act, there is no room for doubt.

Now it is quite within the bounds of possibility—looking at the way the Porte usually conducts its business—that the negotiations may not be left to the present Government to complete. By the end of next year, at latest, we shall have a new Foreign Secretary, and as to the remoter future of our policy in Egypt, the Liberal party, whom he will represent, has always been divided in opinion. A certain section—of less relative importance than formerly, but still very influential among the electorate—would gladly withdraw as soon as possible not only from Egypt, but from all foreign entanglements whatever. Another section would undoubtedly adopt an ideal which is economically impossible, unless, like the democracies of antiquity, we made our subject allies pay tribute—democracy at home combined with Empire abroad. Both ideals are outside the sphere of practical politics. With regard to the immediate future, no conceivable Government, Conservative or Liberal, can have any policy save one—which is marked out for us by circumstances beyond our own control.

In the present state of Europe, and in view of the progress of the scramble for Africa, we cannot allow the greatest prize in the latter country to be left a prey to certain misgovernment and disorder. The inevitable and speedy result of our withdrawal would be the intervention either of ourselves or of some other Mediterranean Power. Even to fix a date for that withdrawal would stimulate other Powers to prepare for intervention. France must protect Algiers and Tunis, Italy her possessions—such as they are—in Abyssinia. The mere probability of such an occasion would intensify all those international jealousies which are constantly breaking out in connection even with such trivial matters as the sympathies of Ras Aloula or the religious orders in Tunis—and which even Signor Crispi, despite his fatuous efforts to emphasise them, declares he wishes to suppress. There is plenty of explosive material in Crete and Macedonia, in Servia and Albania, which may bring about a European war, whether the Triple Alliance chooses or not, without adding to it the indefinitely greater quantity which our evacuation of Egypt, under

any circumstances within the sphere of probability, would necessarily leave absolutely uncontrolled. As to the suzerainty of the Porte, from the Liberal point of view especially, there will be even less doubt about our answer. The Power which habitually fails throughout its own dominions in the elementary duties of a civilised Government—which cannot repress revolt in Yemen or keep order in Crete or Armenia, or stop brigandage in the neighbourhood of its own capital, or, indeed, pay or clothe its own troops—cannot be given any fresh opportunities for failure in that part of the world where failure would be most disastrous. Our own work—so well described by Mr. Alfred Milner in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some weeks ago—will not be finished for years. Till it is finished, every year gives fresh justification for our presence during the next; and until the danger of a Mohammedan revival is past—a danger which the partition of Africa is extremely likely to intensify—our modest army of occupation cannot be withdrawn. In the interest both of Egypt and of European peace, we must at present stay where we are. By our work in Egypt we are justified; and we are justified still more by the certainty that our presence there nullifies one set of causes of a European explosion.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE general interest aroused by the annual Naval Manœuvres is a hopeful sign. It is well that the public should endeavour to master the lessons they teach; but it is important that these lessons should be rightly understood. Unfortunately in all such object lessons there lies danger. The correspondents to whom the public must look for teaching are frequently at fault. Their letters, often hurriedly written, may convey only the impressions of the moment; the broad aspects of the operations as a whole may altogether escape them. The popular impression created by last year's manœuvres was doubtless unfavourable. No powder was burned between the main fleets, and the C squadron disappointed expectation by going off into space, and striking the prescribed trade route at a point where it was one hundred and eighty miles wide, and no concentration of traffic existed. Yet these manœuvres were extremely instructive. Sir G. Tryon showed how a fleet might be handled for the effective protection of the most important "neck of commerce" of the Empire. A new insight into the possibilities of torpedo-boat employment was gained, and the young officers who conducted the attack on the fleet in Plymouth Sound clearly indicated the only way in which such an attack could hope to be successful.

Again this year the manœuvres have ended amidst a chorus of dissatisfaction, by no means justified, and arising principally from a want of comprehension of the objects in view. It is not yet sufficiently realised that instruction is best conveyed by explaining clearly to the officers and men concerned the nature and objects of all manœuvres. Mystery seems to possess some inexplicable fascination, and the result is that teaching suffers. The want of grasp of the objects in view is reflected from the officers to the press, and from the press to the general public. The manœuvres of 1890 were mainly strategic; those of 1891 almost purely tactical. The wide striking range which the torpedo-boat was shown in the former year to possess, naturally suggested experiments in new methods of dealing with this nature of attack. Formerly it had been customary to protect the battle-

ship from attack at sea by quick-firing guns and search-lights; at anchor, by netting. A totally different policy is possible, however. In place of awaiting its attack, the torpedo-boat may be hunted down by special vessels possessing greater speed and far greater coal endurance, able to keep the sea in all weathers, and armed with numerous guns of the class which the torpedo-boat has most reason to dread. In order to bring this new policy to a test, Ireland was assumed to be the country of an enemy who had established along his coast six torpedo-boat stations, with a view to attack British commerce in transit through St. George's Channel. The torpedo-boat must have a *piéd à terre* to enable it to refit, and to secure rest and reliefs to its overworked crew. The six torpedo-stations were thus represented by dépôt-ships anchored in selected Irish ports; and from them the "Blue Squadron" of twenty torpedo-boats, under Rear-Admiral Erskine, might operate at will. The "Red Squadron," under Captain Long, consisted of three old-type armour-clads provided with nets—a skeleton fleet of battle-ships—and accompanied by six "torpedo-catchers." According to the rules of the game, it was open to Captain Long to capture any of the enemy's depôts, or to capture or put out of action the opposing torpedo-boats, on fulfilment of certain conditions. The various engagements have been sufficiently described. Captain Long appears to have handled his vessels with great vigour, and the umpires admit his claims to the capture of two stations and four torpedo-boats; while seventeen boats in addition are regarded as having been put out of action for twenty-four hours. Under the rules, therefore, there is no doubt that the new offensive policy proved disastrous to the torpedo-boats, and their many zealous advocates will doubtless protest against conditions which have previously been accepted. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the arbitrary conditions of the game corresponded with those of war; but the recent torpedo-boat actions in Chilian waters go far to show that they are approximately fair.

The great principle of strategy which von Moltke upheld was to adopt a vigorous offensive. The Naval Manœuvres of 1891 appear to prove that, as against torpedo-boats, this principle is equally sound. It follows that to a great naval Power possessing a vast commerce which must be defended in war, torpedo-catchers, vigorously handled, supply the surest guarantee of security. The torpedo-boat is, in the main, the weapon of the Power whose policy is the attack of commerce, and for Great Britain its uses are restricted. To have thrown new light upon a question so important, and to have, perhaps, supplied a check to the tendency to the over-production of torpedo-boats, is no small result. Our task is to study and grasp our peculiar and individual requirements, avoiding all temptations to copy measures which may be adapted to the widely different needs of other Powers.

Of the proceedings of the Northern and Western Fleets, there is little to be said. Eight first-class battle-ships and twelve other vessels—the most powerful squadron ever assembled—were placed under the command of Sir M. Culme Seymour for evolutionary purposes in the North Sea, and nineteen vessels, including eight battle-ships, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, assembled at Berehaven. It is to be regretted that the programme arranged for the former fleet was cut short by orders from the Admiralty, and that beyond the ordinary manœuvres of the signal-book nothing was attempted, so that no fresh light has been thrown on the much-vexed question of fighting formations. But the admirable way in which the mobilised ships—huge complex machines as they are, with crews hastily brought together—fell

into their place in line, reflects infinite credit on the *personnel* of H.M. Navy, and is full of good augury.

The Germans have proved to the world the value of manœuvres. To Great Britain the Navy is as the Army to Germany, and something more. It is only by exercises skilfully planned and intelligently executed that the temper of the "tremendous weapon" on which the existence of the Empire depends can be preserved.

MR. LIDDERDALE ON THE SITUATION.

THE *New York Herald* has published a very interesting account of an interview one of its representatives has had with the Governor of the Bank of England. For a considerable time past fears have existed in New York, as well as upon the Continent, that the City of London had practically become bankrupt, and that scarcely a leading house is in a thoroughly solvent position. Hence credit had received a shock all over the world, and men were afraid to enter into new engagements, not so much because they apprehended difficulties at home, but because they were doubtful what might happen at any moment in London. It is not surprising then that the representative of an enterprising journal which publishes issues, not only in New York, but in London and Paris, should try to ascertain what the real facts are, or that the Governor of the Bank of England should be willing to allay, as far as he properly could, the alarm which exists. Briefly, then, his statement is, that with a single exception, all the important houses in the City are solvent. One house has been known to be in difficulties for at least twelve months. Its name has again and again been the subject of talk not only at home but abroad, and it has on one or two occasions already received assistance. Apparently it is once more embarrassed, but its embarrassments are being considered, and it would seem, from what the Governor of the Bank said, that they are likely to be once more arranged. Whatever the outcome of the negotiations may be, it seems to be the opinion of Mr. Lidderdale, as undoubtedly it is that of the City generally, that very little influence will now be exercised upon the course of affairs. The credit of the house has been too much under discussion. For the past year it has therefore been compelled to restrict its business in all directions, and even if it were now to decide upon winding-up, the impression made upon the general public would be slight. At one time the closing of the doors of so great an establishment would unquestionably have produced a crisis, but the public has now become accustomed to the notion that the difficulties are insuperable, and therefore little trouble would probably follow even if it had to suspend. The Governor of the Bank of England assured his interviewer that with this exception no important house is now in serious difficulties. He admitted that it was extremely likely that failures would ensue. After such a crisis as we have been passing through, with a breakdown in South America, and a probable breakdown in Southern Europe, it would be very strange if there were none. But these will be unimportant so far as the Money Market is concerned, and therefore will not have serious consequences. South America is not able to buy on the scale it had been doing for years past, and it would therefore not surprise anyone if there were to be failures among commercial houses in the South American trade. Similarly there would be no cause for wonder if there were failures amongst houses engaged in

trade with the United States—which has been disorganised, as everybody knows, by the McKinley tariff—and in other directions: but these will be a consequence of events that have already happened, and most people are now so well prepared for them that they will not have much effect upon public opinion. Assuming that the Governor of the Bank of England is right—and undoubtedly he expresses the opinion of the most competent judges in the City—the crisis is now drawing gradually to a close. The Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks have been steadily increasing their reserves for eight or nine months, and are now unusually strong. All classes have been at the same time restricting their risks in every possible way. Therefore the liabilities of the country have been growing smaller and smaller month by month, and its means of meeting them have been increasing. We may hope, therefore, that before long a more confident and hopeful spirit will arise.

Any very great revival, however, is not to be anticipated while Southern Europe and Russia remain in their present state. The ukase issued by the Russian Government forbidding the export of rye leaves no longer a doubt that the Russian harvest is a failure, that much distress, if not actual famine, is to be apprehended in extensive districts, and that, therefore, there may be grave political as well as financial troubles before the Empire. In that case there can hardly fail to be a considerable fall in all Russian securities, which, as our readers know, the French investing public have been buying upon an enormous scale during the past few years. It is roughly estimated that the French holdings of Russian Government bonds at present are over seventy and eighty millions sterling. If there were to be a serious fall in those securities and a great depreciation in Russian credit, not only would French investors suffer, but the great French banks that have been active in converting Russian bonds would have an additional lock-up of their capital. Their credit would be affected, and people would begin to ask anxiously whether they could tide over so many difficulties—a fall in Russian securities, following so rapidly upon the great depreciation in South American securities and Southern European securities, which themselves followed so rapidly upon the copper crash and the Panama Canal collapse. Hardly less serious is the Russian harvest failure as it affects Germany. The poorer classes in Germany live mainly upon rye, and they draw their supplies chiefly from Russia. The Russian exports being stopped, naturally the price of rye rose sharply. Indeed, rye is now actually dearer than wheat in the German market. And it is to be recollected that the German harvest itself is bad, so that the stoppage of the Russian supply is all the more serious. Already trade has been declining in Germany; industrial securities of all kinds have been falling disastrously; and people have been looking forward to the autumn with grave apprehension. Now it would seem that Germany will have to turn to the United States for its food supply upon an unusual scale, and as she cannot export goods thither sufficient in quantity to pay for her imports of food, she will have to send gold to make the payment. The German money market is likely thereby to be seriously affected by-and-by, and if so, there may be trouble on the German Bourse. Add to all this that the bankruptcy of Portugal is only a question of time, that the crisis in Italy is growing more and more acute, and that the financial difficulties of Spain are very serious. When we consider all this, and bear in mind how deeply both Paris and Berlin are involved in the finances not of Russia only, but of Portugal,

Spain, and Italy as well, we can see that trouble upon the Paris and Berlin Bourses is only too likely in the autumn, and with that prospect no very great recovery on the London Stock Exchange can be looked for.

It is possible of course that the difficulties upon the Continent may be counterbalanced by a great revival of business in the United States. That is the main hope of the City, and to a certain extent it appears to be well founded. The crops all over the United States are exceptionally good; the wheat harvest particularly is one of the finest that has ever been gathered in. The maize harvest promises to be exceptionally good, and the cotton is also looking well; but as the harvest in Russia is a failure, and as the crops all over Western Europe are deficient, the demand for wheat for Western Europe will be exceptionally large this year, and will have to be supplied almost entirely by the United States. Thus the American farmers will be able to sell all their surplus farm produce at profitable prices as quickly as they please, and consequently that they will do better this year than they have done for many years past. It seems also reasonable to conclude that the railways will be able to do an exceptionally prosperous business. It seems also to follow that there must also be a larger demand than for a long time past for European goods of every kind, and so, in spite of the McKinley tariff, there may be a better trade with Europe than there has been for a long time. Furthermore, the general expectation is that, when all classes are doing well, speculation in American railroad securities will spring up in New York, that prices will consequently rise, and that, with the recovery in American securities, European holders will, to a certain extent at all events, be recouped for their losses in South America and Southern Europe. The argument is undoubtedly plausible, and, we should say, would be likely to be fulfilled were it not for the fear of what may happen upon the Continent. If confidence revives here, if everybody begins to recognise soon that the opinion of the Governor of the Bank is sound, that no serious failures are to be apprehended—and if, at the same time, there are no political troubles either in Portugal or in Russia, and no great convulsion upon the Paris or Berlin Bourses—it is quite possible that we may see a revival in speculation in the American department before the year is out. But, on the other hand, the fear of what may happen upon the Continent is likely to deter all prudent people from engaging rashly in new risks.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week the comparative lull in international affairs is not counterbalanced by any revival of activity in the internal politics of any of the Continental nations. The French fleet has at last left Cronstadt—after a reception of the most enthusiastic kind had been given to Admiral Gervais and the principal officers at Moscow—and, after coaling at Christiansand, will arrive at Portsmouth on Thursday next. Some of the leading French newspapers—the *Temps* and the *Débats* in particular—have taken a more sober tone about the present enthusiasm in France for Russia, and pointed out the extremely slender bases on which a permanent friendship between the two peoples must rest. But the popular enthusiasm continues unabated. Everywhere the Russian National Anthem is received with frantic applause, while the stay in Paris of the Grand Duke Alexis and his arrival at Vichy have been the occasion of extravagant displays of interest and welcome. Of course, the people who attend band concerts and

run after foreign princes need not represent the mind of the French electorate of 1893, any more than the music-hall public in London in 1878 represented the mind of the aggregate English electorate of 1880. Still, we must count on a certain degree of friction with the French Government and the French press just now—even after the international courtesies of next week—as the Egyptian Question, to which we refer elsewhere, probably will show us very soon.

The long report drawn up in the name of the French Budget Commission by M. Godefroy Cavaignac indicates that a limit will soon be set to the increase of the National Debt of France. Comparing 1883 with 1890, the annual estimates for the ordinary budget have fallen about 11,000,000 francs, while the extraordinary budget, which was then increasing the debt by about 646,000,000 francs a year nett, will soon be suppressed altogether, though about 172,000,000 francs of this sum will have to find a place in the ordinary annual expenditure. The last loan, it is hoped, marks the last permanent addition to the public debt. The extraordinary budget was covered by terminable 3 per cent. rentes, which are now being reduced by about 68,000,000 francs a year. This may be set against the 172,000,000 francs above mentioned, and the expansion of the revenue, it seems to be hoped, and the economies to be effected, will do the rest.

The French and German autumn manœuvres are this year on an exceptional scale. In south-western France, three army corps will operate against a supposed invasion from Spain—two manœuvring near Dax, while a third will be in reserve near Toulouse. Near Rheims four army corps will manœuvre for some weeks. The idea is said to be as follows:—A German army, marching down the valley of the Marne on Paris, has detached two army corps to protect its left, which is threatened by French troops. These corps—represented by the Fifth and Sixth Corps under General Gallifet—will meet the Seventh and Eighth Corps in battle between Chantonnay and Brienne—the first headquarters respectively of the two armies—on September 6th and 7th. The German army will then retreat, but another battle will take place on September 9th and 10th between Bar-sur-Aube and Troyes. On September 12th, both armies are to unite under General Saussier, and fight against an imaginary enemy near Vitry le François. On September 11th the President will review them.

The German manœuvres are to take place near Cassel, and also in the Grand Duchy of Baden. In the latter, two army corps are to resist an imaginary French army, which, coming by Belfort, is supposed to have driven them back. A battle is to take place close to the Swiss border at Basel, the German troops being reinforced by means of a new "strategic" line of railway from Constance. Afterwards some 40,000 men are to manœuvre in Alsace.

Alarming reports have been current, especially in France, as to the recent accident to the German Emperor. His knee has certainly been severely injured—the kneecap, it is said, being displaced by his fall on board his yacht—and its treatment may not have been very successful. Prof. Esmarch, of Kiel, whose reputation as a surgeon is European, has, however, seen him, and reassuring reports have been issued from official and semi-official sources, though there is some discrepancy between them.

There has been fresh excitement about the "Bochum scandals." Herr Fussangel, the Westphalian journalist who had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for libelling the income tax assessment committee of the town, and had made startling revelations during the trial as to the possession by the leading iron manufactory of the neighbourhood of forged Government stamps for marking rails as a sign that they had passed the requisite tests, had been accorded a respite, and continued to publish his revelations. Early last week he was summoned to undergo his imprisonment; but he was not ready, and preferred to go

abroad. His friends of course held that some high official was interested in putting a stop to the publication. Indeed, a certain eagerness in that direction has been visible in official quarters from the first. On Saturday morning, the body of Herr Steiger, the chief engineer of the works, was found near them, with a pistol lying beside it. Appearances pointed to suicide—rumour at first said even to murder by persons interested in checking the revelations; but it is now said that it is he who originally furnished the information to Herr Fussangel's paper.

The German Liberal party are exultant over the result of a bye-election at Tilsit in East Prussia. In spite, it is said, of the grossest abuse of their power by the officials, the Conservatives, who have held the seat since 1884, have polled nearly twenty per cent. fewer votes than at a bye-election in February of last year. They attribute the Liberal victory to the Socialist vote; but it is very small, and the Socialist journals counselled abstention. The hands of the Liberals will now be considerably strengthened in the campaign against the maintenance of the grain duties, which at present fills so large a space in their papers.

Both rye and wheat rose sharply in Berlin on Saturday in anticipation of the prohibition of the export of grain from Russia, and still more on Wednesday—rye being now dearer than wheat. Though the report was expressly denied on Monday in a semi-official organ, a ukase was published next day absolutely prohibiting the export of rye and rye-meal from the Russian ports on the Baltic and Black Sea, or over her Western frontiers. The movement of grain is to be facilitated by reducing railway rates; public works are to be undertaken; the distressed peasants are to have firewood free from the Crown forests, and grain is to be purchased and issued to them by the local authorities. How the purchase money is to be raised is not stated, and the funds available for the purpose are known to be scanty. The measure will mainly affect Germany, where rye is a staple food, nearly ninety per cent. of that used last year having, according to the *Times*, come from Russia. It is a severe blow to the optimist view as to harvest prospects so lately expressed by the German Chancellor. According to one view, it has a political object—to damage Germany; but the state of Russia makes this hypothesis a violation of the scientific rule not to suppose more causes than are necessary to explain the facts. But it is semi-officially announced that the grain duties in Germany will be neither suspended nor reduced.

The young King of Servia has passed through Vienna and reached Ischl, on his visit to the Emperor of Austria. The Austrian press, of course, are hastening to remind Servia that Austria is her friend, not Russia. In the Russo-Turkish war, it is said, it was Austria that saved her after the defeat of Alexinatz; and if she will only moderate her Pan Slavist aspirations, Austria will be able to secure to her a substantial share of the heritage of the Sultan.

The Hungarian Ministry has passed its new County Government Bill of two clauses, empowering the Government to appoint certain officials and to make regulations as to local government. This centralisation, it is said, will open up the country, which is notoriously rich, but undeveloped, to foreign capital. The new magistrates will be far easier to deal with than the old squirearchy.

The failure of the leading bank at Trieste, owing to defalcations by a speculating clerk, and a series of horrible murders of Viennese servant-girls, who were decoyed away by a woman and her husband under pretence of finding them situations, are items of Austrian news this week.

A hitch has arisen—on the Swiss side—in the negotiations between Switzerland, Germany, and Austria for a commercial treaty. But Switzerland has had other things to think about. The Federal festival is just over, and Berne, which

has been occupying the interval with a Geographical Congress, is now celebrating the seventh centenary of her foundation. The historical play, announced for to-day and to-morrow at 9 a.m., may be witnessed by about 19,000 persons, of whom ten thousand are to be provided with seats commanding a good view of the stage, while eight thousand more will have standing room. About 900 persons will be on the stage at once, while 1,400 will take part in the historical procession of Monday. The school-children's festival on Saturday afternoon should also be a striking feature, and some curious athletic sports, native to various parts of the canton, will, it is said, be a feature of the celebration.

The International Labour Congress, which will meet on Sunday at Brussels, will probably exhibit the considerable dissensions now existing among the Socialists, especially in Germany, on the question of Internationalism v. Nationalism.

Djevat Pacha, the Governor of Crete, has managed to restore order among the Mahomedans round Heraclia. But insurgent Greek bands had begun to land in Crete, the Greek Nationalist press has been urging the Greek Government to intervene, and a section of the Greek inhabitants have, it is said, invited English interference.

Two Frenchmen, managers of a French wine-growing company in Turkey, have been carried off by brigands from near Heraclia, in European Turkey, not far from the Sea of Marmora, and a ransom of £T5,000 demanded. The place is within a hundred miles of the scene of the recent train robbery, and the band is said to be the same. The French Government has insisted that the Porte shall secure their rescue, and both are now free.

Four American warships have been sent to China to protect American citizens who may be endangered by the popular uprising against the missionaries.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH CONGRESS.

(BY ONE OF THE PRESIDENTS.)

THE complete success of the Seventh International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, holding this week its meeting in London, is now assured. This is not merely evident from the large number—close upon three thousand—British and Foreign men of science who have enrolled their names on the official list of members, but still more from the character and position of those names. There is scarcely a country professing any claim to be termed civilised which has not sent delegates, and it may safely be said that so long a list of men of light and leading in the numerous subjects essential to the health and well-being alike of the individual and of the community has never hitherto been brought together. One has only to glance down the fifty closely-printed pages of the official list to convince oneself that the meeting together of so many eminent men must of itself prove fruitful of good results; but when we look over the printed abstract of the papers which have been or are about to be communicated to the Congress, even those initiated into the mysteries of bacteriology and demography may be forgiven if a feeling of bewilderment at the immense variety and importance of the subjects discussed and the problems put forward, occasionally oppresses them. The inaugural meeting in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon was a foretaste of what was to come. The hall was crowded to suffocation with delegates not only from every European country, but with many others, both men and women, hailing from the far East of our great Indian Empire. Doubtless the presence of our genial Prince on this occasion added to the rush of the foreigners, and that great audience which heard the short address delivered by the Prince, as President of the Congress, and listened to the feeling reference he made to his own recovery from severe illness some twenty years ago, must have felt that the interest he takes in hygienic and sani-

tary questions is real and vivid. But the absence, at the Prince's side, of every member of Her Majesty's Government was much commented on. Surely on such an occasion it would have been only courteous to our eminent guests that if the Prime Minister could not appear, at least some member of his Cabinet might have been told off for this duty. Such an omission is not likely to raise the opinion of foreign men of science as to the importance which attaches in the mind of the successor of Beaconsfield to that statesman's well-worn phrase of *sanitas omnia sanat*.

The Congress is divided into ten sections, each presided over by an Englishman distinguished for his knowledge of the special branch, and supported by a long list of vice-presidents and members of Council both foreign and British. These sections are all conveniently housed in the rooms of the various scientific societies in Burlington House; and this we Londoners may say with truth, that in none of the great Continental cities in which the former Congresses have been held has the accommodation for the sectional work been so ample or so complete as it is here. It is somewhat difficult for the ordinary mind to grasp the extent of the subjects treated of under Hygiene, and still more puzzling to know what is the term understood by Demography—and how puzzling it is, may be seen from the fact that the *Times* of Wednesday spells it in large capitals "Domo-graphy." That the former is more extensive than the latter is clear from the fact that nine of the ten sections are devoted to Hygiene, whilst one suffices for Demography. This, we find, is after all nothing more than our old friend Social Science, dressed up to deal with Industrial Hygiene, and with the conditions of communities from a statistical point of view. It is presided over by Mr. Francis Galton, the right man in the right place. He naturally gave an interesting, though avowedly a somewhat speculative, address on the betterment of the human race, in which he called upon his brother "Demographers" to aid in raising the present miserably low standard of the human family to one "in which the Utopias in the dreamland of philanthropy may become practical possibilities." Proposals to assist in securing this laudable consummation is the work in which the nine hygienic sections are in fact engaged; but it is of a modest character—these sections concern themselves with very special matters. But as "many a mickle makes a muckle," so the exact investigation of the phases of life of a single microbe may open out a method of prevention for some of life's greatest ills, and the attention to what may be thought by some to be only petty details may save thousands if not millions of lives. So each section brings its own contributions of facts and conclusions to the general weal, and matters which to the outsider seem most trivial turn out to play an important part in the complicated phenomena of life.

That much has been already done during the last half-century to improve the conditions of healthy living, all acknowledge; but when Sir Joseph Fayrer tells us that one-fourth of all the mortality of England is caused by preventable disease, we feel how much more has still to be accomplished. In this great work of life-saving every man of science has, or may have, his share. The chemist and physicist, as Sir Henry Roscoe reminds us in his Presidential address, work at the foundation of things. They have to study the laws and explain the phenomena upon which depend both physiology—the science of the body in health—and pathology—treating of the body diseased; and, without the help of the chemist and the physicist, neither the physiologist nor the pathologist can do much.

The great interest of the day doubtless attaches to the Bacteriological section, so ably presided over by Sir Joseph Lister. It is here that the newest and most startling revelations of modern science are to be looked for. Thus it has long been a puzzle to surgeons why in certain cases wounds heal well even

when the patients are exposed to conditions usually fatal to curative processes. On the battle-field wounds of the most serious character, dressed badly, or not dressed at all, and swarming with poisonous bacteria, are known sometimes to heal almost miraculously. Metschnikoff, of the Institut Pasteur, has explained this apparent anomaly. It is true that in such cases the outside and visible parts of the wound swarm with pathogenic organisms, but the internal surface of the wounded tissue is found to be perfectly healthy and quite free from them, for soon after the wound is made, the wandering phagocytes are seen to pass out from the healthy blood-vessels, and they at once seize upon and devour any poisonous bacteria with which they come in contact, and thus preserve in a healthy condition the layer nearest to the wounded flesh, and enable the processes of re-formation of tissue to go on. Such a battle is always being fought, but the victory sometimes comes to the invading host, and it is only when the defending forces are of sufficient number to repel the attack that the citadel can be held. So that to ensure a successful defence, aid in the shape of bactericidal material must be brought in from outside, and this constitutes the principle of antiseptic surgery. Other sections concern themselves with no less important questions. We have Sir Nigel Kingscote presiding over that in which the relations of the diseases of animals to those of man are discussed. Roux of Paris discourses in eloquent French on the propagation and prevention of rabies, whilst the question of the infection of food is treated of by Brieger of Berlin. Next comes Mr. Diggle's section in which the hygiene of infancy, childhood, and school-life, is considered. Then engineering in relation to sanitation is confessedly an important subject; the burning questions of sewerage and sewage disposal, water supply, pollution of rivers, and town refuse, being discussed under Sir John Cooke. Lastly come naval and military hygiene under Lord Wantage, and State hygiene under Lord Basing. Here is at any rate scope wide enough; and the crowded condition of the sections, as well as the animated discussions which have taken place, show that a real interest is taken by all present in the legitimate business; so that this Congress is by no means a gigantic scientific picnic—though the social attractions of the meeting are most alluring—but an assembly of men determined to do what in them lies to better the condition of their fellows of every rank and of every nation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MR. LOWELL'S death makes a great gap in many associations; but Englishmen will think of him first, perhaps, not as the accomplished man of letters, but as a representative of the best type of American citizenship, as a patriot who was never blind to the defects of his country, as a public man who made the culture of kindness between two great nations, allied by blood and speech, no small part of his life. It seems odd now to look back to the period of "storm and thrust," when the American democracy was convulsed by civil war, and find Mr. Lowell amongst the foremost to chide England for that sympathy with the South which was certainly manifested by a class. Those were the times when the brilliant writer, who little thought that he would one day charm English audiences with the oratory which is the highest expression of a good digestion, bade Englishmen with some sternness not to take too literally "whatever our Minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining." The Minister who suffered this reproach was Mr. Reverdy Johnson, whose after-dinner cordiality was contrasted by Mr. Lowell with Mr. Adams's warning, "My lord, this means war." Still more interesting in this retrospect of extinct animosities is the famous protest from Jonathan in the "Biglow Papers."

"It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,
You cousin, tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S, sez he, 'I guess
We know it now,' sez he,
'The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!'"

There is more pathos than fierceness in these lines, and it is easy to understand now the passionate sense of injustice which inspired them. Then and later Mr. Lowell stood for what was best in American manhood. No writer did so much to help the cause which triumphed over slavery. No politician had a higher conception of statesmanship than he who wrote the noble eulogy of Lincoln, and who believed that his country came victoriously out of a great struggle by virtue of "heroic energy, persistence, and self-reliance." In latter days there were some Americans who were indisposed to remember these services to the commonweal, and who treated Mr. Lowell as if he were indifferent to the national sentiment and wedded to European ideals. But to the end of his life he was keenly sensitive for the honour of his country. Never a strong party man, he took small interest in the sordid struggles which make the chief interest of American politics. A true friend of democracy, he never hesitated to speak his mind about those who betrayed the public welfare. His denunciations of corruption were as scathing as his satires on the slaveholders. He had a great contempt for Fourth of July orators, who "debased the standard of greatness," and he warned his countrymen that "popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so"—a lesson which no one who knows the working of American institutions will ever deem superfluous.

To this public spirit Mr. Lowell added a literary equipment which few men of letters have surpassed. Though he once wrote that America must "submit herself to the European standard of intellectual weights and measures," he always maintained an independent quality of mind and style. One of the most interesting things in the "Biglow Papers" is the essay on Yankee dialect; and while he employed that dialect with infinite humour in the dissertations of Mr. Biglow and his associates, Mr. Lowell preserved something of the native raciness in his most finished prose. Carlyle, he said, "called down the fires of heaven when he could not readily lay his hand on the match-box;" but while he never disdained to turn to account the lowlier means of illumination, Mr. Lowell could command at will the higher lights of a moving eloquence. Most of his poems are full of fancy and tenderness. Without any superlative gift, he was master of the chastened expression of delicate feeling. In the "Biglow Papers" lies the chief individuality of his verse, and although most of it belongs to moods and incidents which are of purely historic interest, and which have a national rather than a universal character, some of the humour will always be proverbial. John P. Robinson was an actual personage who has long been forgotten even in the place that bore him, yet his name has a lasting significance in the famous stanza—

"But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

"A Fable for Critics" has striking illustrations of Mr. Lowell's dexterity and variety. The form seems a little old-fashioned to us now, much older indeed than Hosea Biglow's quaint locutions; but the wit is so keen and the characterisation so deft, that many of the rhymes share with Lewis Carroll's the capacity of clinging to the memory when graver matters have fallen into oblivion—

"All women he damns with *mutabile semper*,
And if ever he felt something like love's distemper,
'Twas towards a young lady who spoke ancient Mexican,
And assisted her father in making a lexicon."

But Americans may cherish, without any narrow prejudice, the pithy phrases of Hosea Biglow's "Pious Editor," whose maxims are still household words in the politics of the Southern States:—

"It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,
But libbaty's a kind of thing
Thet don't agree with niggers."

The reader who cares for none of these beauties of vernacular, may find ample compensation in Mr. Lowell's prose. The stimulus of his style, the clearness of his judgment, the catholicity of his taste, ought to be a liberal education to some of his countrymen, who offer us strange idols with robust confidence and small knowledge. As a critic Mr. Lowell had a large endowment both of culture and native insight. His appreciation of Emerson is a fine instance of his subtle perception. "Those who are grateful to Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable in their culture, or, perhaps I should say, their impulse, are grateful, not so much for any direct teachings of his, as for the inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff." That is an admirable touchstone of Emerson as a teacher, and it led Mr. Lowell, naturally enough, to depreciate the influence of Carlyle. The essay on Carlyle, moreover, has the inspiration of the democrat who feels himself a champion of the system on which the philosopher of the "eternal verities" poured his fiercest scorn. To Emerson, wrote Lowell, "the young martyrs of our civil war owed the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." To Carlyle the civil war was like "the burning of a dirty chimney." For this unflattering image, Mr. Lowell took ample revenge in another analogy of combustion. "Imagination, if it lays hold of a Scotsman, possesses him in the old demoniac sense of the word, and that hard logical nature, if the Hebrew fire once gets fair headway in it, burns unquenchable as an anthracite coal mine." But Mr. Lowell's culture was too broad to make him a controversialist in every field of literature. He roved through the old English writers without observing the cloven hoof of feudalism at every turn. His knowledge was broad-based upon an active sympathy with the lives of the people; but he did not carry the sensitiveness of a young democracy into every corner of the sphere of letters. Hosea Biglow transported himself at will into the atmosphere of Chaucer, and Yankee idioms were superseded by a dispassionate inquiry into the origin of English metre. By the quality and extent of his scholarship, Mr. Lowell was distinguished amongst his compeers. By the dignity and urbanity with which he discharged his duties as an official representative of his country, he won the respect of all classes of Englishmen. His gift of speech, persuasive, picturesque, always exhaling the essence of delicate thought and observation, was not the least welcome expression of a rare personality. He represented that development of the New England mind in which the hard shell of Puritanism is penetrated by the glow of a healthier experience, and by a sympathetic vision, "without which all doctrine is chaff."

GLASGOW PROFESSORS AND THEIR WORK.

THE lines of Scotch Professors may truly be said to have fallen in pleasant places. To associate poverty with the Universities of Scotland is a great, if a popular mistake. There may be needy students north of the Tweed, as elsewhere, but so far as the Professors are concerned, it is safe to declare that in no country throughout the world do their salaries mount up to such a substantial sum. Inequalities no doubt exist. Thus in Glasgow the incomes range between £1,758 enjoyed by the Professor of Mathematics, and £500 by the Pro-

fessor of Astronomy, while in Edinburgh they range between £1,254 in respect of Greek, and £831 in respect of Rhetoric. But the averages, at all events in the Faculty of Arts, are high, being £1,337 for Glasgow, and £1,079 for Edinburgh. All this may be changed when the Ordinances now being drawn up by the University Commission come into force, but as yet the Glasgow Professor holds an enviable position. He finds himself first of all in possession of an income running into four figures. He has also a comfortable mansion in which to live within the precincts of the College, and admirable class-rooms for the accommodation of himself and his students. A splendid library and reading-room are at his disposal, while the situation of the buildings is unrivalled in any part of the city. As for his work, it rarely extends beyond six months in the year. He has, moreover, any advantage that flows from being connected with one of the most ancient Universities of the country—an institution whose history is inseparably associated, throughout its whole course, with the progress of modern ideas, seeing that its foundation, about the middle of the fifteenth century, was contemporaneous with the invention of the art of printing.

The present head of Glasgow University—Dr. John Caird—must be looked upon as no unworthy successor to the long line of able and distinguished men who have filled the office of Principal. Born at Greenock in 1820, Dr. Caird graduated at the College over which he now presides, and became minister of Newton-on-Ayr in his twenty-fifth year. He was called to the Church of Lady Yester's at Edinburgh in 1847, and it might have been thought that his great gifts would have speedily won recognition in the historic capital of the country. This was not the case, however; for two years after settling in Edinburgh he moved to the quiet parish of Errol, situated about half-way between Dundee and Perth. Up to that time, indeed, with all his marvellous eloquence, Dr. Caird had failed to find his way to the hearts of the people. He was looked upon as but little above the ordinary run of pulpit orators. In illustration of this a good story has been preserved. While at Errol, Dr. Caird discovered that the acoustic properties of the church were by no means of the best, and, his congregation being scanty, he suggested to the beadle that an improvement might be effected by boarding up one of the side aisles. "That may do all very well for you," replied the shrewd old Scotchman, "but what will we do for room if we should get a popular preacher to follow you?" If the beadle lived to follow Dr. Caird's career, and to see him acknowledged not only as the greatest preacher of his time, but as the eminent chief of Glasgow University, he may have come to the conclusion that at Errol he entertained a genius unawares.

Dr. Caird came to Glasgow in 1857, was appointed Professor of Divinity five years later, and has held the post of Principal since 1873. Unlike some of his predecessors, Dr. Caird holds no ministerial charge in connection with the Principalship, but he preaches once a month in the University chapel during the session, and the calls made upon his services in other quarters are far greater than he can overtake. He is not a prolific author, the only works from his pen, besides a volume of sermons, being an essay on the "Unity of the Sciences" and an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion." He exercises no control over the teaching work in the University, while his administrative labours may be said to consist in presiding over the deliberations of the Senate, and, in the absence of the Chancellor, over the meetings of the University Court. Dr. Caird might not find it easy to define his own duties, but his immediate predecessor, Dr. Barclay, had no such difficulty. When congratulated in 1858 on his appointment as Principal, Dr. Barclay said, in his own pithy way, "Oh yes, I deserve to be congratulated. There's a good house, a fair stipend, nothing to do, and six months' holiday."

Though amiable and genial in private life, an admirable host, and the teller of many good stories, Dr. Caird has never coveted public distinction or Church honours. He has more than once declined to become Moderator of the General Assembly, and he showed no hesitation in resigning the coveted position of Queen's Chaplain when he found that frequent calls to Balmoral seemed likely to interfere with the quiet tenor of his ways. He fills, however, and long may he continue to do so, a conspicuous place in the life of a great city and of its principal seat of learning.

Among the Professors, none possess a reputation at once so world-wide and so highly deserved as Sir William Thomson, who has held the chair of Natural Philosophy since 1846, and who, as President of the Royal Society, may be looked upon as the present chief of the scientific world. Though he obtained his early training at Glasgow University, Sir William is not a Scotchman, but an Irishman, having been born at Belfast, where his father was a teacher of mathematics before being appointed Professor of that branch of education in Glasgow. Sir William had a brilliant career at Cambridge, though he did not turn out, as evidently he himself and his friends believed he would have done, at the top of the list of Wranglers. "Who's second?" he is reported to have asked his gyp on the morning of the list appearing. "You," was the unexpected reply. But as Smith's prizeman, if not as Senior Wrangler, Sir William left Cambridge with high honours. Any attempt to enumerate the scientific papers he has written since then, the discoveries he has made in electrical and other sciences, the inventions of which he is the author, or the honours showered upon him from all parts of the world, would form an almost endless task. Suffice it to say that his name is associated with the first cable across the Atlantic, and with nearly all the great advances made in submarine telegraphy, that his Mariner's Compass is found on board of almost every ship, big or little, by which the ocean trade of the world is carried on, and that his marvellous "sounding machine" has saved many a vessel from drifting into deadly peril. Having achieved so much, it may be thought that Sir William might well be content to rest upon his laurels. But his active mind remains constantly at work, and just at the present moment he is bringing to completion an electric meter, which promises to enable engineers to measure electricity with as much ease and accuracy as gas has so long been measured. Socially, Sir William is a pleasant, agreeable man, and delights to entertain in his own house, or on board his fine schooner yacht, the hosts of distinguished friends who flock from far and near to do honour to this Gamaliel among the physicists of his day and generation. With all his great attainments, however, it must be confessed that Sir William is not an altogether successful teacher. He has a habit of firing above the heads of his students and of leaving the more immediate subject under discussion in order to indulge in many of the scientific theories with which his busy brain seems teeming. His hurried and involved style prevents the students from taking many instructive notes, and too often lands them in a fog. A story goes that at the time Sir William was knighted, he had an assistant called Day, whose teaching was much more enjoyed than that of the Professor. On Sir William's return from his interview with the Queen in London, he met with a hearty reception from his students, but he failed to understand the peal of laughter that followed the cheering, until he happened to glance at the black-board in the corner of which a class wag had written—"Work while ye have Day, for the 'Knight' cometh when no man can work!"

Turning from the Faculty of Arts to that of Theology, the most conspicuous figure is found in Dr. Dickson, the venerable Professor of Divinity. Dr. Dickson is well known as the translator of "Mommson's History of Rome," as joint-editor of "Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament," and

as the author of a remarkably erudite work on "St. Paul's use of the terms Flesh and Spirit." He is also acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished German scholars in Great Britain, and so carefully has he assimilated the works of German authors that the students gain from his lectures a more accurate and fairly balanced statement of the latest phases of German theological thought than can be obtained from any other Professor in the kingdom. It is a question, however, whether Dr. Dickson's immense erudition in this respect does not weaken his teaching power—whether, in fact, he does not pay the penalty of learning in a want of mental perspective and a Germanised style. But with all its imperfections his teaching is sound and has blended with it a large amount of genial, if dry and scholastic, humour. Once asked by a student whether he ought to write in classical or ecclesiastical Latin, the Doctor replied, "What is expected now-a-days is ecclesiastical Latin of the Middle Ages, a little *Anglified*!" He is said to be lenient to a fault in criticising the exercises of his students, and generally concludes, after referring favourably to the style and substance, "But both are capable of a little improvement." Even his colleagues occasionally fall under the lash of the Doctor's genial wit. Referring recently to a particular theory advanced by one of them, he ingeniously remarked, "This theory is no doubt of great ingenuity, but I am not aware that it has been accepted by the majority of recent commentators." The College Library, of which he acts as Curator, is Dr. Dickson's congenial sphere. His knowledge of the books it contains, as indeed of all books, is unsurpassed. He has lately prepared an admirable catalogue of the library, and to him this arduous work must have been a labour of love. Dr. Dickson has all through life shown a keen interest in libraries. Even when a lad at St. Andrews, he suggested many improvements in the library of that University which were adopted by Sir David Brewster. In his case, indeed, it may truly be said that the boy was father to the man. Dr. Dickson's kindly disposition and unaffected goodness make him beloved by his students. While other Professors may come in for any amount of good-humoured chaff in the pages of the "Student's Magazine," Dr. Dickson is invariably treated with respect. Only the other day, in referring to the Doctor's recovery from illness, the editors wrote, "It is with feelings of great satisfaction that they perceive the re-establishment of his health and vigour, and their wish is that he may long be spared genially to connect what is best in the religious life and thought of the past with the pressing troubles of the present."

In selecting a representative of the other great faculty of the University—that of Medicine—no difficulty need be found. Professor Gairdner is not only the oldest occupant of a chair in this faculty, but he is also acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished physicians in the country. Besides being the author of valuable works on "Clinical Medicine" and "Some of the Modern Aspects of Insanity," Dr. Gairdner has paid great attention to sanitary questions, his book on "Public Health in Relation to Air and Water" being regarded as a standard publication on the subject. In teaching power he has few rivals. Being profoundly and intimately acquainted with the literature of medicine, both ancient and modern, his lectures are remarkable for philosophic breadth of view, and for the lucidity with which he explains the principles of the healing art in their application to special cases. They are valuable, moreover, in leading the minds of his students to look beyond immediate symptoms to ultimate causes, and so to treatment striking at the very roots of the disease. Possessed of such faculties, it is not surprising to learn that Dr. Gairdner has, throughout the whole of his career, commanded the enthusiasm of his students and carried them with him in all his teaching. Winning in manner, genial and kindly in disposition, the Doctor is also most careful and thorough

in diagnosis of disease. In addition to his duties as Professor of Practice of Medicine in the University, Dr. Gairdner acts as Physician of the Western Infirmary, and holds the office of Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Scotland. When the British Medical Association held its annual meeting in Glasgow two years ago, Dr. Gairdner was appointed President, and the address he delivered on that occasion takes high rank amongst the many brilliant orations connected with the annals of the Society. It may be added that Dr. Gairdner belongs to the small circle of professional men who have declined Royal honours. When Knighthoods were being conferred with a free hand during the Jubilee year, one of them was offered to the Doctor, but he courteously refused to accept it, feeling doubtless that no title could add to the lustre of the high position he so deservedly occupies in the estimation of the public and of his University.

LAMENNAIS.

WITHOUT question, Félix de Lamennais is one of the most interesting figures in the history of the nineteenth century. In it, he seems not of it. He is like a Hebrew prophet born out of due time. In the keenness of his spiritual vision, the ardour of his religious zeal, the fierceness of his invective, he has much more in common with Isaiah or Ezekiel than with any of the moderns. To friends and foes alike, the living man was an enigma. In the earlier phase of his life, when the world saw in him the strenuous defender of Papal absolutism, the Church, from the first, gravely mistrusted him. In the latter, when he was among the most conspicuous apologists for democratic Radicalism, he was always more or less "suspect" to his Revolutionary allies. It is now well-nigh forty years since he passed away from the strife of tongues "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace." And we of this generation are certainly in a better position for judging of the man and of his work than were those of his contemporaries who saw in him a fallen priest or an apostle of Liberty. In the first place, we possess ampler materials for forming a judgment; and, in the second, there is more chance of our regarding him in a drier light, undimmed by sectarian passions and political prejudices. "Il restera dans l'histoire," writes Lacordaire to Madame Swetchini, "comme un monolithe brisé, ou comme cette statue de Memnon ensevelie dans le desert, dont on ne s'explique ni l'origine ni les relations avec aucun monument." Well, of course every man's life is a riddle of which the absolute key is not possessed either by himself or by anyone else. There are "things of a man" which even "the spirit of a man that is in him" does not know, much less any man without. Still, Lamennais is not so entirely inscrutable a figure as Lacordaire thought. We may, to some extent, piece together the broken monolith; we may, more or less, explain the origin and relations of the statue. Whatever details are hidden from us, we may at all events attain to a generally correct view of Lamennais' character and work.

We shall hardly, indeed, be helped much to such a view by the well-intentioned little book* which Miss Martineau has just given to the world. The "Paroles d'un Croyant" no doubt obtained an enormous success when it first appeared. But the success was a *succès de scandale*, owing chiefly to the circumstances of the time and the position of the author. The work has little merit beyond its impassioned earnestness. Its deliberately imitative, inflated style is essentially false. It is far inferior in depth and originality—in true prophetic insight—to the "Affaires de Rome," some pages of which may be taken as the high-water mark of Lamennais'

genius. Again, the "Livre du Peuple," with its flat, nay, flatulent declamation, is very poor stuff. "He feedeth on wind" must be said of anyone who seeks his spiritual sustenance there. Nor has Miss Martineau been much happier in her sketch of Lamennais than in her selections from his works. Writing from the point of view of Mazzini—whose well-known essay supplies the first part of her biographical introduction—the great fact about her hero seems to her this: that from a zealous priest of the Church of Rome he became what she calls "the priest of the Church universal." Without stopping to examine what kind of a functionary "a priest of the Church universal" may be, let us point out that the real key to Lamennais' character is to be found in two works which Miss Martineau apparently has not consulted: the "Letters," published in 1858 by M. Forgues, and the "Œuvres Inédites," given to the world eight years later by M. Blaize. The latter of these books is, for our present purpose, the more important. "The child is father to the man," and we owe to M. Blaize a multitude of details about Lamennais' early years which go far to explain what he afterwards became. A seven-months child, he was reared with difficulty, and was throughout his life in delicate health. Among other physical troubles, he suffered from a malformation, or rather displacement, of the epigastrium, which exercised an abiding influence upon his character. "D'une vivacité singulière et presque fébrile," writes M. Blaize, "résultat d'un tempérament nerveux exalté, il était, dans son enfance, fantasque, irritable, et sujet à des accès de colère, qui souvent se terminaient par des évanouissements. Il se tenait à l'écart des autres enfants: se mêlait rarement à leur jeux: un vague sentiment de sa supériorité se portait vers la solitude. Un jour il se promenait avec sa bonne dans les remparts de Saint-Malo: à l'aspect de la mer soulevée par une violente tempête, 'il crut voir l'infini et sentir Dieu.' Etonné de ce qui se passait dans son âme, il se retourna vers la foule et se dit en lui-même, 'Ils regardent ce que je regarde, mais ils ne voient pas ce que je vois.'" "The child is father to the man," indeed. These words of M. Blaize are a revelation of the depths of Lamennais' character: his insight, his superiority and his consciousness of it, his want of touch with the world, his exalted sensitiveness, his morbid irritability. Such were the elements of his spiritual being: no wonder that his life shaped itself as it did.

It was not until he was thirty-five that he was ordained priest: and then when he looked out over the divine vineyard which he had chosen for his portion and inheritance, the keen vision of the seer discerned what was hidden from the eyes of most men, while of men themselves his knowledge was elementary and his judgment untrue. He has himself told in the "Affaires de Rome" of the "voices issuing from the past, conveying to the ears of the young generation sounds which astonished them, vague words which they understood not." "Full of ardour and confidence," he adds, "they make for the point in the heavens where they see the dawn, leaving behind them the ghosts of what is no more, to creep away and utter their wailings in the night. An irresistible power impels them on." He saw how the new spirit, which had found its most memorable outlet in the French Revolution, was agitating all minds, influencing all hearts, fermenting throughout society, shattering in pieces old laws, overturning time-honoured institutions, sweeping away all obstacles which were put in its course. He saw the Church half-buried under the *débris* of the outworn order, her jurisdiction hampered by the civil powers, her authority ignored by her own children, her Supreme Pastor "obliged to temporise with her most dangerous enemies, and carried away into an ever-enlarging system of concession which must end in the ruin of Catholicism itself." The liberty of the Church was his ideal: and by its liberty he meant—what the great mediæval Pontiffs had meant—its entire independence of the civil power, and complete union

* "Words of a Believer, and The Past and Future of the People." By F. Lamennais. Translated from the French by L. E. Martineau, with a Memoir of Lamennais. Chapman & Hall

with the Papacy. The Apostolic Chair was the *ποῦ στῶ* whence, as he thought, Catholicism should again move the world. The Gallicanism still strong in France, which had found its formal expression in the famous Four Articles, he judged more disastrous to the Church than Protestantism itself. And of Protestantism this is his account: "Système batard, inconséquent, étroit, qui sous une apparence trompeuse de liberté se résout, pour les nations, dans le despotisme de la force, et pour les individus dans l'égoïsme." He knew that the Church, in olden times, had won her way to her more than imperial sway—to the force of popular influence. And such he deemed the only true basis of the power which is not political but moral, not carnal but spiritual. No other basis appeared to him possible. And he would have had the Sixteenth Gregory, like the Seventh Gregory, throw himself boldly upon the people and lead the revolutionary movement, which could not be, and should not be, held back. He forgot, what the Pope remembered, that there was all the difference in the world between the democracy of an age of faith and the democracy of an age of doubt. So far from adopting and carrying out his magnificent aspirations, Rome rejected and condemned them. And then, forgetful of the professions of absolute submission with which he and his companions had approached the Pontiff—"If one of their views, only one, differs from yours, they disown it, they abjure it; you are the rule of their doctrine; never have they held any other"—he left the Eternal City with war in his heart, casting off the dust from his feet as a testimony against the Power which he had up to that time served with all but adoring love, which, for the future, he was to assail with the bitterest invective. But, for good and for evil, his work had been done. Is not all our doing ineffaceable? It has gone from us; we cannot change it. The subsequent career of Lamennais may be truly called a blank. He formed no party. Not a single disciple accompanied him in his revolt against the Church. As a democratic leader he was an utter failure. By that curious irony so often observable in history, only the part of his work remains which, in his latter years, he would have most desired to destroy. To him, more than to any other man, is it due that French Gallicanism is a thing of the past, that the French Church has become Ultramontane.

OUT OF THE WORLD: IN A NEW DIRECTION.

THE journey in this case was not long—only up one flight of stairs, at the untimely hour of three in the afternoon, and with a condemned feeling that I would not be out of bed to-morrow.

The public would take no interest in the medical features of my illness, and the more serious personal reflections that accompany illness are not for talking about. I was quite as effectually out of the world as at Loch Sunart,* and had some experiences and reflections that may not be without general interest.

For one thing, I have had strange experience in the matter of bread-crumbs. Let the patient sit up for a minute or two and eat a piece of bread—every crumb from which falls on the coverlet—and let the bed be perfectly free from a single atom of loose matter, in half an hour these crumbs will be where they ought not. This is no whimper of a pampered Sybarite over a crumpled rose-leaf; bread-crumbs are not like rose-leaves at all; they are quite different. They are small, hard—very hard—countless, and possessed of an uncanny ubiquity. I call on Professor Huxley for an explanation. My nurse suggests that my beard, which is long, may form a ladder for them; but that most excellent of women is not a scientific person like Mr. Huxley.

Again, I have been much exercised about a distressing, meaningless corruption that has crept of

late into our noble language. So universal, or nearly universal, has it become, that I quite fear to mention it; but if any reader will produce the phrase "*later on*" from any good writer twenty-five or thirty years old, he will be handsomely rewarded. "On" what? If it be "the same day" or "the same occasion," that is all right; but this is not how the offensive expression has come to be used. There is nothing in the world expressed for the "on" to correspond with, nor can anything be reasonably supplied unless it were, "in the course of time," or "in the development of history." I am bold to affirm that in every case the offending "on" may be left out with advantage. I have tried it on book after book for years. If reading aloud or quoting a passage in which the wretched innovation occurs, I invariably leave out the "on." In reviewing books, I sometimes indulge the hope that the author, finding his "ons" omitted in my extracts, may bethink himself and amend his ways; but that is all I have done till now. Here at last I have uttered my protest and challenge.

Three faces have come up to me in wakeful hours out of that most mysterious treasure-house of the brain which we call memory. The first was simply ludicrous, the other two more serious. Long ago, when visiting that pleasant toy-capital, The Hague, I wished to look on what corresponds there to our Parliament, and an official at the door directed me to go up-stairs. I went, but must have taken the wrong stair, for when I reached the top of it, there was a soldier with a very bright bayonet guarding the door into the gallery. Such a soldier! His uniform was very new and bright, and no doubt quite complete, but he could not have transfixed a fly with that tremendous weapon which he pointed at my breast. He was fifteen years old—at the outside sixteen—with beautiful ruddy cheeks and light yellow hair, and such a simple smile all over his face. There he stood, holding out his armed musket, smiling more and more, and saying something which I am not ashamed to say I did not understand. (Believing the event connected with the name of Babel to be a curse, why should we perpetuate it? We are surely more in the way of duty when we compel the jabbering peoples of Europe, if they wish to finger our coins, to acquire the language of civilisation and of the approaching millennium.) But we quite understood one another: there was no mistaking the steel and the smile and the shake of the head. We returned the smile as best we could, though our powers in that direction were feeble compared with those of that dear lad whose cheeks were fresh with a mother's kisses, and went to the other stair.

Now, why should this sunny face have presented itself to me in bed after eleven years? I was not thinking of Holland or The Hague; yet there the face stands out, quite as clear as when seen, though it wants an hour of dawn and there is very little light in my room. It forms a good background for the other two faces, although I am quite sure I was not seeking it for any such purpose. I was not thinking of the other two: perhaps this one suggested them by force of contrast.

The next was that of a man about fifty, a face wearing on it certainly no impress of smiling innocence and goodwill. We had been standing on the shore at Puzjoli, gazing out on Baie and Ischia and Capri, thinking of that ship which, centuries ago, before the first irruption of Vesuvius, had rounded the point opposite Capri without scandalising her upper yards, and was thus known to be a big corn-transport from Egypt. We had thought of the motley crowd of passengers that ship had picked up at Malta, and of the landing just at the spot where we stood. We had turned our backs on the sea, and taken a few steps on the Appian Way toward the nearly extinct volcano of Solfatara. (Not quite extinct, however. Bits of sulphur we got out of it were very hot.) We had just poked a root of geranium out of the plaster in a high wall, when

* THE SPEAKER, September 6th, 1890.

a man put himself in front of us—very erect, with poor trousers strapped over broken boots, and a fearfully shabby frock-coat buttoned to the throat; no signs of linen at neck or wrists; a face bearing many scars, not all inflicted by steel; and an aggressively greasy pot-hat. He swung a thin, cheap cane in his right hand, and with a ferocious look offered himself as our guide to Solfatara. That he was an old soldier was plain at a glance; that he was compact of every vice one might have been ready to assume—but therein we might have wronged him. He was civil to us. Full of my most recent thoughts, I asked him, pointing to the shore—

"Do you know what great man once landed there?"

"San Paolo," he said at once.

"And what did St. Paul do here?"

"He predicated," was the answer, in imperfect English, but plain enough.

There is a survival! Nearly two millenniums have passed away; Tiberius is remembered in the Bay of Naples only by his excesses; the preaching of Paul has transformed Europe and America; and here, in the Puteoli where he landed a prisoner and abode seven days, his name and his work are at least known by one who might have been expected to know nothing of him.

The third face was a woman's. We had driven one February day from Nice to San Remo, and were coming back on the afternoon of the day following by train. Night fell as we passed Mentone, and the moon, wanting but a day of full, shone out gloriously. The little promontory of Monaco came in sight, sparkling with lines of light, and we were wholly absorbed—as who would not be?—in gazing on the blue water, the lights below, the multitudinous stars above the *ἀνάρκθρον γέλασμα*—"the countless laughings"—of the sea. Someone disturbed us by coming in at the door beside which our seat was. A woman, a lady, but what a face! Her figure was handsome still, and her features must have been beautiful once; but now! strange eyes, muddy this moment, sparkling the next: the skin a sodden white; the whole expression utter despair. It was a face not to be forgotten, however willing one might be to forget it. We turned quickly to the view outside, but all the grandeur and loveliness of external nature could not undo the vision of humanity at its worst. Presently the carriage was filled with the unmistakable odour of chloroform in some shape. The lady was snuffing at an ounce bottle, the lower part of which had still on it the paper in which the chemist had wrapped it. She talked to a gentleman beside her, talked of the tables, said she had had a run of bad luck for a month, and was going down to Nice for a last fling. He smiled, but she did not.

Now will a competent novelist, faithful to his art, take that Monte Carlo face; go back with it twenty years, to the days when this woman was a happy girl; other twenty, to the time when she was an innocent child; give the links leading to the condition in which I saw her, and tell her end? He needs nothing but knowledge of French life for background, and fidelity to human nature. It might do good.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN AT PLAY.

THAT our institutions are being democratised is a saying so trite as to need no reiteration. But though the process is going on upon so large a scale as to be clear to the most ordinary observer, it does not follow that the methods of its development are discerned with equal clearness, or that the manner in which some of the most powerful forces hitherto enlisted are working is as completely recognised as it might be. To get at the root of social and political movements in England, it is well to watch the nation not only at work, but at play. The hours in which

toil slackens and the nature unbends will always, to those who can read aright, supply invaluable indications of national character; and this must be especially true of a nation which, in spite of the Puritan episode, has clung tenaciously to active and pronounced forms of recreation. Nobody who has observed the operations of cricket, football, and athletic competitions will deny that these amusements have expressed national traits and fostered national characteristics; or that field sports—shooting, hunting, nay even horseracing with its concomitant of betting—provide at once an outlet and a means of expression for passions which lie deep-rooted in the Anglo-Saxon race. In the same way the amusements of the rising generation, and the manner in which the youngsters of to-day dispose of their leisure time, are a source from which we may learn much as to the forces that will influence coming years.

The question then arises—What is the English youth busy about just now? He is *sitting upon committees*. And what is more, his sisters and his cousins, and perhaps even his aunts, are sitting upon committees too. The infection has spread through the land, and down to the very street Arabs and rough factory girls collected by public-spirited persons into clubs and guilds, all are sitting upon committees. The whole nation is one vast network of parliaments; and, if we mistake not, a faithful imitation of their elders in this particular has become fashionable in the nursery, where committee meetings upon the affairs of their dolls have usurped the attention formerly given to marrying off "Clara" and "Marjorie," holding choral services, and "burying Papa." Perhaps, after all, we may study morals most fruitfully in the nursery, where no small infusion of social philosophy may frequently be observed, and whence side lights of a highly instructive nature are cast upon current manners and customs. It is during the school age, however, that the committee fervour is in full blast. There boys weld the chains which bind them faster than any that they would endure of home manufacture. The solemnity of these youngsters over the decisions of their self-chosen authorities is such as to make their elders bite their lips and turn away, lest a smile should bewray them. It may be the football, the cricket committee, or the committee of the cycling club; but whatever be the precise nature of the governing body, it need have no fear lest its behests should not be obeyed. The High Court of Parliament wins no greater respect than these mannikin assemblies, and the dread of their displeasure is sometimes comic to witness. The girls, too, are not a whit behind their brothers. The institution of high-schools is responsible for the growth of an *esprit de corps* to which girls were formerly strangers, and the result of being associated in large numbers has been to arouse the instinct of self-government, and to cause the girls to band themselves together for purposes of amusement and sometimes of philanthropy. The inevitable committee arrives upon the scene, and maidens with tresses still unbound may be seen debating, moving resolutions, and taking minutes with the gravity of senators, and with much more decorum than is occasionally exhibited by the great institution whose miniature copies they are.

It would be a foolish philosopher who should laugh at these mimic parliaments. The boys—ay, and the girls too—are learning to be good citizens, and learning it in the best of ways—by teaching themselves. In no other manner could the methods of self-government be so well acquired, and the orderly habit of mind engendered by the constant practice of common deliberation is a piece of simply invaluable education. Their teachers may be hammering away at Latin or arithmetic, lamenting, no doubt, the dull brains which refuse to absorb learning, except at the slowest possible pace; but meanwhile the owners of the dull brains have taken matters into their own hands and are pursuing their

education upon lines not designed by their pastors and masters. Tom does his quantum of Latin, and, as long as he escapes absolute disgrace, cares little how small a fraction of his intelligence he bestows upon the task; the full powers of his mind are reserved for framing the rules of the cycling club and deciding whether or not Jones minor shall be allowed to play in the eleven. These matters settled, he takes his supper with a sense of "something accomplished, something done," which no school success could supply, and prepares himself with patience to render unto Caesar or Xenophon the dues which an incomprehensible fate compels him to give to those, to him, eminently uninteresting personages. The real business of life, however, he considers, is meanwhile at a standstill.

Who shall say that he is not right? It is at least an open question whether the education that goes on in the playground is not quite as fruitful in good results as that which is carried on in the schoolroom. There the boy learns to meet his fellows, to bear his part in common amusements, to contend without bad temper, and to subordinate self to party. To these educating influences is now added, in instinctive conformance to the spirit of the time, precisely the kind of training which is most needed for the formation of good citizens. In view of recent developments of self-government, the increased power of municipalities and the new responsibilities thrown upon local organisations throughout the kingdom, there could be no better preparation for the duties of a citizen than the practice in the transaction of business, the familiarity with methods of corporate action, which our schoolboys and schoolgirls are thus unconsciously acquiring. When our elementary schools have developed their social life sufficiently to induce the formation of similar habits to a greater extent than at present, they too will be bearing their full share in the training of our citizens. Hitherto the class-room has been too much the be-all and end-all of their existence, and the cause of real education has been retarded thereby.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

IV.—WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE CRITICS?

THE authors are going to have a nice little club in Piccadilly all to themselves. I have heard that critics are to be eligible for it; but, if this is so, I do not think that many critics will dare to avail themselves of the opportunity. Where there are clubs, there are dining-rooms; and where there are dining-rooms, there are table-knives. Critics cannot be expected to run needless risks. Even if there were no danger, there would be unpleasantness. It would be trying for a poor little critic to enter the smoking-room, and to see six authors with an archdeacon at their head walk out in disgust and dignity. Besides, critics are not so well paid as authors; they cannot afford to dress so well; they would probably steal the authors' hats.

But something ought to be done for the critics. They suffer much. First, their nerves suffer. They have to read horrible stories about murders, and ghosts, and mesmerism. This is ruin to the nerves of critics. They go skipping lightly through the first volume, fall into something awful, and are brought home on shudders. Nobody cares. Then, again, their opinions suffer; they have their dearest convictions assaulted by agnostical novels; Robert Elsmere knocks their creed into space, and Miss Edna Lyall catches it as it drops. Lastly, their hearts suffer from lacerations. The heroine, in her simple dress of some soft, white clinging material, makes, perhaps, her innocent little mistake. We all know what that mistake is. She sees through the foliage in the dimly-lighted conservatory the hero (it is not really the hero) kissing (if it is the hero, he is not really kissing, but re-

moving a fly from the eye) her black-haired rival. (If it is the hero, and he is kissing, then it is not the rival but his own sister.) She goes to her room, and flings herself on her bed, and at last finds the relief of tears. All this tells on the critics. They want to soothe her and comfort her; or to wring her neck; or to do something to stop her. All this suffering is inseparable from the critic's regular work.

It is obvious that it is not exactly a club which the critics require. It seems to be rather a hospital or, perhaps, an asylum. It must be some place where they will be treated kindly, and where each critic can be kept apart from the rest. If they are kept together, they will fight. I have examined certain articles on criticism by critics, and I find that in all of them the writer seems to be trying to say two things especially:—

1. My criticism and French criticism is good.
2. The other is bad.

Now it is clear that critics who disapprove of one another to this extent cannot safely be kept together. That is the advantage of the asylum. Each could have a separate cell—a padded cell. The authors might provide the padding out of their books, perhaps. But, on the other hand, there is the question of expense to be considered. Critics, as has been already pointed out, are not rich men. If the authors provided the padding, they might think that they had done enough; they are frequently inclined to think this. A cemetery would be kept up at much less cost than an asylum. There would only be the initial expense for the ground, and possibly some kind novelist would provide a little plot. It could be planted with wheat and tares, wild oats, and other serials. The inscriptions would cost very little, because English criticism is so shockingly anonymous; and the tombstones would naturally take the form of a broken column. There is much to be said for the project, but it is to be feared that the authors would bring it into contempt. They would call the critics' cemetery the "Saintsburying Ground," and that would never do.

It is really very difficult to say what we can do for the critics. It is a question which has not been debated sufficiently. People more often ask *how* they can do for the critics. During the dull season perhaps we may be able to get up some correspondence on the subject.

THE WEEK.

MR. LOWELL was so well known in London society that he might almost have claimed to pass muster as an Englishman. He was very popular as a diner-out, and those persons who in recent years were invited to meet him in Belgravia and Mayfair justly esteemed themselves fortunate. His talk was lively, authoritative, bristling with facts and illustrations. Perhaps it was suggestive of the critic rather than the poet; for it was only to his intimate friends, or when moved out of his common mood, that MR. LOWELL revealed those "silent silver lights undreamed-of" which were hidden from the common gaze. In the many notices of his life which have appeared in the daily papers comparatively little attention has been paid to the wonderfully beautiful speech which he delivered at the great meeting of American citizens held in London after the assassination of PRESIDENT GARFIELD. No more exquisite prose elegy was ever pronounced upon a public man, and to read it in the columns of the newspapers was a delight to mind and soul. But the speech was badly delivered, and the Americans who were privileged to listen to it failed to perceive its beauty. All their applause was given to an Episcopalian bishop who had mastered the tricks of the platform.

Now here verily is a strange thing. It has seemed good to the literary critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*

to suggest that the plot of "Friend Perditus," a story in which the main incident turns upon a man's temporary loss of memory, must have been taken from MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S "Witch of Prague," in which the same incident occurs. Surely this particular plot is as old as the hills. It has been used in our own time by such writers as MR. CLARK RUSSELL and MR. CHARLES READE, and it was used more than once before either of these authors was born. The critic himself must have been suffering from the affliction which befell Friend Perditus when he penned his egregious statement.

THE *Times* on Thursday morning drew attention to the fact that "The Last Great Naval War," a booklet which professes to give an account of a struggle to the death between England and France, had been published on the eve of the visit of the French fleet to our shores. We believe that this coincidence was quite unintentional. Happily, there is nothing in MR. "NELSON SEAFORTH'S" brilliant little book which can wound the legitimate susceptibilities of the French. Indeed, it is rather Englishmen who might complain that so brilliant and able a strategist, so clever a writer, and so thorough an expert in knowledge of our naval affairs, should have published to the whole world the tactics which must undoubtedly be followed if England should ever have the misfortune to find herself at war with France. The book has only been out a few days; but is already being talked of everywhere, and bids fair to rival "The Battle of Dorking" in popularity. In every other respect it surpasses that over-praised pamphlet.

IN introducing to the English reader TOLSTOI'S study of Russian peasant character and satire on the fads and extravagances of modern society in the land of the Muscovite, translated by Dr. Dillon under the title of the "Fruits of Enlightenment," MR. PINERO puts some things very well. The modern English playwright has not been in the habit of publishing his plays, because of the injurious condition of the American copyright law, which, till now, has constituted the publication of his play a serious financial loss, and because the public likes to take its reading easily. To imagine a great character or a grand scene, in SHAKESPEARE or WEBSTER, demands a more exhausting mental effort than the realisation of a creation of THACKERAY or DICKENS. This intellectual indolence of the public MR. PINERO would like to see overcome, for he thinks the dramatic form is the nearest approach to the actual reproduction of life, and therefore the most natural setting for the study of character and incident.

WHAT will the novelists do if people begin to read dramas instead? Will the extraordinary time then arrive, imagined by a fantastic individual, when people will be paid to *read* novels?

BUT MR. PINERO, as becomes an earnest artist, is anxious to see our acting plays published, because authors, conscious that their plays will be subjected to the cool and critical analysis of the study, will feel it incumbent upon them to pay closer attention to the literary quality of their labours; and also because they will be strengthened in their artistic purpose by feeling that there is now open to them a medium of appeal from the occasionally hastily formed and indefinite verdict of the theatre to the well-weighed, deliberate, and final judgment of the reading public.

It housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

WHY is LAMARTINE not read? asks M. RAOUL ROSIÈRES. This, his centenary year, produced plenty of harangues, and memorial verses, and panegyrics; yet from every quarter came the cry, "No one reads LAMARTINE to-day." The main reason is, doubtless, as M. ROSIÈRES has it, that LAMARTINE had not sufficient genius to invent an ideal world; nor was he able to concentrate in his verse the spirit of his time. "That young man's language," said DE MAISTRE, after reading LAMARTINE'S first volume, "is exquisitely adapted for the expression of his ideas. We shall see what he will do when the age of ideas comes." The age of ideas never came, however. His first volume, "Meditations," remains the best of his works. It is quite conventional in thought, and repeats the characteristic imagery of the later poets of the eighteenth century; but although the amount, the value, is the same, he has exchanged for the copper coin of his predecessors pieces of gold.

ARE we forgetting in the vogue of GENERAL MARBOT that there were others who wrote memoirs of France's great period? MESSRS. PLOX, NOURRIT & Co. publish a collection of memoirs of the *ancien régime*, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration, the whole forming a gossiping history of France. Beginning with COUNT DE CHEVERNEY, "introducer of ambassadors," in the reign of LOUIS XV., we can follow French history, home and foreign, through more than two dozen volumes of memoirs, souvenirs, documents, and all manner of *écrits divers* by the DUCHESS DE TOURZEL, governess of the royal infants from 1789-95; by the MARCHIONESS DE MONTAGU, who saw the actors in the French Revolution "neither through the large nor the small end of the telescope," but with her own eyes; by BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE, who would not bend to NAPOLEON; by LA ROCHEJACQUELIN; by METTERNICH, and a bevy of lords and ladies, concluding with the MARQUIS DE VILLENEUVE'S "Charles X. and Louis XIX.," a very lively picture of the Court of the exiled BOURBONS.

IN his new novel, "Le Mari de Jacqueline" (CHARPENTIER), ANDRÉ THEURIET, who is a sort of French WILLIAM BLACK, returns to the unsophisticated dwellers among the fields and woods, as in his popular "Reine des Bois." JACQUELINE DE NOIREL, the heroine, is plain-looking, poor, dowdyish, ignorant of books and of the world, with nothing to say for herself, and yet she gains our interest and sympathy. M. THEURIET in his tenderness for women and their faults reminds us of JEAN PAUL *minus* his spirituality.

SINCE ALPHONSE DAUDET came up to Paris from the South of France, the land of Tartarin has sent out no more promising writer than M. PAUL ARÈNE. What has hitherto been most noted about his work is the success with which—having caused the Durance to flow, as it were, in the channel of the Seine—he has annexed Paris to Tarascon. "He is the most Parisian of Provençals, and the most Provençal of Parisians;" and Parisian and Provençal have collaborated in his new work, "Les Ogresses" (CHARPENTIER), the former supplying the observation, and the latter the fantastic matter. It is a satire on women, witty, poetical, very one-sided, but never rancorous.

Two recently published books dealing with the Revolution are M. MAURICE ALBERT'S "French Literature under the Revolution, etc.," and "Orators and Tribunes," by M. VICTOR DU BLED, with a preface by M. JULES CLARETIE, both issued by CALMANN LÉVY. The former was delivered as lectures to young ladies, with this result among others—that in a study of ALFRED DE MUSSET, unable to describe DE MUSSET as he was, M. ALBERT has succeeded to

perfection in describing him as he was not. M. DUBLED's book is anecdotic—a mosaic, none the less artistic because it is constructed of fragments.

MR. WILLIAM SMART has followed up his admirable translation of PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK's "Capital and Interest" with a version of his "Positive Theory of Capital" (MACMILLAN). PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK's purpose in this work is to find for the vexed problem of interest a solution which invents nothing and assumes nothing, but simply and truly attempts to deduce the phenomena of the formation of interest from the simplest natural and psychological principles of economic science. MR. SMART finds that PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK's theory challenges attention by the originality of its ideas and the thoroughness of its treatment.

THE prose translation of the Iliad issued by MESSRS. PERCIVAL & CO. was the literary work of MR. PURVES's life. Begun in 1871, it was completed, after many interruptions, in 1884. DR. EVELYN ABBOTT is the editor, and introduces the translation with an exhaustive analysis of the Iliad.

SHAKESPEARE and BURNS at least among our great poets have been honoured with a Concordance. WORDSWORTH, as yet, has only a "Dictionary," published by the author, MR. J. R. TUTIN, of Hull, who was already known as being responsible for several similar enterprises. MR. TUTIN's useful volume contains indices to all WORDSWORTH's allusions to persons and places, arranged in sections to facilitate reference; a collection with index of all the familiar quotations; an appendix containing a hitherto unpublished cancelled version of the "Ode to Duty," and other matter. The edition is limited to six hundred copies.

WILLIAM OGILVIE, of Pittensear, a Professor in Aberdeen in the eighteenth century, whose name is hardly known now even in Scotland, wrote an "Essay on the Right of Property in Land," in which he forestalled MR. HENRY GEORGE. This pamphlet, under the title of "Birthright in Land," is published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & CO., with biographical notes by MR. D. C. MACDONALD, of Aberdeen. OGILVIE, on account of his advanced opinions, lived practically as an exile in his own country.

WE are promised a Conservative comic weekly on the lines of the American *Puck*, to be called *Big Ben*. Why not call it *The Primrose*? MR. W. ALLISON, formerly of *St. Stephen's Review*, who is to be editor, ought not to be in a hurry with his first number. He should wait and take a lesson from MARK TWAIN, who, rumour has it, is about to start a comic paper in London to teach us "how to do it."

A FRENCH PROPHET OF EVIL.

PARIS, August 11th.

THAT "old men are not always wise" is as true now as when it was first said, but old people are generally interesting and often delightful. When a man has spent a long life in the service of his country and in the pursuit of learning, his experiences cannot but be worth hearing. If retired from the active pursuit of politics, the judgment of a veteran has a special worth; with nothing to gain or lose, in a personal sense, during the few remaining years of life, opinions become singularly dispassionate.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire is now in his eighty-sixth year. The last decade has made little difference

in his external appearance, which is still remarkable for its robustness. Free, happily, from infirmities—save a long-standing defect in one eye—the aged scholar is able to pursue his studies and fulfil his engagements with scrupulous assiduity and exactitude. Winter and summer he rises before daybreak, lights his fire, makes his coffee, and sits down in his study to commune with the immortal spirits of the past.

On entering the library, bequeathed to his friend and pupil by the philosopher Cousin, one has a sensation of antiquity. This hoary head and strong face with massive jaw suggest the busts of Cato and Seneca. The impression is intensified as the visitor runs his eye over the sculptured images of the wise men and deities of Hellas surmounting the book-cases. By long commerce with the originals or their exponents, the occupant has not only imbibed the genius of ancient Greece, but also taken on its outward form. For, as he says, in reply to a reference to the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, questioning the authenticity of the lately-discovered Aristotelian papyrus: "When one has lived in intimacy—so to speak—with Aristotle all one's life, it is not possible to mistake his style. You, for instance, would not confound a passage of Macaulay with a play of Shakespeare, no more than we should the writings of Voltaire and Bossuet. The article in the *Edinburgh* displays great learning and pains to elucidate the subject, but I do not agree with the writer's conclusion that he was not in presence of a genuine work of Aristotle."

But, besides having studied the great Grecian all his life, M. Saint-Hilaire has been Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is true that this is now ten years ago, during the eventful period of the Tunisian occupation, for which stroke of policy the executor of the high works of President Grévy is by no means disposed to go into sackcloth and ashes. He still follows the course of affairs, domestic and foreign, with an eager and somewhat troubled eye, and is not slow to come to a conclusion on the whole matter. When Prince Bismarck was so summarily got rid of last year the *ci-devant* French Minister thus judged the situation:—"I told my colleagues in the Senate: 'The sole reason which can have induced the Emperor to part with his Chancellor is that M. de Bismarck was opposed to a Russian alliance.' And events have proved this to be the case, in despite of the apocryphal letter of the Prince printed by the *Figaro* (which has since been denied by its alleged author). Russia has never forgiven, and never will forgive, M. de Bismarck for his conduct at the Congress of Berlin, and the Prince knows it. Moreover, he knows what Germany has to fear from Russia, and so was not pleased to see the young Kaiser so eager to make advances to the Czar."

"And you say the same thing about France, Monsieur?" In this respect M. Saint-Hilaire has never varied. He may have become more sceptical as to the fitness of his countrymen for Republican institutions; he has never wavered about the impolicy of an alliance between Muscovite despotism and Gallic democracy. "Let there be no mistake about this," repeats the aged statesman, "Russia wants Constantinople, and France desires her lost provinces; a bargain is to be struck on this basis—understood if not expressed—in which we stake the independence of our country. For if defeated, as would be most likely, we should be dismembered; France would suffer the fate of Poland. It is absurd to suppose that there is any less issue at stake. Russia has not renounced her aspirations, and never will until they are attained. It was to prevent this, the seizure of the key of the world, as Napoleon called it at the Congress of Erfurt, that we sacrificed the lives of 100,000 soldiers in the Crimea. When I think of the future I fear for my country"—and the solemn features of the gazer into futurity assumed the aspect of a seer. "Yes," he repeated, in mystical manner, "I see it all, clear before me."

It is easy to smile at these visions as it was to laugh at Heine's prophecy of the burning of Paris, but who shall say what the future may not have in store? When one has been born under the shadow of the Revolution, and lived to see Kings and Emperors driven from their thrones, and Anarchy set up on high, the mind must be prone to foresee things darkly. To the eye of the philosopher the prospects of his country are not reassuring. There is the old proneness to run after phantasies, to imagine vain things, and to cherish delusions. Ministers go about the country repeating their little sayings, happy if by chance they say a good thing. Boulanger is done for, but Boulangism is not extinct. If the man had not been a rogue he would have succeeded. The people are no more Republican to-day than they were thirty years ago; they simply ask to be governed. The President—but here we trench on delicate ground, and it is best not to repeat that “a perfectly honest man can become a perfect—” Also on the rivalry of his successors, about which some pithy words were spoken, it is well to draw the veil. It is not material for gossip, but matter for instruction that we look for in the house of the sage.

Reverting to the dominion of letters, we once more have occasion to remark the wonderful freshness and lucidity of the old scholar's mind. He repeats from memory the various editions of the Dictionary of the Academy—1693, 1715, 1834, 1878—confirming his recollection by reference to the great work in his library, which in every case proved correct. He tells of his collaboration with Littré for sixty-five years—“that lay Benedictine who worked thirteen or fourteen hours a day, and left a monument far more *savant* than our dictionary”—he hits off a rapid sketch of his colleagues in the Palais Mazarin still engaged over the letter A, and pronounces the scheme of the “Dictionnaire historique” to be *une folie*.

In a rapid survey over the face of the globe, the sagacious student dwells with pride and pleasure on the work performed by England. Incidentally we are assured that it is a mistake that England or the English are so unpopular as writers like Paul de Cassagnac and Charles Laurent would make us believe. He, almost alone among his countrymen, rejoices that “you exclude the works of M. Zola, to prohibit the sale of obscene pictures.” The moralist regrets that he cannot see the trace of a like spirit here. As a thoughtful student, this experienced observer acknowledges that the day will come when the British Empire shall become a thing of the past; but he hopes that all Britannia's children will bear proudly their heritage, and avert the knell of doom by maintenance of the traditional qualities of the race. All these, and many other, things are said by this lively octogenarian, who goes to spend the vacation with Mlle. Dosne, Mme. Thiers' sister.

A CORRECTED CONTEMPT.

THE whistles had sounded, and we were already moving slowly out of St. David's Station, Exeter, to continue our journey westward, when the door was pulled open and a brown bag, followed by an over-dressed young man, came flying into the compartment where I sat alone and smoked.

The youth scrambled to a seat as the door slammed behind him; remarked that it was “a near shave;” and laughed nervously, as if to assure me that he found it a joke. His face was pink with running, and the colour contrasted unpleasantly with his pale sandy hair and moustache. He wore a light check suit, a light-blue tie knotted through a “Mizpah” ring, a white straw hat with a blue ribbon, and two diamond finger-rings, doubtfully genuine. One felt that, in moments of candid self-communion, he owned his appearance to be

“rather nobby.” Being conscious, however, that it needed a few repairs, he opened the brown bag, pulled out a duster and flicked away for half-a-minute at his brown boots. Next, with a handkerchief, he mopped his face, and wiped round the inner edge first of his straw hat, and then of his collar and cuffs. After this he stood up, shook his trowsers until they hung with a satisfying gracefulness, produced a cigar-case—covered with forget-me-nots in crewel work—and a copy of the *Sporting Times*, sat down again, and asked me if I could oblige him with a light.

I think the train was passing Dawlish before the cigar was fairly started, and his pink face hidden behind the pink newspaper. But even then his manœuvres allowed me no rest. Between me and the wholesome sea his diamond rings kept flirting round the edge of the *Sporting Times*, his brown boots shifting their position on the cushion in front of him, his legs crossing, uncrossing, recrossing, his cigar-smoke rising in quick, uneasy puffs.

Between Teignmouth and Newton Abbot this restlessness increased. He dropped some cigar-ash on his waistcoat and arose to shake it off. Twice or thrice he picked up the paper and set it down again. As we ran into Newton Abbot Station, he came over to my side of the carriage and scanned the small crowd upon the platform. Suddenly his colour mounted to a furious crimson blush.

The train stopped, and he hesitated for a moment; then bent across, and, opening the carriage door, stepped out.

A little old man with an insignificant face, a greenish-black suit that spoke eloquently of continued depression in some village retail trade came tottering up, his watery eyes full of pride and gladness.

“Whai, Chorley, lad, there you be, to be shure—an', gude 'eart alaive! if I han't been glazin,' these vorty zeconds at a girt stranger chap, thinkin' he mus' be you. Shaake your old father's fist, lad. You'm lookin' as peart as a gladdy—ee's fay you be.”

The youth, consumed with a miserable shame, put his hand into his father's, and tried to withdraw him a little up the platform, so as to be out of hearing.

“Noa, noa; we'll bide where us be, zoa's to be handy vur th' train when her ztarts off. Her don't stay no while, to menshun. I vound Zam Grigg zarvin' here as porter—you mind Zam? Danged if I knowed en, at vurst, the vace of en 's that altered; but her zays to me, ‘how be gettin' on, Izaac?’ an' then I zaw who 'twas—an' us fell to talkin' 'bout how long the train ud stap here, an' th' upshot es that her staps vaive minnits—”

His son interrupted him with mincing haughtiness.

“Ow's mothaw?”

“Weist an' aillin,' pore sowl—turble weist an' aillin'. Her'd ha' come to gie thee a kiss, if her'd been in a vit staate: but her's zent thee zumat—”

He searched the tail pockets of his threadbare coat, and produced a greasy paper of sandwiches and an apple. I saw the young man wince.

“Her reck'ned you'd veel a zinkin' i' the stommick, travellin' arl the waay from Hexeter to Plymouth. There,—stow it awaay. Not veelin' peckish? Never mind: there's plenty o' taime betwix' this an' Plymouth.”

“No, thanks.”

“Tut-tut, now—” There was a brief struggle, at the end of which the youth accepted the packet, on which spots of grease were slowly extending over the white paper wrapper. The little man looked wistfully up in his son's face: his eyes were full of love, but seemed to search for something.

“There, now, Chorley—Zimme I've been doin' arl the tarlk, an' your mother 'll be puttin' me dreescore o' questions, when I gets whome. How dost laike it, up to Hexeter; an how'st get along?”

“Oh, kepital—kepital. Give mothaw my love.”

“E'es shure. Fainely praised her'll be, when her

hears thee'rt zo naicely adrest. Her'd maäde up her maind, pore sowl, that arl your buttons ud be out, wi'out her to zee arter mun. But I declare thee'rt drest laike a topzawyer."

And with this, somehow, a silence fell between the two. The time ran on, and the old man, though he knew he would be cross-examined on every second as soon as he reached home, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and had not a word. The young counter-jumper mumbled a word or two and averted his eyes from his father's quivering lip, to stare up the platform.

At last the old man said—

"That there's a stubborn-apple you've got in your hand."

"Yes; so I see."

The guard shouted, "Take your seats, please," and held the door while they shook hands again. "Charley" leant out at the window as our train moved off.

"Her comes from the zeccond tree past th' inyon-bed—al'ays the vurst to raipen, that there tree."

The poor old man broke into something resembling a run as he followed our carriage to shout the next sentence.

"Turble bad zeason vur zaider!"

With that he halted at the end of the platform, and watched us out of sight. His son flung himself on the seat, and drew a long breath. It was twenty minutes before his blush faded, and he regained confidence enough to ask me for another match.

Just eighteen months after, I was travelling up to London in the Zulu express. There were half a dozen passengers in the compartment with me: and when we halted at Newton Abbot, another stepped in—an old man, in a black suit.

I recognised him at once. And yet he was changed, almost woefully. He had fallen away in flesh: the lines, I thought, had deepened beside his upper lip: and in spite of a glossier suit, he had the appearance of hopelessness which he had not worn when I saw him for the first time.

He took his seat, looked about him vacantly, and caught the eye of an acquaintance—a ruddy farmer, with thick grey side-whiskers—who nodded from the far corner.

"Travellin' up to Exeter?" asked this farmer, with a curiously gentle voice. The old man bent his head for "yes," and I saw the tears spring into his weak eyes.

"There's no need vur to ax your arrand," the other went on, dropping his tone almost to a whisper.

"Naw, naw. I be goin' up to berry en—e'es, vriends," he went on, looking around and asking, with that glance, the sympathy of all present, "to berry my zon, my clever zon, my only zon."

Nobody spoke for a few seconds. Then the kindly farmer observed—

"Aye, I've heerd zay 'a was clever to his traäde. Uxtable an' Co., his employers, spoke very han'some of en, they tell me. I can't call to maind, tho', that I've a-zet eyes 'pon the young man, since he was a little tacker."

The old man began to fumble in his breast-pocket, and drawing out a photograph, handed it across.

"That there's the last that was tuk of en."

"Pore young chap," said the farmer, holding up the likeness in front of him, and studying it; "pore young chap! Zuch a respectable youth to look at! They tell me 'a made ye a good son, too."

"Good?" The tears rolled down the father's face and splashed on his hands, trembling as they folded over the head of his stout stick. "Good? I b'lieve, vriends, ye'll call it good when a young man zends the third o' his earnin's week by week to help his parents. That's what my zon did, vrum the taim he left whome. An' presunts—never a month went by, but zome little gift ud come by the post-man; an' little 'twas he'd got to live 'pon, at the best, the dear lad—"

The farmer was passing back the photograph. "May I see it?" I asked: and the old man nodded.

It was the same face—the same suit, even—that had roused my contempt eighteen months before.

Q.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

COME up into the mountains. Set your feet
Light-heartedly upon their wrinkled floors,
And leave the valley to its smile. Be yours
To scale the trenches of the heavens and meet
The mighty wind upon its throned seat.

Come up into the mountains. Grief and care
Make haggard even the divinest vale,
And baffled hopes shall hardly lose their pale
Complexion in that soft and gentle air,
Having a need they may not cancel there.

Set them upon the mountains. Bid them climb,
Storey by cloudy storey, some vast hill,
And there, erect upon its pinnacle,
Deliver them to presences sublime
That know not space and have forgotten time.

AMROSE BENNETT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

SIR,—I have read with a pleasure I cannot indicate your leading article in your issue of last Saturday—"Home Rule To-Day." It is an article not only luminously clear, but it is also—and this is vastly better—an article luminously fair. You, an English Protestant Liberal, have no misgivings about the Irish Catholic priesthood; you say they have their shortcomings, certainly. Who is without shortcomings? Who *omni hora sapit*? You trust them, and wisely, because they are in their corporate capacity the best and the most influential upholders of the "civil orders" the world has ever had. An Englishman, and not a Catholic, you refuse to ignore what the English people owe to the Catholic Church. The things you love most—the keeping of the kingship within its own province, trial by jury, the legitimate upholding of the masses against the illegitimate action of the classes, the diffusion of education, etc.; all these things—England's glory to-day—came when England was but a young nation, and from the Catholic Church. You don't believe in the idiocy that would lead a Catholic to deal unfairly with a man simply because he happens to be a Protestant. The Tory party—English, Irish, and Scotch—in the days quite recent, spat upon Parnell; he was in its nostrils a filthy smell. To-day the said party upholds Parnell! Why—because of better thoughts—because it deems him right? No. To the Tory party Parnell will be always Parnell. But because he has become the evil spirit of discord among the Irish people, because he is doing his level best to keep from them what they are justly entitled to—if you will—fair government from without; or, if you prefer it, fair government from within, neither of which the Tory party seems willing to concede. The mandate that bids a man "do unto others as he would have others do unto him," seems to be outside the ken of the Tory party. The Irish people must still be—if this party can secure it—"the hewers of wood and drawers of water;" and because Parnell helps them to attain this end, they write him up. In vain! The end is coming, coming quickly, and the outcome of centuries of illwill, bitterness, and injustice will be the union—not again to be broken—of "John" and "Paddy."—Yours, Mr. Editor, ever faithfully,

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

August 10th, 1891.

M.P.'S. AS COMPANY DIRECTORS.

SIR,—With reference to the remarks in your issue of this week on members of the Government and members of Parliament being either journalists or directors of companies, I should like to say a few words.

I do not think anyone can justly object to any M.P. writing for the press. If he signs his articles he merely delivers a speech to a larger audience than he could address *vis à voce*, and unsigned articles are judged on their intrinsic merits.

The case of an M.P. who is the director of a company is a very different matter.

I think it is one of the scandals of the present day that so many men should enter Parliament merely to advance themselves financially by becoming more in request as directors of companies owing to the magic letters "M.P." after their names.

I must not give any names, but would refer your readers to the "Directory of Directors."

I think all M.P.'s should be disqualified by law from sitting on any board of directors.—I remain, your obedient servant,
J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, August 10th, 1891.

[OUR correspondent falls into the mistake of confounding legitimate commercial undertakings with bubble companies. It is not only as directors of business affairs that members of Parliament turn their position to account.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, August 14th, 1891.

TRULY we are all in a delightful mess. Mr. W. D. Howells writes an essay on "Criticism and Fiction," in which he begins by demonstrating that any remarks he may proceed to make can possess no value at all, and at once proceeds to make a number possessing very great value indeed. Next, because Mr. Howells' language is truculent rather than conciliatory, his English critics miss all advantage they might extract from his book, and begin to ask him unpleasant questions which are quite beside the mark. I confess myself one of those sinners. It seemed, a fortnight back, pertinent to ask him how on earth he reconciles with his fairly rigid theory of novel-writing the indiscriminate praise he bestows on every man, woman or child of American birth who happens to have written a book. But the question is of little moment, and clouds—as Mr. Howells' offensive *obiter dicta* cloud—many more important questions which might easily be discussed with serenity.

Again, let us observe the muddle which English novelists have made with the theories which Mr. Howells is not alone in holding. It is not so very long ago, after all, that the dove-cotes of our fiction were fluttered. Somebody shouted that we were sunk in convention, slaves of Mr. Mudie, producers of boarding-school literature, etc. etc.—the phrases already stick in the throat, so persistently have they been repeated. And really the energy with which our novelists at once cast about and tried to be French, tried to be Russian, tried to be naughty and bold and bizarre, tried to be everything but what God made them, must appal anyone who looks back on the work of the last two years or so.

Take Mr. Hardy, for instance—Mr. Hardy whose beautiful phrase haunted the memory, whose tales contained the sweet essences of English pastoral life, and whose heroines sprang from the soil, capricious, captivating, and quite sufficiently naughty. He took the alarm. It seems but a few weeks since he began to show signs of it, and wrote a plea for a locked book-case. He, the creator of Fancy and Bathsheba and Eustacia and Grace Melbury demanded a cupboard in which to be French. This was terrifying. But in a few months he grew bolder. The shyness passed off, and its natural demand, the cupboard, went with it. The other day he gave the world his "Group of Noble Dames." The bookseller, of whom I procured my copy, said: nothing of the padlock which I expected to be included in the price of the book. He simply wrapped up the volume in brown paper, and seemed to think he had given me my money's worth.

I have read many reviews of this work. One critic, who must be a joy to his friends, called it "a capital book for the smoking-room," and meant the remark for praise. But he is the one luminous spark, calm and certain, in a general fog. His fellows dislike the book somehow, but do not say why, even if they know. They have a dazed impression that Mr. Hardy has become very "real," and "realism"

ought to be all right; so they observe vaguely that the author's style has deteriorated, that his faults of construction show more prominently in a short tale, that he is happier with rustics than with noble dames, etc. etc.

This is the merest nonsense. The truth is that Mr. Hardy is striving to be French; and a more painfully comic spectacle the pitiless gods never laughed over. A hay-maker, who should wear patent-leather boots and an imperial to set off his corduroys, were not a more unseemly sight. De Maupassant might be a thousand times as indecent without shocking us, while Hardy's conscientious naughtiness smells to heaven. There are ten stories in the volume, and as one after the other of the author's heroines goes wrong, merely to show that she doesn't care for Mr. Mudie, the farce grows a little too ghastly. But it is written that as a man is great so shall his degradation be deep when he plays tricks with his genius.

His style, it is said, has altered sadly in this work. Of course it has: and so must any man's who ceases to write what is in him. As for his faults of construction, which are supposed to show more prominently in a short tale, let the critics, who suppose anything so absurd, at least remember that this same man has written "The Three Strangers"—a ghost story which, in mere construction, cannot be beaten by any in our language.

Another book which has been hotly discussed this year is Lucas Malet's "The Wages of Sin." Much that Canon MacColl has said about it is true enough. The strength of the story is not to be denied; the advance it marks is amazing. Only upon one point can I quarrel with the subject. Why, I ask, will writers be always selecting their own temperament—the artistic temperament—for analysis and study? It is a rare temperament—thank Heaven—and the conclusions based on a study of it are quite inapplicable to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the human race. A genius, such as James Colthurst, is as abnormal as an idiot, and much rarer. The one excuse for an artist's existence is that he depicts his fellow-creatures: and just at present he is for ever painting himself and his troubles. One would think, to judge from the books written nowadays, that this planet was crowded with Dick Heldars and James Colthursts. Why may not the grocer have a chance? Grocers before now have gone wrong and earned the wages of sin. Also I had studied Colthurst before, in Zola's "*L'Œuvre*," and knew what his difficulties would be.

But it is when we come to Lucas Malet's method that we observe the compromise between French and English workmanship. Possibly no more hopeless concession was ever made to popular British taste than the death of Colthurst, in the last few pages. It knocks the reader on the head, and it knocks the whole book inside out. If I understand the writer's purpose, it was to exhibit the cumulative effect of sin in wrecking the sinner; and to toss the sinner over a handy cliff when he is bracing himself to bear the heaviest burden of his life, is just to play ninepins with art. There was a certain Roman, according to Tacitus, who threw his wife out of window "for uncertain causes." Unless it happened in deference to the circulating library, I confess that Colthurst's neck was broken for reasons equally vague.

Again, who but an English lady could have conceived the idea of writing such a story with a running commentary almost in the style of Thackeray? For pity's sake, if our art is to be French, let it be all French.

But is there any reason why we should struggle to be French or Russian or American or Scandinavian or Spanish? What we can learn from the novelists of those countries is just to sit down and describe truthfully what we see about us. We do not see—whatever Mr. Stanhope Forbes may paint—much French life about us: we cannot, if we try, see what Tolstoi sees, simply because England and Russia are two different countries. All that we can learn from him, from Björnson, or from Valdès, is to tell the truth.

When we do this, we may count on the admiration of the foreigners. Mr. Howells, for instance, who is not disposed to love any work produced in England, can hardly speak too reverently of Jane Austen. But to see our novelists running up and down in a panic, and trying to be foreign, is saddening. For unless we assume that all nations are alike, the truth about France is a lie about Russia, and the truth about Russia a lie about England.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate in Political Economy, Johns Hopkins University. London: W. Heinemann. 1890.

THE United States furnish not only a wider field than any other country for the study of industrial movements, but a more rich and varied experience. The laws of the several States are in many points dissimilar: different kinds of labour exist in the different regions of the country, and give birth to different kinds of organisation. The masses of the people have long possessed a remarkable talent for organising themselves, and have been allowed by the democratic and individualistic structure of society facilities for associating themselves into trades unions and other sorts of fraternities which the workmen of most countries in Europe might envy. Moreover, the working classes, since they constitute the majority of the voters, have been able to put into power such legislatures and officials as they desire, and to obtain the laws which best suit them. There has never been a nation among whom all experiments in the way of social and industrial reconstruction could be so readily tried and would be sure of being so fully recorded. One might therefore expect that the Socialists and Communists and Anarchists of Europe would look with peculiar interest and satisfaction to America as the land where their ideas would have the best prospect of taking practical shape. The contrary, however, seems to be the case. Much disappointment with America is expressed by the leaders of these parties, and by those who in the press expound their views. They complain that the Americans are too contented and self-satisfied to desire radical changes. They declare that nowhere is capital more powerful, more grasping, more audacious. Working men may appear to hold political supremacy, but they are somehow prevented from using it. They cannot extricate themselves from the toils of party, with its complex system of organisation. They have not the proper degree of hatred to the so-called *bourgeoisie*, the requisite passion for overturning the existing order, and clearing the ground for the establishment of something better.

The explanation of this strange contrast between possibilities and results in the United States, and the description of the various forms which schemes of industrial reform and industrial revolution have taken, would supply matter for a most instructive treatise; nor could such a treatise come at a moment more suitable than the present, when "Labour Questions" are all the fashion. We opened Mr. Ely's book in the hope of finding such an explanation and description, knowing him from his other books to

be a thoughtful and well-informed writer, warmly interested in these subjects. We must, however, confess to some disappointment. He has a habit—perhaps more common in America than in England—of mixing up his sentiments and his sympathies with his facts and reasoning, so as to give a character of woolliness and fluffiness to his whole treatment of the subject. Hot black coffee is good, and cold water, either before the coffee, as in the East, or after it, as among the Franks, is also good. But to pour the coffee into the water, or the water into the coffee, is to spoil both. The book is frequently vague just where precision was needed, and gives us excellent morality where we needed hard facts. We are told very little either about the Knights of Labour or about the attempt to work a universal boycott, though these are among the most interesting phenomena of the American Labour struggles. Still, the book contains a good deal of useful information which it would be hard to find elsewhere, and it is written in a spirit of laudable fairness and tolerance.

One of the questions most often asked regarding American Co-operative enterprises and trade organisations is why they have not grown faster and taken deeper root than in England. Mr. Ely suggests some explanations. He thinks that "in no country in the civilised world have the labourers, as such, been so isolated as in the large industrial centres of the United States." They have received far less aid from men of intellect and position than in England or Germany. "Other obstacles in the way of the success of Co-operation are these—unsteady employment, roving habits, the heterogeneous character of our population—all preventing that consolidation and amalgamation of the masses which co-operation requires." He adds another reason, which has much force—viz., that in the United States there exists an unequalled "multiplicity of openings for the gifted and fortunate. In older countries a great deal of talent has been found among labouring classes ready to assist in Co-operative enterprises," whereas in America the brightest and most energetic of the working class find it comparatively easy to rise into the class of pen or brain workers, and thereby the workmen are, to a large extent, denuded of their natural leaders. This remark applies not merely to Co-operation, but to Labour movements generally, and it helps to explain the ease with which the American labourers are led astray by childish fallacies. Still more significant is the fact which he mentions in another place, that the class of hand labourers in the United States is mainly composed of foreigners, because native-born Americans generally rise into higher kinds of work. Among the skilled artisans there is a fair proportion of natives, but the unskilled are wholly European, or Canadian, or coloured.

As everyone knows, it is among the foreigners, and chiefly among the Germans, Poles, Bohemians, and other Slavs, that Socialism and Anarchism prevail. The Anarchist press is mainly, the more moderate Socialist press wholly, written in German. The latter has a respectable circulation, while the Anarchist so-called internationalist journals, though more numerous, seem to reach a very small public. Mr. Ely guesses roughly that the total number of "adherents of the general principles of moderate and peaceful Socialism in the United States" may be half a million; and, of course, estimates the Anarchic or Revolutionary party at a far lower figure. He gives many specimens of the blood-thirsty outpourings of this faction, and appears to think that they constitute a real danger to the State—a view which will not commend itself to those who remember the furious wrath evoked in America by the Chicago murders, and who gather from Mr. Ely's own pages that Anarchism makes, practically, no converts among native Americans. That "moderate Socialism," on the other hand, does advance, we can well believe; but it seems in America, as in England, to consist rather in a sympathetic attitude towards the poor, and a

curiosity in looking out for suggested reforms, than in any acceptance of specific Socialist schemes. How Mr. Ely, with his experience of the conduct of public authorities in his own country and the results of political patronage, can avow himself in favour of giving the control of railways to the State, passes our comprehension.

MELANESIA.

THE MELANESIANS. Their Anthropology and Folklore. By R. H. Codrington. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

MELANESIA is the name given to four groups of islands in the Western Pacific, not far from North Australia; and Mr. Codrington's book is an excellent record of the customs, beliefs, and social institutions of the islanders. No more valuable or more genuine study of man in a very primitive state has recently appeared; for it is founded upon a long and intimate acquaintance with the people, and it throws light upon several points in anthropology and the evolution of superstitions toward which attention has latterly been turned. And while the sociologist will find in this volume good store of new facts and suggestive observations, the general reader will be touched by the charm which belongs to a picture of very simple, unsophisticated manners that are being rapidly obliterated. The persistent resemblance—one might almost say, the monotonous identity—that prevails among the ideas and practices, religious and social, of man in an elementary stage all over the world is remarkably illustrated by this account of the Melanesians. Exogamy, for example, seems to be almost an aboriginal principle of archaic society; it is the primeval ordinance of prohibited degree that runs in different versions all over Asia, although no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the invincible repugnance among so many races to intermarriage between persons who are even conventionally kinsfolk. Here, in remote Melanesia, we find this rule universal. The people are not divided into tribes, but into two or more classes that are exogamous, and in which descent is usually counted only through the mother. The base-line which unites and divides the groups is the marriage law, or the inviolable custom which strictly prohibits the intercourse of men and women with others of their own class. Yet, although the practice is patent, of its cause or origin Melanesia gives no explanation; the precise germ of utility, the rude ethical notions which it represents, are still open to ingenious conjecture; we cannot tell what has led savages, with few scruples about sexual promiscuity, to condemn so rigidly the connection of persons supposed to be allied, however distantly, in blood.

Although there are no tribes, the Melanesians have chiefs, who unite spiritual with temporal jurisdiction, or, to speak accurately, see no difference between the two things. "As a matter of fact, the power of chiefs has hitherto rested upon the belief in their supernatural power derived from the spirits or ghosts with which they had intercourse." The art of consultation with influential ghosts is bequeathed to a successor, and is indeed the essential attribute of rulership by divine right; but this hereditary reputation for ghostly science has, like Papal Infallibility, to be occasionally supported by a liberal use of the carnal weapon upon those who doubt it. The two powers, spiritual and temporal, evidently support and interact upon each other; for while a great warrior is credited with magical secrets, the possessor of charms and amulets is thereby armed with superior forces; and, again, a rich man gets the repute of being a magician because the multiplication of pigs and yams can be produced by sorcery. The taboo is a favourite political engine, being used by the chief to keep his own person sacred and unapproachable, and also to boycott any Melanesian Hampden who stands out against exceptional demands by the chief upon his property. There are a great many secret societies, at which ghosts are understood to be present and to hold communion with the members, and the

initiation is by wild singing and frantic dancing in grotesque costume; yet although unlicensed peeping behind the scenes is punished by sudden death, no one seems to treat these mysteries as much more than fantastic masquerading. To the earnest European inquirer, who is always on the look-out for profound meaning and far-reaching symbolism in the childish sports and superstitions of wild folk, it is always difficult and disappointing to realise the fact that primitive man rarely takes his religion more than half seriously, and that his queer rites and play-acting often mean nothing at all. Besides the secret societies, of which ghosts seem to be honorary members, every village has a kind of social club, where a system of grades, as in Freemasonry, prevails, and where you can purchase your steps upward by money, food, and the ubiquitous pig, who is, however, not always legal tender if he be insufferably tough.

In regard to Melanesian religion Mr. Codrington tells us much that is very curious and nothing that is very new; but his information is valuable just because we have heard of the same sort of things and ideas in many other lands, because the conceptions and practices of these Pacific islanders resemble so remarkably what is done and thought by people in similar stages of mental development elsewhere. These coincidences help us to generalise regarding the primeval superstitions of mankind, and aid us in tracing what may be called the springs of natural religion. Here, as in other parts of the uncivilised world, much confusion has arisen out of the attempts of Europeans to express vague and rudimentary fancies or images in the highly condensed language of organic religion. The words "God" and "Devil," for instance, as used by an Englishman, have no sense or fitness in application to the loose, shadowy notions of a savage about phantoms and goblins; and as for the word "soul," it causes endless confusion. "Many a voyager," remarks Mr. Codrington, "carries away as a sort of joke the story that the natives think their shadows are their souls, who could not tell exactly what he means by the word soul which he uses himself."

The ghosts of dead men are universally worshipped, but are to be carefully distinguished, according to our author, from the higher spiritual beings who have never inhabited a human body; and both ghosts and spirits haunt places, are present in trees and stones, where they can be detected by queer shapes and motions; are discoverable in the shapes of snakes, owls, sharks, and other uncanny animals; can be propitiated by food offerings, are accessible to prayer and sacrifice, rule the elements, deal in plagues and curses; and, in fact, exercise all the powers and attributes that are everywhere characteristic of embryonic polytheism before the divinities become heads of regular departments. But whereas in the eastern islands the ghost and the spirit belong to two distinct classes, not supposed to be connected by origin, in the Solomon Islands "the distinction is between ghosts of power and ghosts of no account"; between those whom you must appease and those from whom nothing is expected; and to the powerful class belong, of course, the ghosts of formidable men. On the whole, this book contains very strong but striking evidence in corroboration, first, of the universality of ghost worship as one of the earliest forms of superstition; and, secondly, of the view that the notable ghost is regularly promoted, upon his merits as a wonder-worker, into the lower order of divinities.

One may observe in this description of Melanesian beliefs the strange incapacity to accept death as the end of a human being which is at the bottom of the feeling that peoples the environment with innumerable ghosts. Death means only that the soul has departed out of the body, that it has become a sprite or spectre which hangs about the house and the grave, showing itself by lights or noises, and making itself particularly troublesome if the body has not

been buried. It may be driven away by shouts or bull-roarers; or it may be conciliated by funeral honours, in which the death meal, or funeral feast, with a morsel for the ghost, plays, as usual, a considerable part. Sacrifices are made on the graves; and sometimes the wife is strangled or buried alive that she may follow her husband; for, although the ghosts wander about incessantly, there is, nevertheless, a kind of Limbo, or place of departed spirits, to which all ghosts are supposed to journey, and where bad characters are refused admittance.

The discerning reader will by this time have convinced himself that the Melanesians have struck out no novelties in their religion; and that its most remarkable characteristic is its extraordinary resemblance, generally and in many particulars, to the ways of worship and spiritual fancies struck out at sundry times and in divers places by the human imagination working freely and independently upon the great troubles of life and death. In illustration of the curious ubiquity of certain particular fables, it may be mentioned that we find in Melanesia the Lamia or beautiful woman, who tempts incautious men, and turns into a snake when properly exorcised; while the world-wide practice of throwing stones on a heap by the wayside, which is known all over Asia and parts of Europe, with very diverse explanations or objects, is much in vogue in these remote islands. There is a good supply of marvellous myths and rather idiotic stories for the collectors of folklore; and altogether Mr. Codrington's book is of real value to the student of comparative religion and sociology. It is valuable, not only as a copious repertory of authentic particulars bearing on the mental condition and manners of a society, that has grown up naturally undisturbed by external intercourse, but also because he handles his materials soberly and judiciously, without preconceived theories or attempts to read deep meanings in the shallow fancies of primitive brains. The custom of Taboo, for instance, upon which much ingenious speculation has been recently expended, is very correctly defined by Mr. Codrington as a prohibitive rite, with more implied; it is a well-known and obvious device for giving supernatural sanction to an earthly ordinance, for hedging in the savage king with awful divinity. He shows also, incidentally, that what Europeans call devil-dances, are often mere rhythmic saltations, with no religious meaning at all; that grotesque carvings are not always idols; and that fantastic games or ceremonies, which are full of mystic symbolism to the philosophic reader of papers before learned societies, may be mere outbursts of the sportive barbarian, or inventions to satisfy his credulity. There is much to be learnt about ordeals and divinations, which are mainly simple tests or tricks for detecting culprits, recovering lost property, and indicating the ghost or demon who is afflicting a rich man. Magic is, of course, an art in high repute, being closely allied, as has been always the case, with some tincture of natural philosophy, especially in the direction of poisoning. In short, the book is one that adds to our knowledge and throws light in various directions; and it is well suited for that large class of readers to whom the ways and whims of primitive folk are a source of amusement or instruction.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA—UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

ALEXANDRE I^{er} ET NAPOLEON D'APRES LEUR CORRESPONDANCE INÉDITE. (1811—1812) Par Serge Tatistcheff. Paris: Librairie Académique Didier, Perrin et Cie. 1891.

THE close friendship existing at the present time between the French and the Russian people is a matter of grave importance to the future of Europe. It is unprofitable to speculate on the causes of this friendship: it has been asserted that it is due merely to the geographical situation of the two countries; that it is the result of a peculiar attraction in the character of the French for the best Slav intellects,

or that it is the creation of far-seeing statesmen of both nationalities, who have endeavoured to build up the feeling of friendship into a traditional alliance. The causes matter not; the facts remain, that Russia has learned more of the arts of civilisation from France than from her near neighbours, and that France has always encouraged the aspirations of Russia to become a European Power. The history of the formation and growth of the friendship of the two countries would make a most interesting essay; it dates from the reign of Peter the Great, and has steadily developed to the present time. Intellectually it has had great results; the Empress Catherine appreciated the labours of the French encyclopædists and pensioned Diderot in the most graceful manner by purchasing his library, and then making him its paid custodian; she was in constant communication with the leaders of French thought, and developed their influence on the budding literature of Russia; while in modern days France has repaid the debt by interpreting and translating to Europe the works of the great Russians, who are at present exercising such profound influence on European thought. Politically the alliance has a long and striking history; both countries strove against Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, but while Rossbach has been followed by Jena and Sedan, the Prussians have never revenged their defeat at Zörndorf. This political alliance has been interrupted by four important wars, those of 1798-99, 1806-07, 1812-13, and 1854-56, but while the campaigns of Suvárov in Italy and Switzerland, the battles of Austerlitz and Friedland, and the Crimean war exercised no appreciable influence on the history of the two nations, the war of 1812, with its invasion of Russia, its burning of Moscow, and the disastrous retreat of the Grand Army, ranks among the most important events in the modern history of Europe.

Tolstói, the great Russian writer, has grasped alike the importance and the dramatic features of this great struggle in his prose epic "War and Peace;" he understood its significance, and recognised that while the resistance of Russia to the invader was national, the attitude of the French soldiers was purely military. The campaign of 1812 showed an army fighting a nation with the inevitable result that the latter was victorious. Beyond this, there exists a personal interest in the great war. The French people had no desire to fight Russia, nor had the French army; it was in no respect necessary for the prosperity of France that Russia should be conquered and defeated. The war was the work of one man, Napoléon, and the repulse he met with was a sign that his star was setting, and that the days of his supremacy were numbered. The history of the events which led to the war is therefore bound up in the story of the personal connection of Napoléon with Alexander I., Czar of Russia, and is of the greatest interest and importance.

This history M. Serge Tatistcheff has given in his bulky volume. It may be said at once that the letters of the Czar Alexander, which he has discovered in the archives at St. Petersburg, throw no new light of any importance on the relations between the Czar and Napoléon; it is the well-written history in which they are embedded, and the careful and impartial analysis of the despatches of the successive French ambassadors at the Russian Court, which give his book a permanent value. On the accession of the Czar Alexander after the assassination of the Czar Paul, the young ruler found himself the only admirer of France and of the First Consul at his Court. This admiration had been inspired into his mind by his tutor, the Swiss publicist La Harpe, and he expressed it freely to Duroc, the first envoy sent by Napoléon to St. Petersburg. "J'ai toujours désiré," he said to Duroc, "de voir la France et la Russie unies. Ce sont deux nations grandes et puissantes que se sont donnés réciproquement des preuves d'estime, et qui doivent s'entendre pour faire cesser les petites divisions du continent. . . . Je désirerais beaucoup m'entendre directement avec le Premier Consul, dont le caractère